WEEK
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NOV. 8, 1930

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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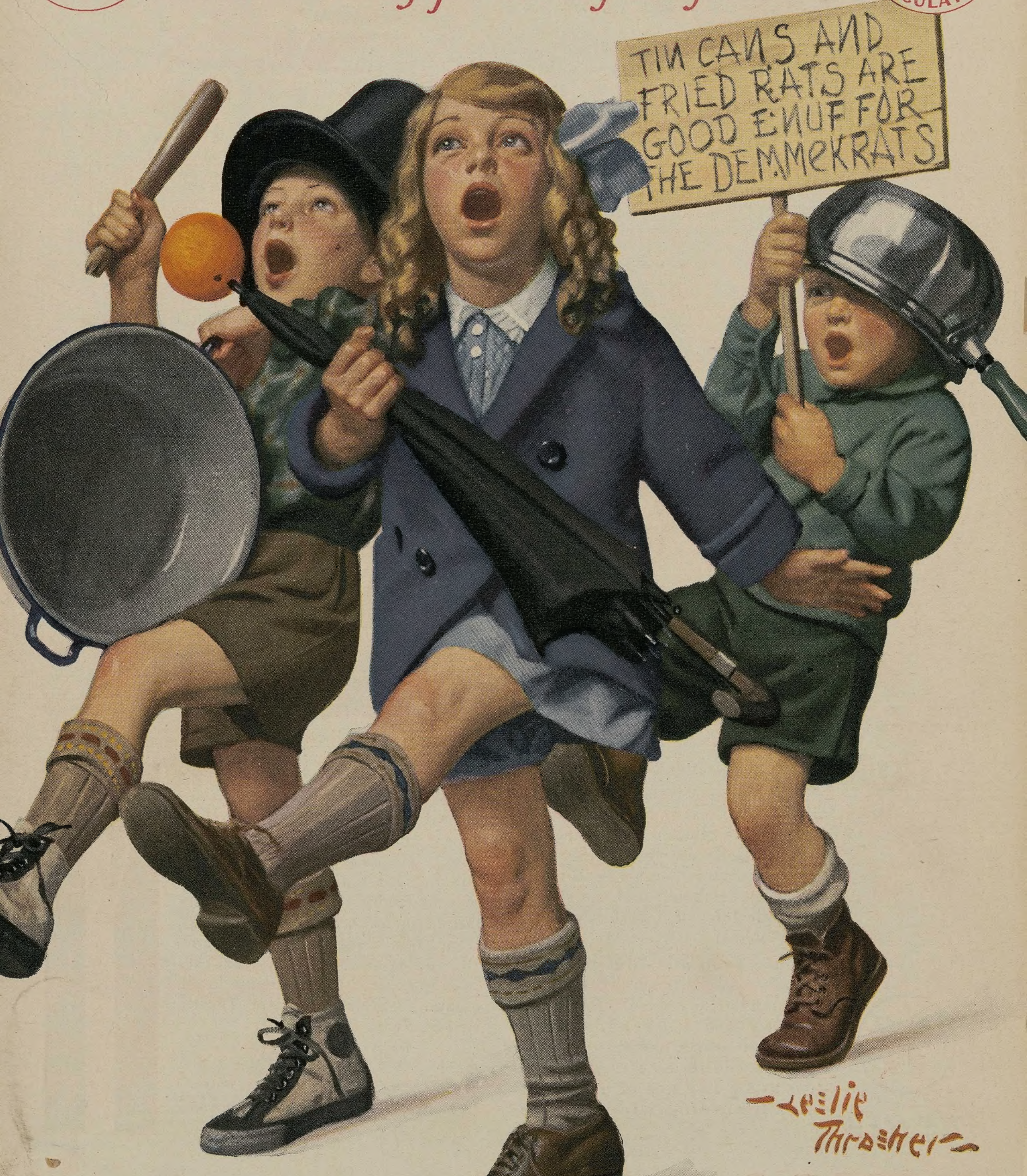
TIN CANS AND
FRIED RATS ARE
GOOD ENUF FOR
THE DEMMEKRATS
Leslie
Thrasher

VIÑA
DELMAR
~
DAMON
RUNYON

WALTER
ECKERSALL
~
EDITH
ORR

DRAIN

Colder days will soon be here. The oil you used this summer should not be expected to fully protect your engine in the frosty days to come. Besides, that oil may have been exposed to considerable wear and mileage—enough to render it less than completely effective.

FILL

Fill your car with the correct winter grade of the new Texaco golden Motor Oil — longer-lasting, crack-proof. Alert, free-flowing at zero, this revolutionary new golden motor oil will reduce winter engine wear to a minimum.

then

LISTEN

After an etching by Morgan Dennis

HEAR **the difference!** Sheathed in a clean, velvety film of the new Texaco, every moving part of your engine glides smoothly, easily, quietly. Gone are the complaining engine murmurs that speak of needless wear; in their place, the steady rhythmic hum of a perfectly lubricated engine.

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Drain and refill with the correct winter grade of the new Texaco Motor Oil—*then listen!* That new quietness means that in the crankcase of your engine is a tougher, longer-lasting motor oil that cuts dollars from your lubrication expense and adds miles to the life of your car. This new motor oil is available in all of our 48 States under the Texaco Red Star with the Green T.

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"CRACK-PROOF"

If every WOMAN COULD BE TOLD

The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene

there would be much less worry on their part over the question of feminine hygiene

WHAT relief it would bring to women *if* they could be told! What comfort it would mean *if* one annoying question could be settled with a firm and positive "yes"!

Is feminine Hygiene safe?

Women let themselves get confused on the subject of feminine hygiene. They are naturally influenced by the opinions of others who seem more experienced. And no wonder they don't know what is right and what is wrong —for everybody has something different to say.

However, when you come right down to the point, isn't it always the *method* that is under discussion? Isn't it fully acknowledged that feminine hygiene itself is a healthful and really necessary practice? Isn't it the *kind of antiseptic* to be employed that creates all the disagreement? The antiseptic might well be the subject of argument. Much as the medical profession approves of feminine hygiene and the surgical cleanliness that follows, no doctor will choose for you between bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid. He will not approve of either. They are both deadly poisons and he knows too well the suffering they cause.

Women had to make this choice themselves before a great new germicide entered the field. Before the coming of *Zonite*, there actually was no non-caustic, non-poisonous germicide that was strong enough for feminine hygiene. Zonite has removed a great fear from the hearts of the wives of this country. It has been received with the sincerest welcome, the deepest gratitude.

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Nov. 8, 1930

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 7
No. 45

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

HE-MEN AND SHE-WOMEN

This editorial has to do with a theory of editing. How sound the theory is, we leave to others to determine. What we should like to propound is that, in magazines, books, pictures, plays, etc., the public wants he-men and she-women.

We are frequently asked why we keep printing stories and pictures of actresses like Jeanne Eagels, Mabel Normand, and the rest.

The answer is that we think to the average woman the actress type represents an instinctive ideal—not because of an ambition to imitate actresses' lives necessarily, but because of their charm, their beauty, their vitality, and their ability to fascinate men.

We suppose almost every high-school girl would rather have the qualities of Greta Garbo or Katherine Cornell than those of Jane Addams, Edith Wharton, Ruth Hanna McCormick, Florence Nightingale, or any other woman whose fame arises from intellectual or moral qualities. In the minds of the people, it is the actresses who are the last word in femininity, whatever may be the actual facts in the case.

But when we choose masculine subjects for magazine biographies we don't take actors. We would choose Mary Pickford, but not Douglas Fairbanks; Janet Gaynor, but not Charles Farrell; Nancy Carroll, but not Buddy Rogers, because we don't think an actor is associated in the public mind with the conception of a big he-man. He earns his money by painting his face and posing—which, most of us think, is a woman's prerogative.

The normal man would rather make money or score touchdowns than be looked at, whereas the average woman aspires to be looked at. So our masculine subjects are doers—aviators, prize fighters, ball players; even sometimes unworthy characters, like the Heist Guy type of criminal. And by the way—watch for Edward Doherty's story of "Old Pete" Alexander, the ball player, in a forthcoming issue. It's very good.

We think nearly all men today in their hearts would rather be Eddie Rickenbacker than Herbert Hoover. Or, to consider another type, than John Galsworthy. We don't think of novelists and playwrights as essentially he-men. Writers of books—particularly Englishmen—sometimes make heroes of novelists or playwrights, but usually such a hero doesn't seem especially heroic. A struggle against a split infinitive is not as exciting as a struggle against a large number of ferocious natives.

Of course what men want to be is colored with a touch of wistfulness or maybe sour grapes when they get to the age of this writer. When gray hairs begin to appear, we men seem to lack a little in charm.

It is true that gray-haired generals write reminiscences of battles, explaining how they won them or why they lost them, but from the days of the Black Prince to the present the prestige of the general has rather steadily declined. And how are you going to throw a mantle of romance around any other kind of man past the half-century mark?

So this is the policy we are going to stick to—he-men and she-women. And it will be noted, to bear out our belief that we are right, that though other magazines may use other kinds of features, when they go in for something special in the way of a story, with popular appeal and something to advertise, the heroine is beautiful and the hero has the rugged strength of youth.

It's human nature to like 'em that way, and don't let anyone tell you different.

We recall one distinguished novelist who wrote a story in which the hero was represented as a gentleman devastating to all the ladies in his "golden middle fifties." Well, it turned out that the author was around that age himself. It just goes to show that men never lose hope. Pathetic, we call it.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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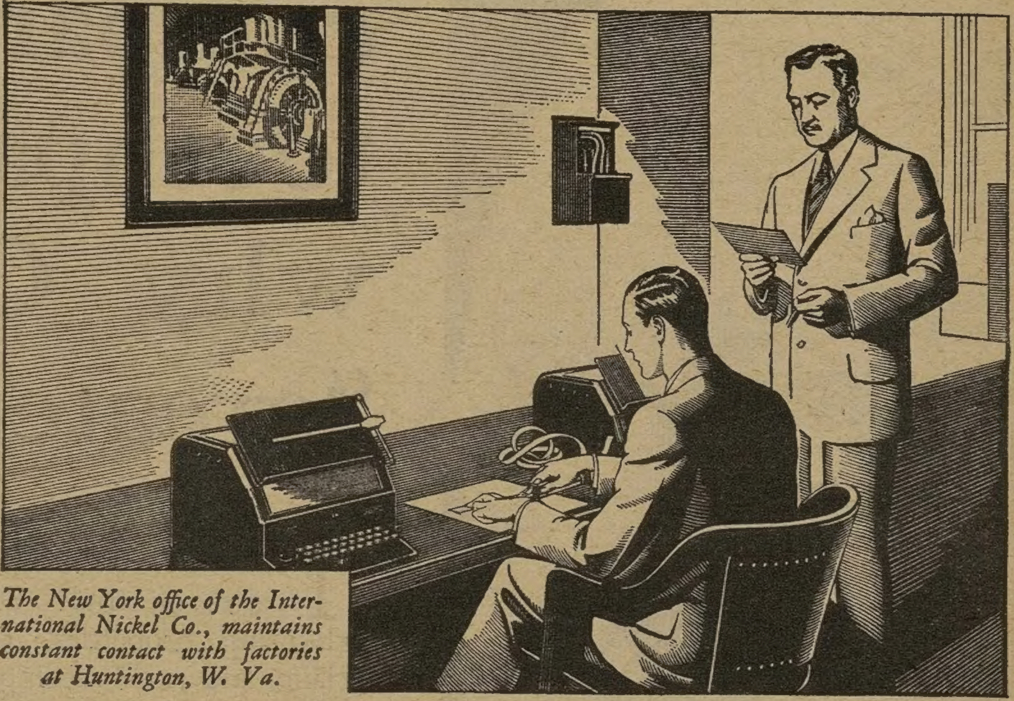
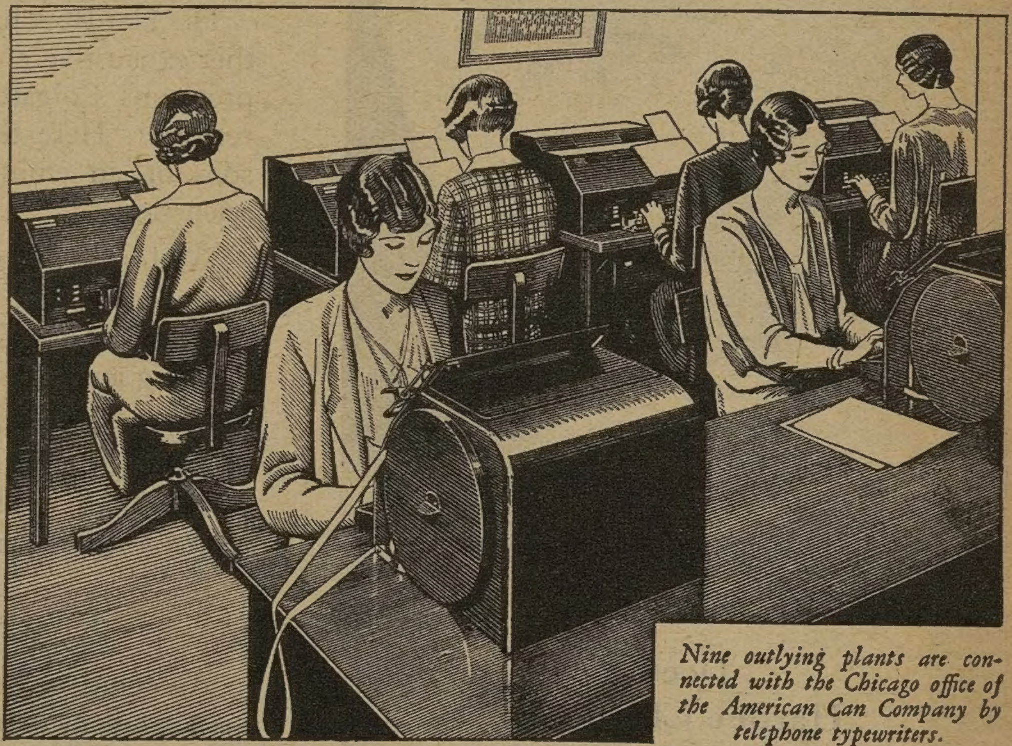
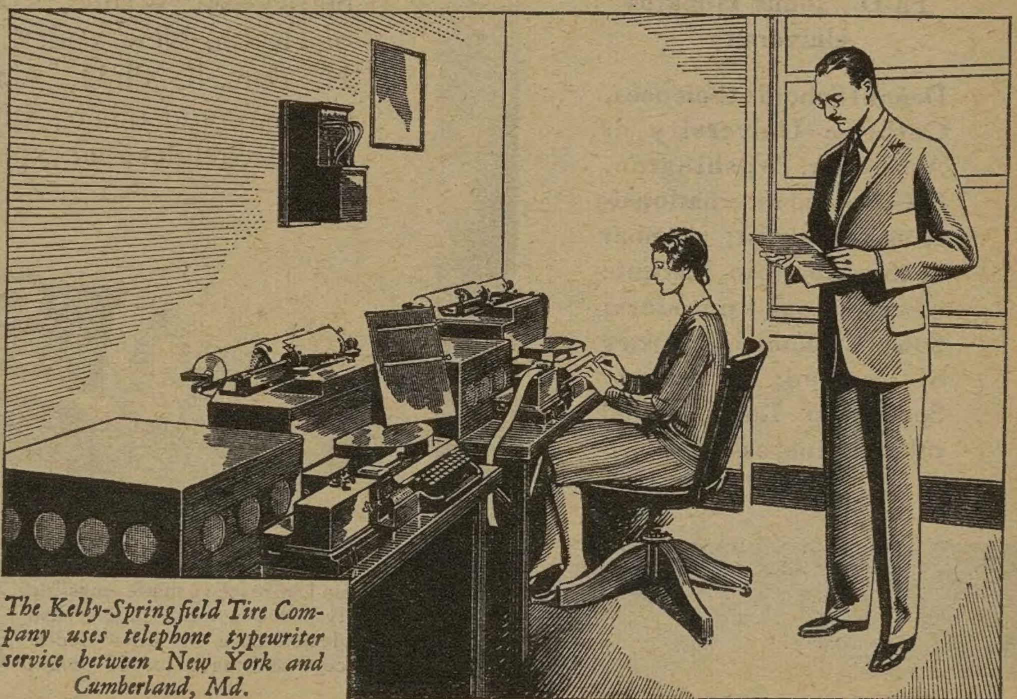


The New York office of the International Nickel Co., maintains constant contact with factories at Huntington, W. Va.



Nine outlying plants are connected with the Chicago office of the American Can Company by telephone typewriters.

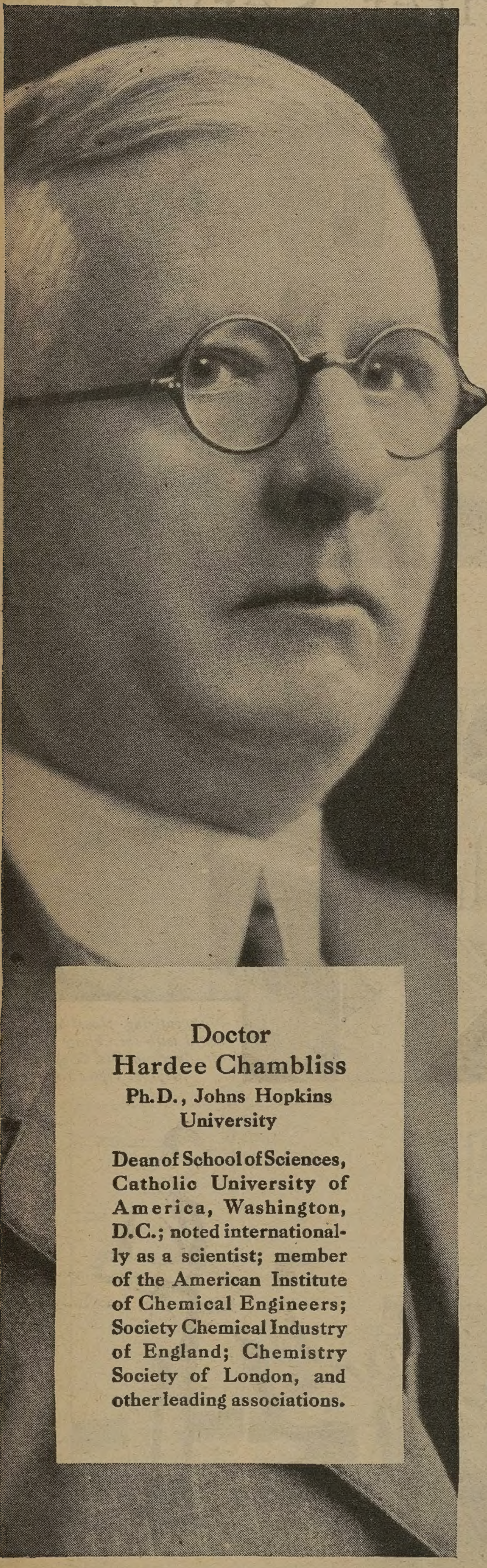


The Kelly-Springfield Tire Company uses telephone typewriter service between New York and Cumberland, Md.

The Distinguished Scholar and Scientist . . .

Dr. Hardee Chambliss

Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University



Doctor
Hardee Chambliss
Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University

Dean of School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C.; noted internationally as a scientist; member of the American Institute of Chemical Engineers; Society Chemical Industry of England; Chemistry Society of London, and other leading associations.

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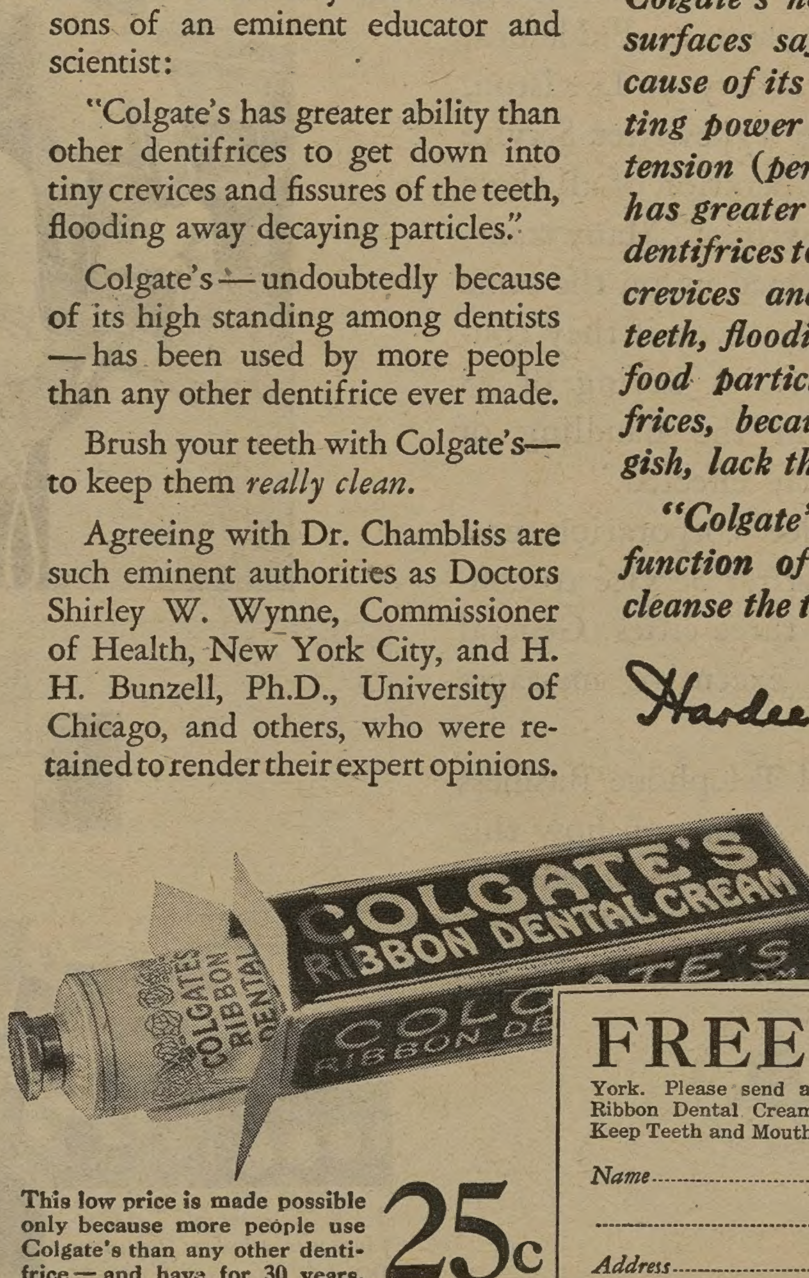
"Colgate's fulfills the one function of a dentifrice—to cleanse the teeth thoroughly."

Hardee Chambliss



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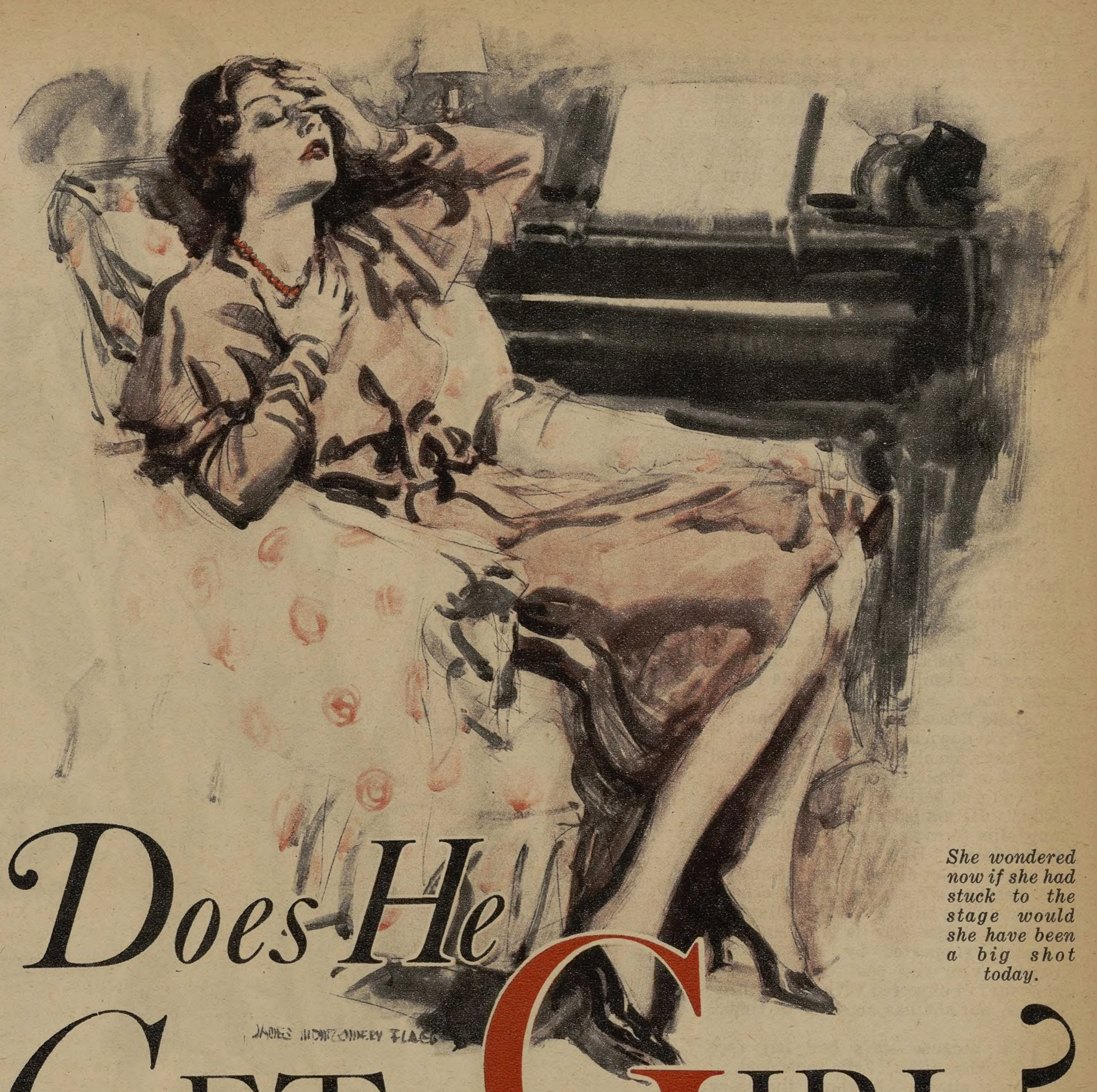


She wondered now if she had stuck to the stage would she have been a big shot today.

Does He GET the GIRL?

A Story of Love in Hollywood

(*Reading time: 31 min. 55 sec.*)

A CONFERENCE with Russell Schnick was something Zella hated. Almost as annoying as the actual conference was the arrival at the studio. The sightseers, the extras, and people who were just passing would all but step on her in their eagerness to see her face. Would this be Gloria Swanson or Mary Pickford? Or had their prayers been answered and this was really and truly Greta Garbo?

By

VIÑA DELMAR

who has had her look at the talkie-factories, as all good authors should, and is now writing about them and keeping an eye on the play she made out of her novel, Bad Girl, recently produced in her home town, New York.

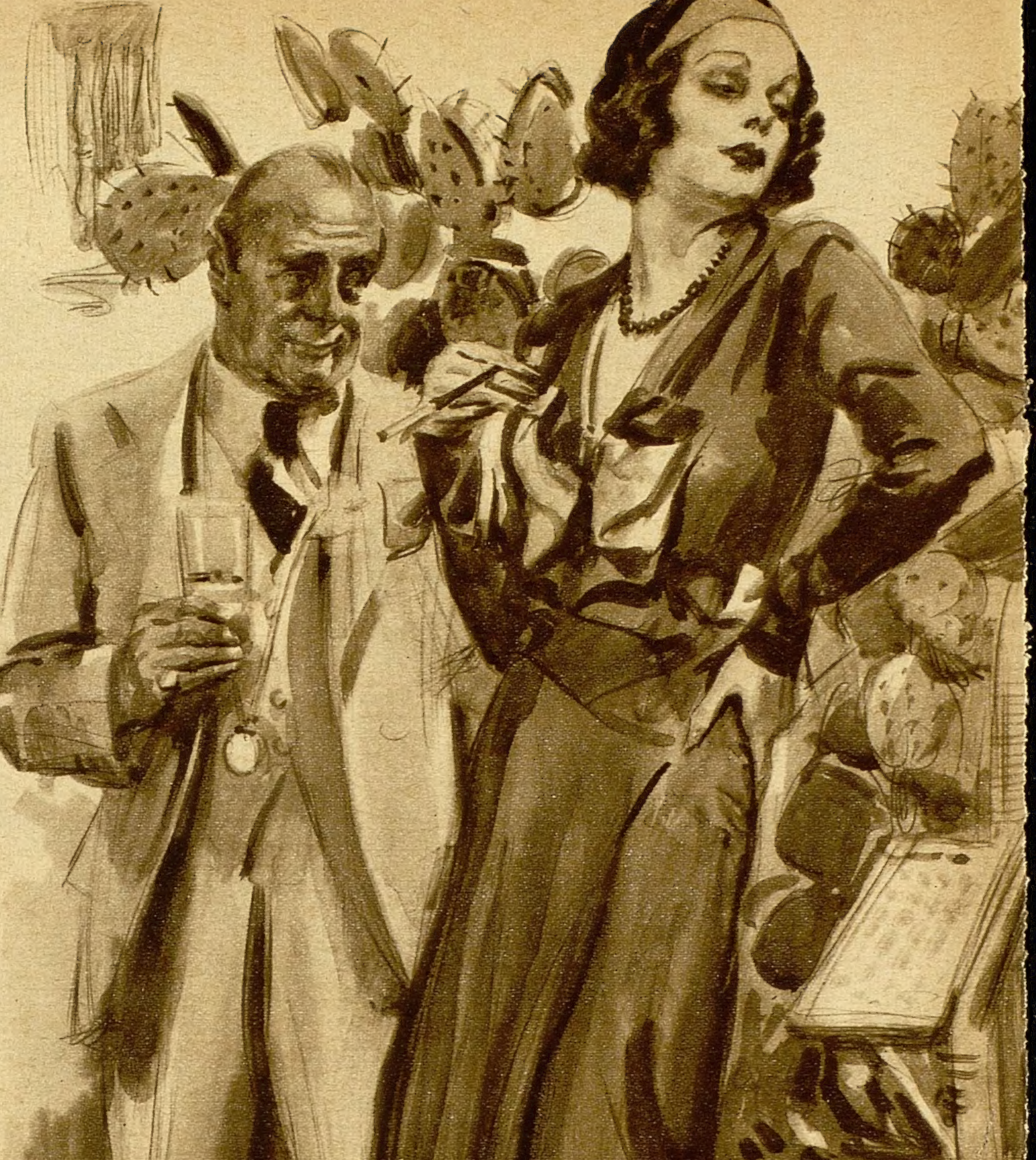
Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Zella believed that stars had no business resenting the public's curiosity. The public fed them, clothed them, paid for their luxurious homes. What Zella hated was the disappointment that replaced the eager curiosity, poor souls—their cheated expressions when a close observation revealed no famous face to them.

It was different when she had Tony with her. How the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DOES HE GET THE GIRL?
Continued from page seven



They met again in the patio for a pre-luncheon libation.

staring eyes brightened then and how the word flew from one to another, “ There’s Anthony Creston! ” But one didn’t take Tony to conferences with Russell Schnick.

Zella stepped from the huge white car and addressed the huge black chauffeur: “ Wait for me, please.”

He grinned pleasantly and saluted her. She felt that his friendly respect was meant to console her for the remark of a callous passerby: “ Oh, come along, Ed. It ain’t nobody, after all.”

There was a new man at the desk. He peered at her with suspicious eyes when she said that she had come to see Mr. Schnick.

“ What name? ” he asked.

“ Mrs. Creston. Mrs. Anthony Creston.”

“ Oh. Just a moment, Mrs. Creston. Mr. Schnick’s secretary’s line is busy just now. Can you wait a moment, Mrs. Creston? Won’t you sit down? ”

“ No,” said Zella. “ I’m in a hurry.”

“ Oh, all right.” A little uniformed page boy was sent scurrying to inform Mr. Schnick of her arrival and a moment later Zella was ushered into the private office of Russell Schnick.

“ Hello, Zella.” Mr. Schnick came toward her smiling all over his round little face.

“ Hello, Russell. What do you want? ”

“ Right down to business, eh, Zella? ”

“ That’s me all over.” She deposited herself on the large satin lounge.

“ You get better-looking every day, Zella.” He smiled approvingly at her long, slim form and her friendly, intelligent face. “ How is Tony? ”

“ Great. Got a new story for him? ”

“ Yes, and it’s a honey. The scene is Mexico. The title is Under a Mexican Moon, and the star is Mr. Anthony Creston, supported by Miss Vivien Vance. Can you beat that for real glamour? I expected Vivien in at three o’clock, but she has no sense of time.”

“ IT’S because she’s had her face lifted so often,” Zella remarked.

“ Well, maybe. Anyhow, the story is this: Mexico, you see, in the days of real romance. It’s taken from a novel called Father José. The novel is about a brave priest, but we’re making him a caballero instead and changing his name to Manuelo and moving the period up a hundred years. In the novel the main interest is Father José’s converting people, but we’re making it a love interest instead. It’s better box office. With that title, Under a Mexican Moon, it can’t fail.”

“ Didn’t some other firm use a similar title? ” Zella asked.

“ Sure. That’s how we know it’s good.”

“ Oh.”

“ Well, you see, Manuelo has a dear friend. Tony will play Manuelo and we’ll get Frederic Glover for the friend. They’re both in love with the same girl. Tony is loyal to his friend—”

“ Wait a minute, Russell. Does he get the girl? ”

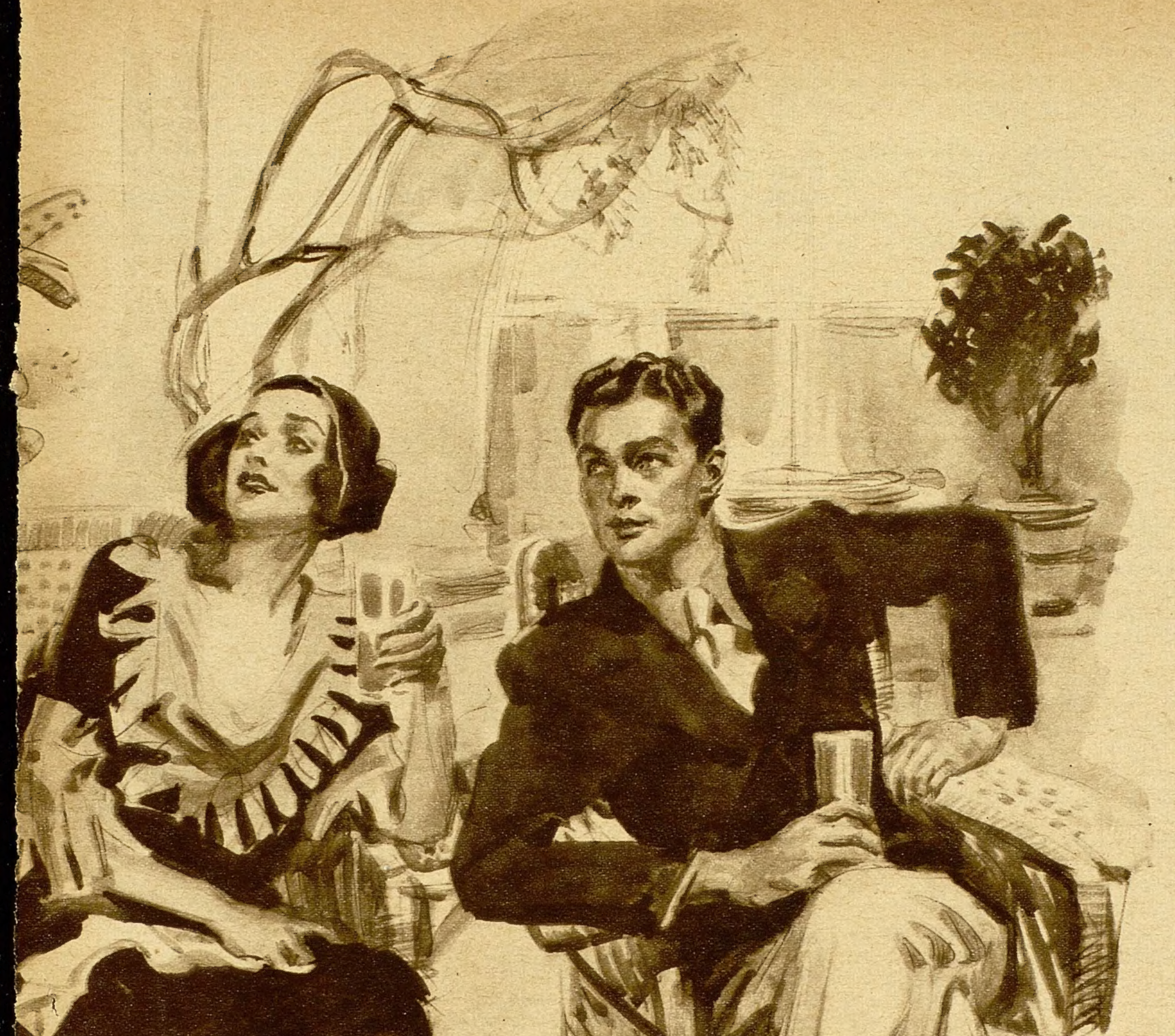
“ Who? ”

“ Tony.”

“ No. That’s what makes it a good picture. See, it’s different. Artistic. The hero loses the girl. His loyalty to his friend keeps him from confessing his love. What do you think of that? ” Russell Schnick sat back and beamed at Zella.

“ I think it’s rotten,” she said.

“ Rotten! Zella, you’re crazy. It’s terrific. It’ll be the most stupendous thing of the year. Bigger than



"You'll pardon me for monopolizing your husband, I hope, Mrs. Creston."

Beau Geste, finer than Wings, smarter than Disraeli. Tony will be acclaimed from ocean to ocean."

"Does he get the girl?" she asked coolly. "No. The other fellow gets her."

"Always I've hated to do business with women. What do you know about pictures?"

"I know this: I know that the girl in Roast Beef, Kentucky, and the romantic young man in Sore Tooth, Maine, and the old woman in Bunk, Oregon, are dissatisfied when the hero loses the girl."

"But—"

"Wait a minute, Russell. They forget the story forty-eight hours later, *but* they remember the star. They remember they saw Anthony Creston and left the theater dissatisfied. Do they say, 'Dolly Halfwit writes lousy stories'? No. They don't know the author's name. Do they say, 'I'll go to no more pictures produced by Unexcelled, Inc.'? No. They say, 'I saw Anthony Creston the other night, and it wasn't so good.'"

"ZELLA, you're crazy. This story is great. There's a scene that Tony will be wonderful in."

"I don't care, Russell. He's not going to do it unless he gets the girl."

"Oh, good God, you women with your half-baked ideas! How did Tony ever come to let you do his business?"

"I guess it was because I made you pay him three thousand a week after you said fifteen hundred was top price."

Schnick laughed. He liked Zella. Especially when he was arguing with her. Each argument offered a glittering new possibility that this time *he* would have *his* way.

"Well, look, Zella. Don't decide now. Think it over. In a day or two you call me up and let me know."

"I'm telling you now, Russell. Tony will not do the story unless he gets the girl. I won't let him do it."

"I'm not listening. Tell me tomorrow."

"We're going to Agua Caliente early in the morning. We won't be back for two days."

"I'll go with you."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DOES HE GET THE GIRL?
Continued from page nine]

"Who asked you?"

"Who asked me, she says. Such old friends as we are don't need ceremony, eh, Zella? I'll go with you and I'll bring Marie Raymond."

Zella drew her breath in sharply. "Who is she?"

"Marie Raymond? Why, she's writing a book on Hollywood. It's all short, intimate sketches of stars. She's a friend of a newspaper man I know and I've promised to introduce her around. She's anxious to know Tony, of course, so I'll bring her."

"This is *our* party," Zella said icily. "Tony's and mine."

Schnick frowned and shook his head. "No indeed, Zella," he said. "I wouldn't stand for that. We'll each pay our own share."

"I meant," Zella said, "that it's up to us to do the inviting."

"Oh, that's all right. She isn't the formal kind. She'll understand that you're busy."

Zella laughed. "Where there's no sense there's no feeling, Russell," she said.

"That's right, Zella. What time are we starting?"

"About nine, I guess." She sighed wearily. "You and your friend might as well have breakfast with us."

"O. K. We'll be there at eight. Now, you think about Under a Mexican Moon while we're under a Mexican moon."

Zella hurried home. Tony wasn't in yet. She wondered where he was. She routed a sharp pang of worry. Oh, there couldn't be any cause for worry. It was only last Tuesday night that he had broken off with Marjorie Harwood and had sworn that there would never again be another besides Zella. But her memory reminded her he had sworn that after Paula Lloyd, after Geraldine Harcum, after Grace Deering, after Beatrice Kane, after Mildred Mallow, after Hazel Delight; and that wasn't counting pre-Hollywood days.

Only this time it was different. Very different. His sudden wearying of the present love had been as sudden and as real, his contrition had been as sincere, his promises had been as earnest and as fluent, but this time Zella had also made a vow. She had said: "Tony, you're right. This *is* the last time. Once more and I'll leave you. Do you understand? I'm not fooling. Once more and I leave you."

And where was he now? She threw her hat on the piano and flung herself in a deep chair, where she sat with her face buried in her hands. Without being conscious that she prayed, unconvinced of any Power that could hear her, little sentences formed in her brain:

"Please, don't let him have another woman. I can't stand it. Why did I make that vow? I'll have to keep it. I can't break it. He doesn't love me. I'm not beautiful. I can't flatter him and he doesn't care for intelligent companionship. The only thing I have is his respect. If I lose that, where will I be? I'll have to leave him and I don't want to. I don't want to! I was a mug to say I would. He won't keep his promise and I'll have to keep mine. Please, don't let him have another woman. I love him so."

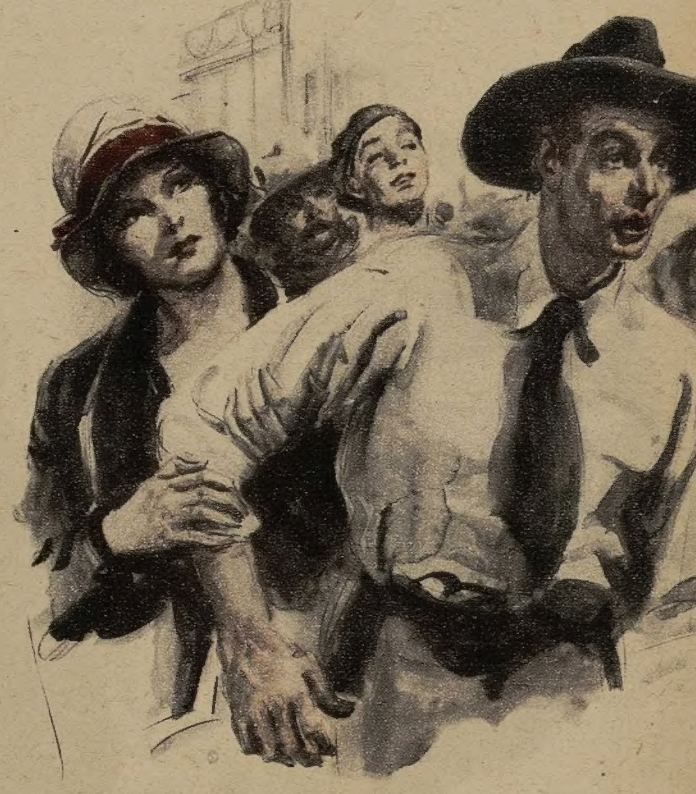
SHE wondered what she would do without Tony. Eight years they'd been married. She raised her head and sat staring dully ahead of her. Schnick had asked her how she had happened to become Tony's manager. She remembered how she had hired Tony nine years ago to be her pianist. He was only a third-rate accompanist, but he was Tony.

Vaudeville had been good in those days and Zella Kirk had been important enough for its consideration. She smiled now as she remembered her act. The regulation female single with a pianist as part of the standard equipment. Funny to look back on it. She had opened with one of those Hello, Everybody, songs and had followed it with a pop ballad. A comic number had come next, then Tony had played, not too expertly, a medley of the season's hits while she changed her costume. He and she had done a double number after that with her leaning on the piano in the spotlight.

They were married in Brockton, Massachusetts, when after a supper show they had suddenly discovered they loved each other. Funny. The following season she had been offered an engagement in a famous revue. She had just made the big time and was a little snooty. She'd let them know when she got back from her Orpheum tour. But she never got back. In Los Angeles someone of a company now defunct had seen Tony and had been excited enough about his handsome face and physique to take a chance with him.

Zella Kirk lay down and died in Los Angeles. She had been Mrs. Anthony Creston ever since that first visit to a studio. Tony would have signed for seventy-five dollars a week if she hadn't been there. She got him two hundred.

She wondered now if she had stuck to the stage would she have been a big shot today. It was idle curiosity. No regret. If Tony could be true to her, she knew she would be the most contented woman in Hollywood.



"Oh, come along, Ed. It ain't nobody, after all."

BUT he hadn't been true. Where was he now? The sound of a car in the drive made her jump up and run to the window. It was Tony. A happy feeling surged through her. Clyde Austin was with him. They had played tennis.

Tony came in alone. Clyde hadn't time to stop, he explained.

Always Tony's presence gave Zella a warm, secure feeling. Always she was thrilled anew by his flawless handsomeness. Just enough ruggedness of feature to take him out of the "pretty" class.

"See Schnick?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What did he want?"

"Wanted to talk over a story."

"How is it?"

"Oh, there's a little polishing to be done on it."

"What's it about?"

"What do you care?"

Tony frowned. "I do care. I haven't seen a story in a year that I like."

"What kind would you like?"

"Well, I thought I'd like to do a costume picture. There's no reason why I couldn't play a Cossack or a Spanish cavalier or a François Villon or something. I'm tired of tuxedos and white flannels."

"In other words, you'd like a story written by the Eaves Costume Company."

"Well, wouldn't I look well in a romantic setting?"

Zella smiled and thought for the thousandth time how right she had been in barring him from conferences with Schnick.

"Schnick is going to Caliente with us," she said.

"Oh, yes?"

"Yes. He's bringing a girl with him."

Tony's face became alive with interest. "Who?"

"A girl named Marie Raymond. Tony, do you remember what I said the other night?"

"What other night?"

"Oh, Tony! The other night when we were alone in the card room."

"Oh, sure I remember." He started for the stairs then, suddenly eager to get out of his tennis clothes.

She called him: "Tony, this Marie Raymond may be a frightful-looking creature. I may be crazy to even mention it, but past performances have made me jumpy. Behave yourself, will you, Tony?"

"Of course I will. Didn't I promise?"

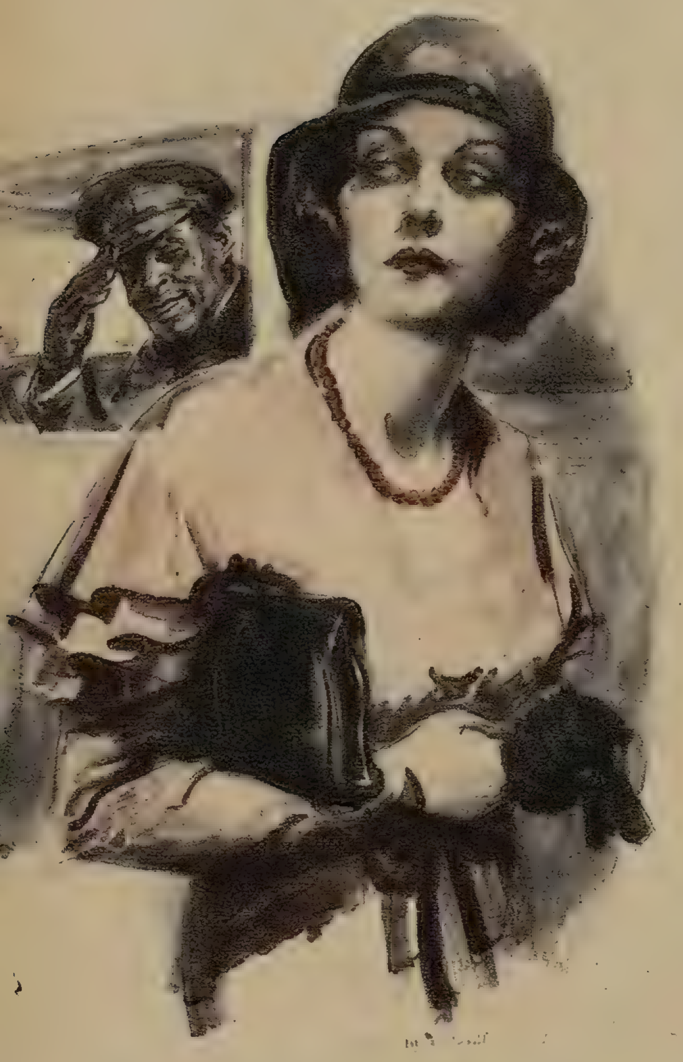
"Yes. More than once. That's the sad part. Will you behave even if she's a raving, tearing beauty?"

"Of course. Zella. My God, are you going to start in advance now?"

"Yes," she answered. "You see, it's different this time."

Marie Raymond was not a raving, tearing beauty. She was slight almost to the point of emaciation, but she had a forcefulness that created an illusion of great strength held in reserve. She had amazing eyes. They were long and heavily lashed, and because they slanted it was a surprise to find them as blue as a baby's. She used a bright red lipstick and dark powder.

Zella noted with alarm that she was attractive despite the badly chosen clothes and an undernourished body.



"Do you like Hollywood, Miss Raymond?" Zella began with the regular questions.

"I find it fantastic, Mrs. Creston. Incredibly lovely and excruciatingly amusing at the same time."

She had a rich, husky voice. That was bad. Geraldine Harcum had had that sort of voice.

Marie ate no breakfast. Coffee and a cigarette, she explained, was all she ever had. Zella placed her then. Flashes from real life, snatches of novels came back to Zella. A cellar in Paris, a cellar in Greenwich Village, passionate love affairs, a dry loaf of bread, cubist art, Russian drama, and *vers libre*. Would Tony go for that sort of thing?

THEY were speaking of the motion-picture industry by the time Zella's mind returned to the breakfast table. Schnick had long ago agreed never to discuss Tony's affairs with Tony. He kept his promises. Zella knew that he would not mention Under a Mexican Moon.

Marie Raymond was saying, "But the movies are impossible, aren't they, Russell? Why don't you admit it? Now, take for instance Mr. Creston. He's a great actor. Why can't he have a great story?"

Tony flashed a warm glance of acknowledgment at Marie, but she was not looking at him. Apparently she was so engrossed in her protests that she was unconscious of having given Tony a compliment. Clever, thought Zella, and decided that the trip would be a bad one.

"I find the pictures so stupid," Marie went on. "The maudlin sentiment, the unreal characters. Why can't you film a truly great story?"

Schnick shrugged his shoulders, but Zella answered: "We have filmed truly great stories."

"Really?" asked Marie politely.

"Yes, really. You must remember that films are not made for a handful of people like Broadway plays are. We cater to the millions. The fellow who films a story that is not liked by the millions is unskilled in his job. What would you think of a manufacturer who brought out chiffon fly swatters? He'd be a swell rummy, wouldn't he? The greatest number of people would reject them. He'd be a guy who didn't know his job."

"Oh, Mrs. Creston, I didn't mean—"

"No; and, what's more, Miss Raymond is right," Tony cut in. "We feed the public on pap. Can we give them a Desire Under the Elms or a Street Scene?"

"No, we can't; and, what's more, why should we?" Zella replied. "Stories based on complexes and inhibitions and misery are no more artistic and true to life than a pleasant romance. Life has just as much heaven as hell in it, and if the millions want to see heaven, then it's a damn' dumb business man who gives them hell."

Marie laughed. "How seriously you take me, Mrs. Creston! I am flattered. So few people even bother at all about my opinions."

ZELLA stared moodily out the window. She knew she had done a stupid thing. Putting Tony and Marie against her in an argument had given them a bond. It irritated her, though, when people completely ignorant of the pictures' intentional evasion of life's seamiest side called them stupid. It was like ridiculing an automobile company for not mentioning in its ads that people frequently were killed while motoring.

Zella wondered if Russell had told Marie that Tony would drive. Tony always drove on three- or four-hour trips. Zella rather thought that Russell had mentioned it, for Marie said, "Do you mind if I ride with the chauffeur? I always get a little ill when I sit in the back."

"We don't mind, if you don't," Tony replied. "You see, I'm the chauffeur."

"Not really? Well, won't I get a thrill riding with the famous Anthony Creston?"

So Zella rode to Agua Caliente sitting in the back seat with Russell Schnick. They had taken the touring car today and the light rustling breezes through which they tore took the words that were uttered in the front seat and reduced them to unintelligible sounds by the time they reached the back. Occasionally Zella heard Tony's pleasant, spontaneous laugh and she knew that he was enjoying himself.

She and Russell talked shop. They always did. Zella's eyes followed the line of mountain and ocean and she knew why she could not thrill to such beauty today. Once Russell deserted his favorite topic.

"You like her?" he whispered, pointing to Marie's back.

"I hardly know her."

"A nice girl. You know, intelligent and all that. Wild, though. She went to Europe last summer with her girl friend's husband. The girl friend went to Bermuda with somebody else. Nice doings, eh, Zella?"

Zella nodded absently. "Nice doings," she agreed.

When they stopped at the Mexican border conversation became general for almost the first time. Zella observed that Tony was calling their guest by her first name. But then he was always informal. Steady, now. No need for growing alarmed. But suppose there was? Suppose Tony and this girl— Oh, it was unthinkable. Surely Tony would keep his promise this time, considering that he would lose her if he didn't. He must care for her. Else why had he stuck all these years? Certainly he wouldn't throw everything away for this slanty-eyed wench.

At the hotel the party scattered long enough to unpack their bags. Zella and Tony were sharing a room, but no word passed between them regarding Marie as they went about arranging their articles. She had the room directly next to them. Schnick was farther down the hall. Within a half hour they met again in the patio for a pre-luncheon libation.

"You'll pardon me for monopolizing your husband, I hope, Mrs. Creston. I want to do quite a large article about him in the book, so I do have to know him."

"Go right ahead," Zella said politely.

Marie went ahead. With lowered voice and intriguing

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DOES HE GET THE GIRL?
Continued from page eleven

blue eyes she went ahead. Zella turned to Schnick with a remark calculated to start an argument. It did and they spoke animatedly to each other for many minutes. It reminded Zella vaguely of bridge when she and Tony were partners. " See," she was saying, " I have dropped out of the bidding. I informed you that I was short-suited in endurance this deal. Now do as you see fit."

Zella could not help but follow the trend of her husband's conversation. Much was being said on the subject of Hollywood's frivolities. Sham, Tony was calling it, empty tinsel. Zella was amused. Tony hated swimming and had installed the largest pool in the movie colony. He had bought a white car because it made people stare. She believed that her love for Tony was the more true and enduring for the very fact that she recognized his idiocy.

At luncheon Zella observed that Marie could absorb a terrific amount of liquor without showing it. Tony liked that. Beatrice Kane had been that type, too. However, Marie did say that she would like a nap. Zella wanted one, too, so both women went to their rooms, leaving Schnick and Tony to amuse themselves.

At four when Zella awakened she discovered that Marie, having found it impossible to sleep, had rejoined the gentlemen. She and Tony had walked about Tia Juana, leaving Schnick to his own devices.

Zella fought down her ever-increasing panic. Absurd to be so upset. Tony enjoyed playing the rôle of misunderstood martyr. Doubtless he had been telling Marie how happy he would be if he could leave tawdry Hollywood behind and settle on a simple farm somewhere in Illinois. It was silly to feel a sickening numbness around the heart.

Could Tony act misunderstood with his wife for an audience? No. She knew him too well. Could he hear her describe his work in glowing, double-barreled adjectives? No. She could only say, " Nice job, Tony." Wasn't it natural then for him to turn to this enthusiastic little woman who would actually print in a book what she thought of him? Certainly it was. Stupid to be frightened.

Still, suppose there was something more? Suppose Tony was " that way " again about another woman? Suppose he had fallen for the slanty blue eyes and the husky voice? Then Zella would have her choice: Long, lonesome years without Tony or else she could cheapen herself. She could go on living with him after he had proven that he did not care whether she did or not. It would be a dog's life when that curious, childlike trust in her integrity was gone. No, the long, lonesome years would be the lesser of two evils if Tony broke his last promise. She shivered in the light breeze.

" Let's do a little gambling," she suggested. " How about it? "

Marie said, " I'll watch. You people gamble. I'm a pauper, you know."

They strolled into the casino that adjoined the hotel's patio. At first in a group they walked about like shoppers surveying store windows. Past the blackjack table, the roulette wheel, the vicious trio of dice in their cage, the crap table. The trio of dice caught Marie's attention. " What's that called? " she asked.

" Chuck-a-luck," Schnick replied. He led Marie closer.

A STOUT couple from Cheyenne were telling Tony how much they had always admired him. Zella hurried away. Tony had a habit of introducing her to annoying people, after which he would promptly disappear, leaving her to disengage herself.

The roulette wheel in the center of the room was busy. Zella watched the players for a time, then had a hundred-dollar bill changed to silver and chips. She observed that Schnick and Marie were playing chuck-a-luck and that Tony was laughing a frozen-faced, mirthless laugh with his ardent admirers. Zella put a dollar on thirteen and thirteen won. She was delighted. Thirty-five dollars. It had been a long time since thirty-five dollars had meant anything to Zella, yet the fact that she had won it at roulette magnified its importance tremendously. Her next play was more conservative. She bet on red. Red won. She bet on red again. Red won. She put twenty dollars on black. Black won.

The other people at the table were looking at her with interest. Here was a woman with a lucky streak. They smiled at her. One woman asked Zella to place a bet for her.

The atmosphere of the Agua Caliente casino is vastly different from that of Monte Carlo. There is holiday here. No nervous, shaking hands religiously marking down each winning number. No feverish minds intent on working out a system that will bring back their squandered fortunes. One is permitted to smoke in the Caliente casino, to laugh, jest, and stroll at one's will to the pretty shop overlooking the tables, where shawls, lingerie, and novelty jewelry are sold to ladies bored with the games.

Zella's luck was persistent and fascinating. People stopped to watch her winnings raked in for her. If she had played the hundred-dollar limit she would have won a small fortune, but she placed no larger bet than twenty dollars. Completely fascinated by her good fortune, Zella forgot the passage of time and all else but the whirling red-and-black wheel before her.

She was called back to more important matters by Russell Schnick's voice behind her saying, " Well, this is your lucky day."

" Oh, you here? "

" Sure; I've been here since you made your first million."

" Million your grandmother! I bet I'm not more than six or seven hundred dollars to the good. I've lost a few bets recently. Where are Tony and Marie? "

Schnick waved a careless hand in the direction of the bar. " They're drinking," he said.

ZELLA looked quickly toward the bar. " I don't see them. Where are they? "

" They were at one of the tables. I don't see them now myself. I wonder where they've gone."

Zella dumped her heavy silver winnings into her bag, into Schnick's pockets, into her hat, and darted swiftly from table to table with Schnick at her heels.

" Perhaps they've gone for a walk," Schnick suggested.

" No doubt," Zella replied. " I wanted to tell Tony about my winning streak, though. I wish I could find him. Perhaps they're on the patio."

They weren't.

" Where else could they be, Russell? "

" I don't know, Zella. They'll show up. Neither of them was tight, you know. There's no cause for worry."

" Oh, I'm not worried. I just wanted to tell Tony about my luck."

" Maybe they're getting dressed for dinner. We ought to be getting dressed ourselves."

" I'm not going to dress. It isn't compulsory."

" Good for you! I'm starved. Let us go eat. Maybe we'll find them in the dining room."

Marie and Tony were not in the dining room. Zella's inquiry revealed that they had not been in the dining room. Zella forced a laugh.

" Where can they be, Russell? "

" Darned if I know. They'll show up. Don't worry."

" I'm not worried. I just wanted to tell Tony about my winning streak."

The moment she had discovered that Tony was not in the dining room, Zella wanted nothing so much as to get out again. She had made a mistake by going there. Schnick was hungry. He ordered a dinner that would take well over an hour to consume. To leave him before he was completely satisfied (even up to the last detail of choosing with maddening deliberation his after-dinner cigar) would make her appear ridiculous in the eyes of a business associate. She could not eat. The wine which Russell ordered she left untasted. Where was Tony?

After centuries Schnick said, " Well, that was a grand dinner. I couldn't eat another thing."

" Three cheers," Zella breathed.

They left the dining room. Zella wondered where she could look now for Tony.

Schnick said, " Say, Zella, neither Marie nor Tony looked at all lit to me, but maybe they got that way after I left them. Maybe they were sick or something and went to their rooms. Why don't you have a look?"

Zella went to the desk. "Is Mr. Creston in his room?" she asked the clerk.

"No, madam." The clerk reached into the pigeonhole and brought forth a note which he handed to her. "The key is still in there," he said. Zella saw that the note was addressed to her in Tony's writing. She tore the envelope off swiftly. What did this mean? What could this mean?

DEAR ZEL:

Marie got a phone call from Los Angeles saying that her sister had just arrived from the east and was sailing tomorrow for Hawaii. Naturally Marie wanted to see her, so I offered to drive her up, as was only my place to do. I would have told you in person, but you were having so much fun at the roulette wheel I wouldn't have disturbed you for the world. Marie says good-by and will you please pardon her? The same to Schnick. I'll be down again tomorrow to drive you both home. Love. TONY.

"Oh," said Zella.

"What is it?" Schnick asked.

"They went to L. A."

"They did? What for?"

Zella passed him the note. He read it, folded it up, and passed it back to her.

"We have to get a car, Russell. I want to go home at once."

"Why? We can gamble without Tony, can't we? And I trust you, Zella. I'm not afraid to be here with you."

His crude, commonplace jest recalled her to the necessity of showing a calm nonchalance which she was far from feeling.

"Oh, yes, we could stay," she said lightly; "but what's the use of Tony taking that ride again tomorrow? We'd better go."

Schnick consulted his watch. "We can't go, Zella," he said. "The border's closed."

"Closed? Does it close?"

"Certainly it closes."

"Well, then," said Zella, slowly, "we'll go tomorrow. Russell, I've a fearful headache. Do you mind if I go to bed?"

SHE went to her room and undressed without lighting the light. She really did have a headache—and a heartache. This was the pay-off then for the years of strong, unreasoning love which she had given Tony. Within a week he had forgotten or disregarded the vow which she had made and which he knew she would keep. For a cheap, supercilious line of chatter and a pair of unusual eyes he had traded her. Tomorrow when he came—Would he come tomorrow? She half doubted that he would trouble himself. But Tony came the next day. Smiling his "personal-glimpses" smile, he jumped from the car and kissed her before she could speak.

"Hello, sweetheart," he greeted her. "Did you miss me?"

Schnick laughed. "Did she miss him, he asks."

"Have anything to eat yet? I'm starved." Tony edged them toward the dining room. "I was in such a hurry to get back here that I didn't stop for breakfast and it must be noon now."

Zella had a cup of coffee. With Tony sitting close to her it was harder than ever to contemplate long years without him. He was speaking to Schnick, telling about the marvelous time he had made getting down.

"Tony," Zella asked suddenly, "was Marie's cousin nice?"

"Yes, a very nice sort," he replied.

"Cousin?" Schnick objected. "I thought you said in the letter that it was her sister."

"Well, sister or cousin, it doesn't matter. Female relatives are all alike," Tony said. "She was a big, tall girl. A nice girl. Had a brown hat on and a gray coat."

Zella observed that Tony's face had grown very red. "That's what Marie was wearing," she remarked.

"Yes, they always dress alike," Tony went on. "They were telling me that. From infancy they always dressed alike."

"When they're in different cities I suppose they wire each other every morning what to put on," Zella said.

Tony laughed. "I suppose they do, Zella. I'll bet they do, at that. Funny they both had the same things on yesterday, isn't it?"

"Very," Zella agreed. "Well"—she stood up—"shall we start back?"

"Guess we might as well," Tony said. "Say, Schnick, I went to the opening of Devil's Playground last night. It was terrible. The worst part was that they caught me at the door and made me speak some words of wisdom to the radio audience."

"You spoke over the radio last night, Tony?" Zella asked breathlessly.

"Sure. Why not?"

"I just wondered."

"I WENT with Vivien Vance and her husband. I met them at the Roosevelt where I dropped Marie."

"Oh, didn't you take Marie?"

"No. She wanted to stay with the female relative and have a gab fest. Vivien and Bob and I went. I just had time to make it."

"What did you do afterward, Tony?"

"Went home and went to bed."

"Oh."

It was a good story. He was at the opening all right. That was too easy to check up on for it to be a lie. But what had they gone to L. A. for? That female relative seemed a pretty mythical baggage.

"Say, Schnick, do you know who Marie's sister or cousin—or whatever the hoop she is—is?" asked Tony suddenly.

"No. Who?"

"She's Alice McRyan Devoe, the author of Night Comes for Women. Vivien Vance was crazy to meet her, but Mrs. Devoe is as ritz as all hades. It was hard enough for *me* to meet her."

Zella felt a sudden sensation of warmth envelop her. He was telling her things he wouldn't dare tell if they were lies. There was only one point left to cover and then she could relax and sing for Tony and Schnick all the way home.

"Tony," she asked, "did any of the servants see you come home last night?"

"No, honey, not a one of them; and I was gone again this morning before they were up."

"Oh," said Zella. She felt a sudden tightening across her temples. Vivien Vance and her husband done away with by midnight. Alice McRyan Devoe done away with by midnight. Tony and Marie with alibis established and time free. Anything might happen. Then again nothing might. Perhaps ever since yesterday she had been acting like an awful ass—one of those dreadful jealous wives one sees in comic strips. But what did happen in L. A.? She'd never know. However, if Tony had resisted Marie last night, then Marie was no one to worry over. Had he resisted her? That was the question. Anyway the doubt permitted her to go on with Tony. His story had been good enough for her to stick to him without loss of dignity. For small gifts, O Lord, we thank thee.

"Say, Russell," Zella said, while Tony was busy at the desk settling their bill, "I have an idea for the picture. You know—Under a Mexican Moon?"

"Yeah, I know. Tony should get the girl."

"No. Listen, Russell; this is good. Finish the picture without the audience knowing whether Tony gets her or not. See? Finish it so that the people can use their own imagination. Let the people who are romantic say, 'Well, it's clear enough that Anthony Creston got her.' And let the people who like to kid themselves say, 'No, I don't think he did.' How about it, Russell?"

Schnick looked at her for a moment without speaking. Then he said, "O. K., Zella, if that's the way you want it. I guess it will be all right. But between us two—I'm romantic."

THE END

The House of Guggenheim

An Epic of Seven Sons

By

EDWARD DOHERTY

(Reading time: 20 min. 32 sec.)

SEVEN candles burned on each side the coffin of Daniel Guggenheim.

Seven sons once brightened the House of Guggenheim. And the brightest of these was Daniel.

The metal casket, covered with a blanket of orchids and tea roses, lay in the middle of the chancel of Temple Emanu-El in New York, in front of the Gates of the Ark, beneath a colored shaft of light that slanted through a stained-glass window high above.

Rabbi Nathan Krass read from the Scriptures, and recited "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep." The organ played. A woman sang. The coffin was carried out, with the flowers that had rested on either side of the chancel.

And presently Daniel Guggenheim was placed in the six-sided vault in Salem Fields cemetery, to sleep with his fathers.

An epic life had ended. A magnificent story had closed.

The Guggenheims are the Rothschilds of America. Money pours into their hands from the bowels of the earth. Mines in the Americas, mines in every continent, give them ore. No one knows how much money they have, how much money they control—perhaps not even themselves. No one, it is said, has ever computed the tons of gold and silver and copper and iron and zinc and lead they have taken out of the earth.

Daniel, chief of the mining operations of the family, and perhaps the wealthiest of the brothers, retained of all that metal only enough to make him a coffin.

The story of the Guggenheims' rise to riches and power is one of those legends typical of America. It is like the story of Abraham Lincoln. It is the stuff of the Alger books on which an older generation fed.

An immigrant boy rubs stove polish on his fingers, and dreams of great things for himself and his descendants. There is the magic of Aladdin's lamp in the polish, and greater things happen than any he had dreamed. Incredible?

Davis & Sanford photo

Simon Guggenheim, who came from Switzerland to Philadelphia with his son Meyer in 1848.

This boy was Meyer, Daniel's father. He came to America in 1848 with his father, Simon Des Meier Guggenheim, of Landau, Switzerland, when he was nineteen. Father and son adventured on a little side-wheeler and they were months in crossing. There were violent storms, and several times they were close to shipwreck, but there was nothing tedious about the journey, for there was a widow on board with a young and beautiful daughter.

Simon married the widow when they reached Philadelphia, and four years later Meyer married the daughter, Barbara. They sleep together now in Salem Fields.

IN Philadelphia Simon Guggenheim found relatives who gave him wares to sell. He strapped them in a pack on his back and went from door to door, but Meyer followed his trade as a tailor until he had saved enough money to marry. Then he went into business with his wife's brother, Lehman Meyers. Lehman made a patent coffee essence, and Meyer carried the packages from house to house and sold them. He was little, but strong and wiry and ambitious.

He was the sort of chap who notes everything and remembers it and thinks about it. When he sold a housewife his coffee essence he wondered what else she might need for the household; and he asked her. He found she needed a good stove polish, lye for soft soap, bluing, spices—but especially stove polish.

As soon as he had made enough money, Meyer bought himself a horse and wagon. Thus he could not only carry more merchandise, but he could visit more people. It was easier on the feet, and the back. And there was room in the wagon for more than coffee essence.

Meyer began making a stove polish out of black lead, but he wasn't satisfied with it. It was a powder, and, though it cleaned stoves well, it left black marks on the hands that used it, marks hard to cleanse.

It was an accident that he, or someone working for him,

The founder of the House of Guggenheim with his seven sons. Left to right, Benjamin, Murry, Isaac, Meyer, Daniel, Solomon R., Simon, and William.

discovered that by mixing the powder with soap and water one had a paste that would not soil the hands.

The women were enthusiastic about the paste, so Meyer bought a sausage-casing machine—bought it secondhand—ran his paste through it, cut it off the right sausage lengths, wrapped it up in neat packages, and put it on the market. His brother-in-law, of course, was eager enough to help with the new venture.

At first Meyer imported his black lead in bulk from abroad; but this was too expensive, he decided. He looked for some cheaper way of producing his paste, and found it. He learned that most of the crucibles used in the steel works near by were made of black lead. So he contracted for all the broken or cracked or imperfect crucibles the foundries had. He got them for the price of hauling them away—for the steel companies regarded them as so much junk.

Meyer ground these crucibles into powder, made that into paste, ran it through his sausage machine, and sold the polish so cheaply nobody could compete with him. A great system—make it for nothing and sell it for next to nothing.

He bought out his brother-in-law's interest and took a partner named Van Horn. And Van Horn all but ruined him. One fine day, when Meyer was out of town on business, Van Horn sold all the stock on hand, collected every penny that was owing, took all the money in the place, and faded out of the picture.

Guggenheim, who had made a little fortune, had to start all over again.

IT was a blow below the belt—but Meyer fought all the harder. He made more polish. He made lye. He traded in everything that would bring him a profit—and the Civil War helped to give him more money than Van Horn had cost him. When he sold his lye concern, he got $150,000 for it.

He formed a partnership with S. Dreifuss and Jacob Loeb, and they opened a store at Front and Arch streets, Philadelphia. They dealt in black lead, coffees, spices, indigo, polish, soda, and starches; and they made a fortune that wouldn't be sneered at even today.

Meyer invested his surplus earnings in the market. He watched Jay Gould and his associates in their dealings in Erie, and Lackawanna, and other stocks. And when the market tumbled he had put $300,000 profits in the bank.

It was another brother-in-law, Morris Meyers, who suggested the lace business. Both men had seen the Swiss women making the lace American women loved. They had seen American inventions for lace making, and now that they had enough money they believed they could create a world market for Swiss lace and embroideries. They secured patent rights for lace-making machinery, and opened a plant in St. Gall, Switzerland, and an office in New York.

Meyer's eldest sons, Isaac and Daniel, were sent to Switzerland to conduct the business. The old man—he was old then—had trained these boys in business. He had confidence in them. Daniel was only seventeen but he was put in charge of a branch of the business. And he remained in Switzerland for eleven years, justifying all his father's hopes and expectations.

The firm later became known as M. Guggenheim's Sons, and as each of the younger brothers reached the point

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Underwood & Underwood

Daniel Guggenheim, leader of the clan and a benefactor of aviation, who died in September.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

where his father believed he could trust him, he was taken into the firm.

Meyer thought more of his seven sons than he did of himself. He gave each one the best education he could give. He sent them abroad to learn languages, and foreign peoples, and foreign business methods. And after that he gave them a sort of postgraduate course in what he himself knew of business.

Some of his biographers declare that he called each of them in turn into his room, and handed him seven sticks, asking the boy to break them one by one; asking him next to break the seven sticks bound together; telling him, "You and your brothers are seven sticks. Bind yourselves together and no one will break you. Separate, and you will be broken easily."

Another saying of Meyer Guggenheim much quoted is, "Get money, but not over the graves of your fellow men."

This saying seemed particularly pertinent at the time the brothers lost $1,500,000 in Wall Street—and paid their investors dollar for dollar.

Portrait by Mark
The late
Isaac Guggenheim

Blank & Stoller photo
Simon
Guggenheim

The late
Benjamin
Guggenheim

Pach Brothers photo
Murry
Guggenheim

Underwood & Underwood
Solomon R.
Guggenheim

An early picture of Meyer Guggenheim

Thirty years after he landed in Philadelphia, Meyer Guggenheim was the leading lace merchant of America. He had several million dollars, seven sons, three daughters, and not a care in the world. His sons were:

Isaac, born in Philadelphia, June 7, 1854. He married Carrie Sonneborn, and died in Southampton, England, October 10, 1922. He had three daughters, Beulah (Mrs. William I. Spiegelberg), Edith (Mrs. L. M. Josepthal), and Helene (Mrs. Corleite Glorney). Beulah's son, William Spiegelberg, Jr., inherited the bulk of his grandfather's money, and became, at Isaac's request, Isaac Guggenheim, II.

Daniel, born in Philadelphia, July 9, 1856. He married Florence Schloss, and had two sons, Harry F. and M. Robert, and a daughter, Gladys (Mrs. Roger W. Straus).

Murry (Morris), born in Philadelphia, August 12, 1858. He married Leonie Bernheim. His children are Edmond A. Guggenheim and Mrs. Fred A. Gimbel.

Solomon R., born in Philadelphia, February 2, 1861. He married Irene Rothschild. He has three daughters, Barbara, Gertrude, and Eleanor, who is the Countess of Castlestewart and mother of the Viscount David Stuart.

Benjamin, born in Philadelphia, October 26, 1865. He married Florette Seligman, who bore him three daughters, Benita R. (Mayer), Margaret S. (Vail), and Barbara (Waldman). He went down with the Titanic, April 14, 1912.

Simon, born in Philadelphia, December 30, 1867. He married Olga H. Hirsh. One of his two sons, John Simon, died a few years ago. The other is George Denver. Simon was a United States senator from Colorado.

William, born in Philadelphia, November 6, 1869. He married Aimee L. Steinberger, and has a son, William, Jr.

MEYER GUGGENHEIM had reached the age of fifty. He had made his fortune. Most of his children had grown up, and were helping him with the business. But he had only begun to grow rich.

He became interested in a couple of mines in Leadville, Colorado, the A. Y. and the Minnie. A man named Carmen owned the Minnie. He had called it after his daughter. But that didn't help the mine. A great amount of water kept running into the shaft. He sold it to Samuel Harsh of Philadelphia, and Harsh interested some friends in it, and the mine next to it, the A. Y. Harsh and his friends needed money, and they asked Guggenheim for a loan. He would not lend them money, but he offered to buy an interest in the properties—and found no difficulty there. Harsh and his associates were tired of pouring money down a hole and pumping out nothing but water.

The little lace merchant went out to Leadville. It was a wide-open mining town, with saloons and dives and gambling hells. One had to be hard-boiled to make a living there. Guggenheim wasn't hard-boiled, but he got along all right.

He found the condition of the mines even worse than he had expected. The difficulties seemed overwhelming. Shafts filled with water. Shafts caved in. The ore he did extract was nothing but a low-grade carbonate—and the high costs of smelting made it worth less than nothing.

But the merchant kept on. He questioned every mining expert he could find. He read all the mining manuals he could get. He studied. He worked. He made experiments. He was back again in the days when the stove polish soiled the fingers of the women who used it—and he wouldn't give up until he had found the magic combination that would make his mine a producer. He bought machinery. He sunk another shaft—and this shaft had a silver lining.

AGAIN the House of Guggenheim stood in the path of riches.

Meyer now turned his attention to the smelting of ores, the costs, the methods of treatment. In 1889 he and his sons purchased an interest in the Holden smelting plant at Denver, and renamed the firm the Philadelphia Smelting and Refining Company.

Benjamin was the first of the seven sons to enter actively into the new business. Simon and William followed him, buying ore lands. Murry and Solomon went through Mexico, buying interests. Isaac looked after the liquidation of the lace and embroidery business, and handled financial matters pertaining to mining and smelting. And Daniel came home from Switzerland, and went around with his father, supervising and directing the management of all the properties.

Within ten years the big smelting interests of the nation were formed into one, and in a few years more the Guggenheims had control of it, with Isaac, Murry, Solomon, and Simon directors and members of the executive committee. The merger was known as the American Smelting and Refining Company, and for twenty years Daniel served as president and chairman of the board.

Meyer felt himself too old to take an active part in the new business, and he gave the boys their heads. He felt now that his house would stand, a power for hundreds of years, and he who had built it could take his ease.

Daniel, the genius of the family, took charge of everything. Every time there was a big problem to be met he would call in his brothers and talk it over. A decision would be made only after a family powwow--and it was usually Daniel who made the decision.

There were four of them in the little office at 71 Broadway, New York, a place overlooking the North River. There were little rooms, and the desks of the four, Isaac, Daniel, Murry, and Solomon, were but a few feet apart. Simon stayed in Colorado. Benjamin, who specialized

[CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHTEEN]

"Sail for Paris immediately"

The export sales counsel for a large automobile concern was suddenly called away on a five-months trip to Europe. He was newly appointed to the position. He had scant time to arrange his affairs.

His personal fortune was tied up in investments that demanded careful supervision. Must he convert his holdings into less variable, and perhaps less profitable, securities? Should he try to follow the market while he was abroad?

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The National City Company

NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING, NEW YORK

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTEEN]

in mining machinery, went everywhere. William's post was Mexico.

Now the brothers have luxurious offices in the Equitable Building. They occupy several floors in this skyscraper and these are but the New York offices. There are other offices all over the world.

It was Daniel who did most to build up the family fortunes after Meyer threw down his tools. He revolutionized the business of smelting contracts. The smelters would make contracts for short terms only. Daniel made them for as long as twenty-five years. He built a $6,000,000 smelter and a $2,000,000 refinery to work low-grade ore, which everybody said couldn't be worked at a profit. He cashed in on it.

Harry F. Guggenheim, who is ambassador to Cuba.

He spent $20,000,000 to get to the Bonanza property in Alaska, built a railroad over a moving glacier, and dispatched machinery and supplies to the inaccessible territory by dog sled. In sixteen months the impossible mine had paid a $3,000,000 dividend.

He took over a barren mountain top in Chile, brought water from a distance of forty-five miles, and piped it 9,500 feet above sea level. He transmitted power eighty-five miles, invested $50,000,000, and obtained a mine worth four times that much.

He became interested in Chilean nitrates, and perfected methods of treatment. He developed the tin fields of Bolivia, and the diamond mines of Angola and the Congo. He and Solomon formed the Inter-Continental Rubber Company, capitalized at $40,000,000, to develop the rubber industry of the Belgian Congo King Albert was one of the chief stockholders of this enterprise, and in 1919 he made Daniel a Commander of the Order of the Crown of Belgium.

Daniel busied himself, too, with Yukon gold, Mexican and American railroads, banks and trust companies and surety companies, and dozens of other enterprises. Yet he found time to inaugurate the Daniel G. Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aëronautics, and the Daniel and Florence Guggenheim Foundation "to promote the well-being of mankind throughout the world"; to fill his homes—the summer place at Elberon, New Jersey, which he named Firenze, and his Hempstead House at Port Washington, Long Island, which he bought from the Howard Gould estate—with masterpieces of painting and sculpture; and to give free band concerts to the people of New York. His brother Murry helped finance these concerts.

All the Guggenheims spent money to further art, music, medicine, education of all kinds, and usually tried to keep the matter secret. Their donations to charity are as great, and as unsung, as the expenditures of charity organizations. Only the fund for the promotion of aëronautics has been given any great amount of publicity—and neither Daniel nor his son Harry could avoid that.

HARRY F. GUGGENHEIM, United States ambassador to Cuba, is in charge of this fund, and in three years has spent approximately $6,000,000 in the furtherance of safety in aviation. Harry served as lieutenant commander in the naval forces overseas during the war, and won several decorations, while his brother Robert, who enlisted as a private in the 165th Infantry, was winning a majority. Robert, now Colonel M. Robert Guggenheim, is attached to the War Department in Washington.

Daniel, by himself and through Harry, endowed schools of aëronautics, gave prizes for methods of making aircraft safer, loaned money to passenger airline companies, and organized committees to study night flying, fogs, and other hazardous weather conditions.

On September 24, 1929, James H. Doolittle, former daredevil of the army, demonstrated how a pilot could fly through and land in fog. His success terminated a year's experiments conducted by the Guggenheim fund at the full-flight laboratory at Mitchel Field, Long Island.

Daniel Guggenheim was a capitalist of the first class, yet he was not opposed to the organization of labor.

"I favor labor unions," he once said, "because unionism sometimes helps the workers in disputes with capital, and capital sometimes gets very arbitrary. Capital is becoming more humane. In addition, we are getting better laws. Only when the federal and state governments take up the matter of the unemployed and the care of the unfit will conditions improve. This may sound socialistic, but these are my views.

"I don't think there can be too much legislation along humanitarian lines. Surely no man who has been successful can be happy when he realizes the condition of the workers. We must see that the worker not only gets sufficient wages, but also that he gets some of the comforts and luxuries of life. I believe in the democratization of industry."

He also believed in the democratization of philanthropy.

"The state must tax the large estates when those who have them die," he said. "The evil of private benevolence is that you pauperize people. Men and women don't want charity—they want a chance to work and save. We must teach people to save. It is a difficult thing to learn. I believe, therefore, in profit-sharing schemes and in holding up bonuses until the end of the year, because the larger the amount received at one time, the more likely people are to hang on to it."

Col. M. Robert Guggenheim, another son of Daniel.

DANIEL began to "take life easy" after the death of Isaac; and so did his brothers. The younger men in the House of Guggenheim began to take over the management.

Edmond, Murry's son, started to learn the business as a six-dollar-a-week laborer in the Maryland plant. He was a star on the Yale baseball team, a good amateur boxer, and after he came out of the war—he served in the motor transport corps—he was made a special deputy police commissioner in New York. He is one of the few who really worked at the "job."

Edmond has now taken over his father's work, and Murry is free to enjoy his $100,000 house boat, the Leonie, named for his wife, his palace at West End, New Jersey, and his music.

Simon is still one of the busiest Guggenheims. And they still call him "Senator," though he refused to be reëlected after serving one term. He was chairman of the Philippines and the University of the United States committees in the upper house, and a member of the committees on agriculture, forestry, census, conservation of natural resources, military affairs, mines and mining, post offices and post roads, and public lands.

Simon has contributed much to philanthropic and educational causes. He gave buildings to the State Normal School at Greeley, Colorado, the State University at Boulder, the State Agricultural College at Fort Collins, and the State School of Mines at Golden. Several years ago he and Mrs. Guggenheim established a foundation, in memory of their son John Simon, which is providing scholarships for "productive students." These scholarships are intended to enable their holders "to continue their advanced studies at home or abroad in any of the sciences or fine arts, with complete freedom from competing interests." The preliminary endowment was $3,000,000.

Fellowships are awarded "solely to those who show unequivocal evidence of a marked gift for research or creative work, and are engaged in constructive projects requiring special facilities abroad."

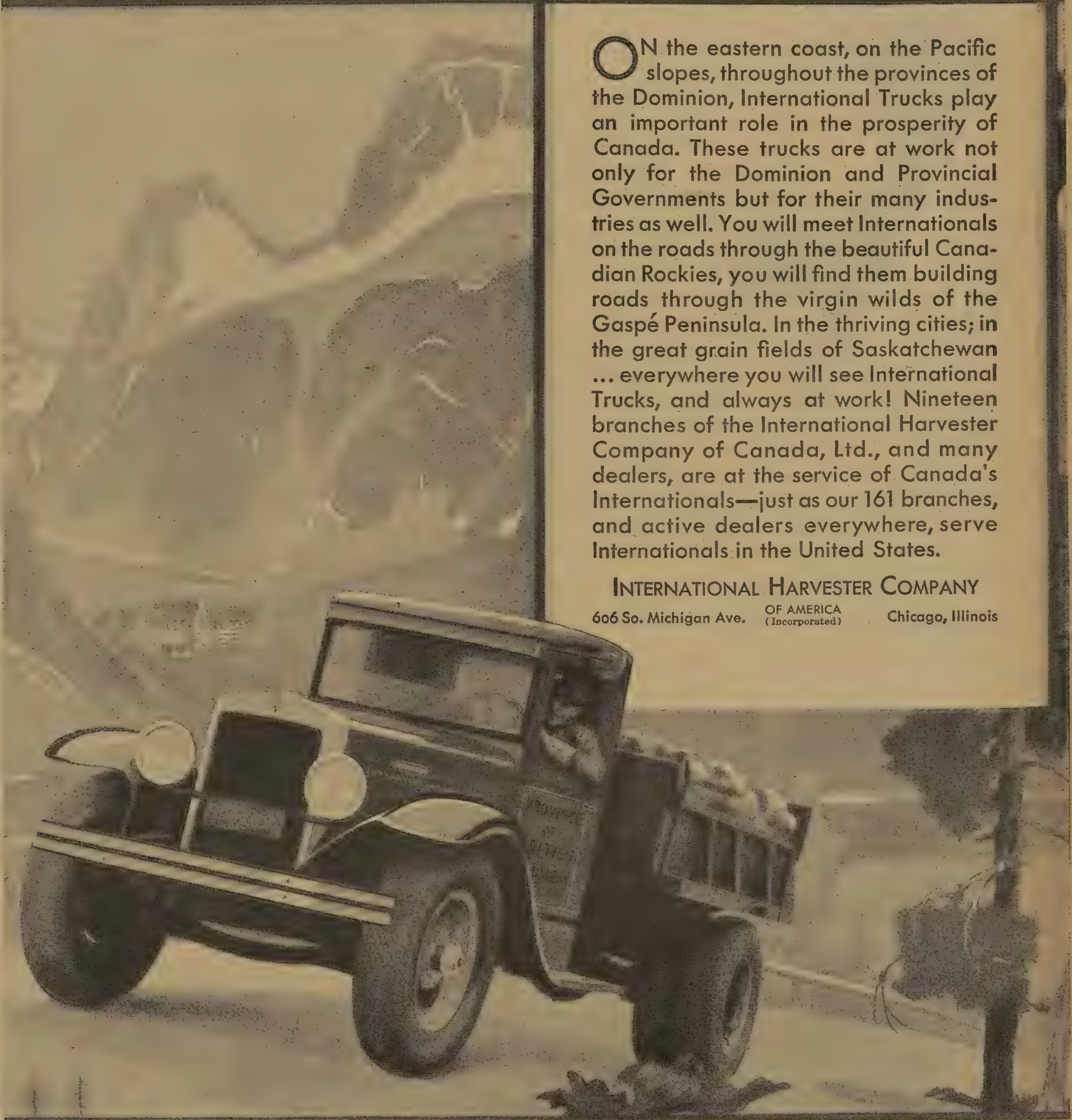
Stephen Vincent Benet, one of the fellowship winners, wrote John Brown's Body while living in France.

In association with his brothers, Simon contributed a building to the National Jewish Hospital for Consumptives at Denver, and an annex to Mount Sinai Hospital in New York City.

Solomon Guggenheim is perhaps more interested in

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY]

Canada, like the U.S.A. uses Internationals Everywhere



ON the eastern coast, on the Pacific slopes, throughout the provinces of the Dominion, International Trucks play an important role in the prosperity of Canada. These trucks are at work not only for the Dominion and Provincial Governments but for their many industries as well. You will meet Internationals on the roads through the beautiful Canadian Rockies, you will find them building roads through the virgin wilds of the Gaspé Peninsula. In the thriving cities; in the great grain fields of Saskatchewan ... everywhere you will see International Trucks, and always at work! Nineteen branches of the International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd., and many dealers, are at the service of Canada's Internationals—just as our 161 branches, and active dealers everywhere, serve Internationals in the United States.

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Saskatchewan Cooperative Creameries
Canada Biscuit Company, Ltd.
Brackman-Ker Milling Company

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

educating, physically and mentally, the children of the public schools, than he is in anything else. He is treasurer of the Public Schools Athletic League of New York, and has given more money than he will confess to the cause of school athletics. He is also president of the Brightside Day Nursery and Kindergarten, and a patron—financially speaking—of the Montefiore Home.

When he goes abroad he rents a castle here and there, and entertains the nobility. It was while he was living in one of his temporary castles abroad that his daughter Eleanor met Arthur Stuart, then a viscount, now Earl of Castlestewart. The earl is a descendant of the Stuarts. The family name goes back to 1429, in the reign of James II of Scotland. In 1619 the family settled in County Tyrone, Ireland, on land confiscated from the Irish gentry—and there they are today as Irish as any family may be.

THE viscount, who had won a majority and a military cross with a machine-gun outfit in France, fell in love with Eleanor as soon as he saw her. It wasn't any of your fortune-hunting romances either, for—as a little engagement present—the young noble gave his bride-to-be $50,000 to give to charities. They were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, London, on December 16, 1920.

William Guggenheim is the only one of the seven brothers who quit working when he had enough to keep him comfortable for the rest of his life. Some years after he had left the firm, however, he sued his brothers for $10,000,000, claiming he had been made to sign away his rights to some Chilean copper enterprises which netted $60,000,000 profits.

Newspapers of the day said that William looked like an artist in his blue flannels and soft collar, as he stood in court facing his five brothers, "who looked like typical American business men."

BUT the Guggenheims didn't allow the courts to determine the matter. The dispute was settled at one of those old family pow-wows. And probably it was Daniel who made the decision that settled it.

New York University conferred an honorary degree on Daniel Guggenheim at the 1930 commencement that made him a Doctor of Commercial Science.

Daniel had been ill for several months, and his physician had sent him abroad. He returned early in September. On the last Sunday of that month he was talking with the doctor, his son Harry, and his wife, when he lay back in his chair, smiled, and died. It was some little time before those with him knew that he was dead.

His brother Simon returned from abroad in time to attend the funeral. Solomon sat near him in the synagogue, and William. Murry was in Europe.

Four candles still burn in the House of Guggenheim.

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

Episode in Paris

First of a new series—
A gay, poignant tale of
Americans after the war

by

John Monk Saunders

— AND —

The story of

Ruth Chatterton

by

Adela Rogers St. Johns

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—Who was Richard *Cœur de Lion?*

2—What strait separates the mainland of South America from Tierra del Fuego?

3—When does the government fiscal year begin?

4—Who commanded the British fleet at the Battle of Jutland?

5—How high is the Sphinx?

6—In what state is the Grand Cañon?

7—What is the source of "Men were deceivers ever"?

8—What does omniscient mean?

9—What is the name for the torpid or lethargic state of some animals in winter?

10—What is goiter?

11—What is a borzoi?

12—What does *pro bono publico* mean?

13—In what state does most of Yellowstone Park lie?

14—What is a fandango?

15—What is a swashbuckler?

16—Winnipeg is the capital of what Canadian province?

17—Who led the Argonauts in their quest of the Golden Fleece?

18—How many pints in a bushel?

19—What are the essential ingredients of celluloid?

20—Where are the Falkland Islands?

(Answers will be found on page thirty)

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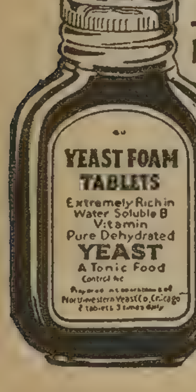
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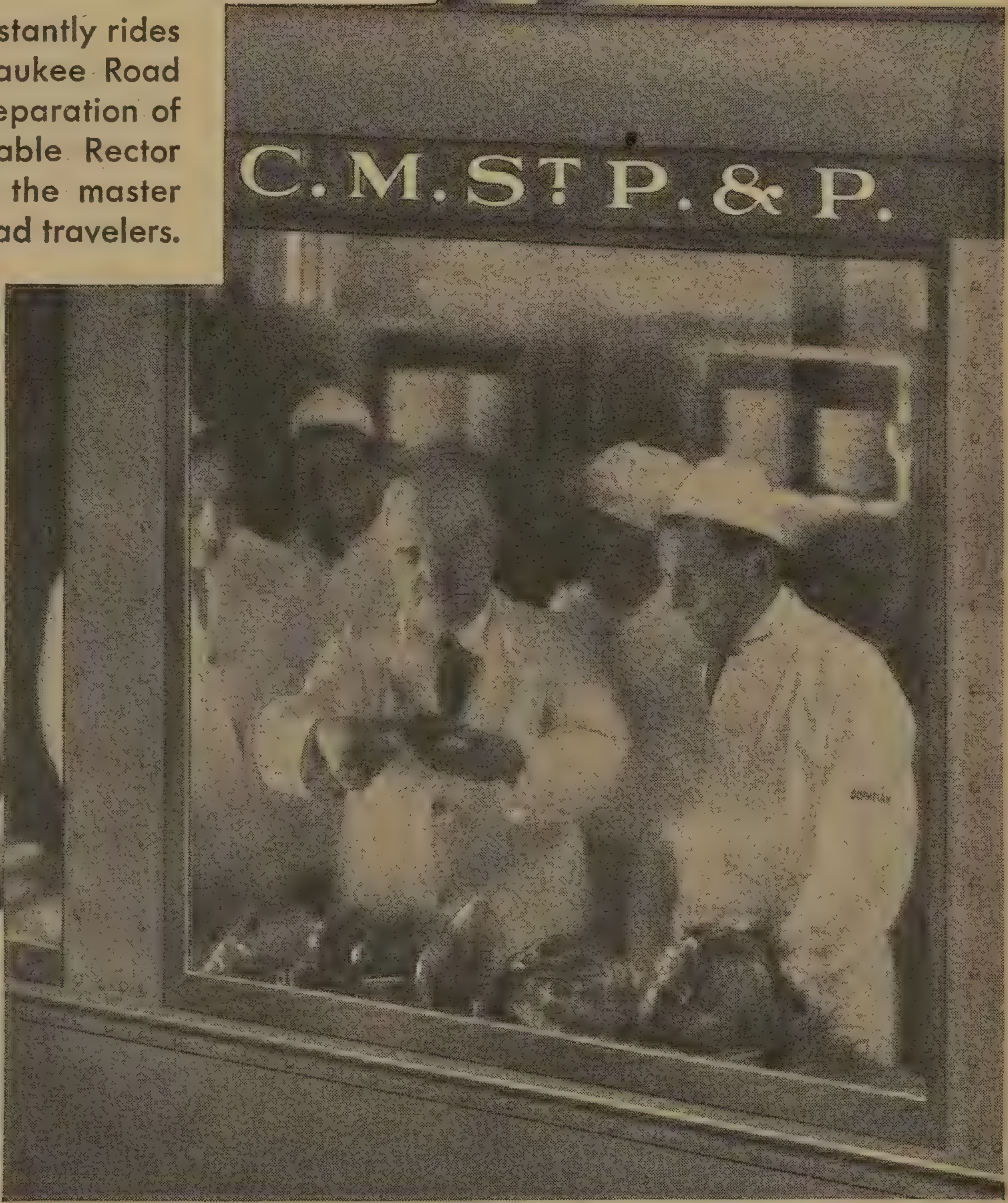

Mr. Rector, The Milwaukee Road's Director of Cuisine, is constantly on the road, instructing chefs and waiters in the culinary art of which he is King.

THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

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The Hottest Guy

The Story of a Bad Man and a Good Deed

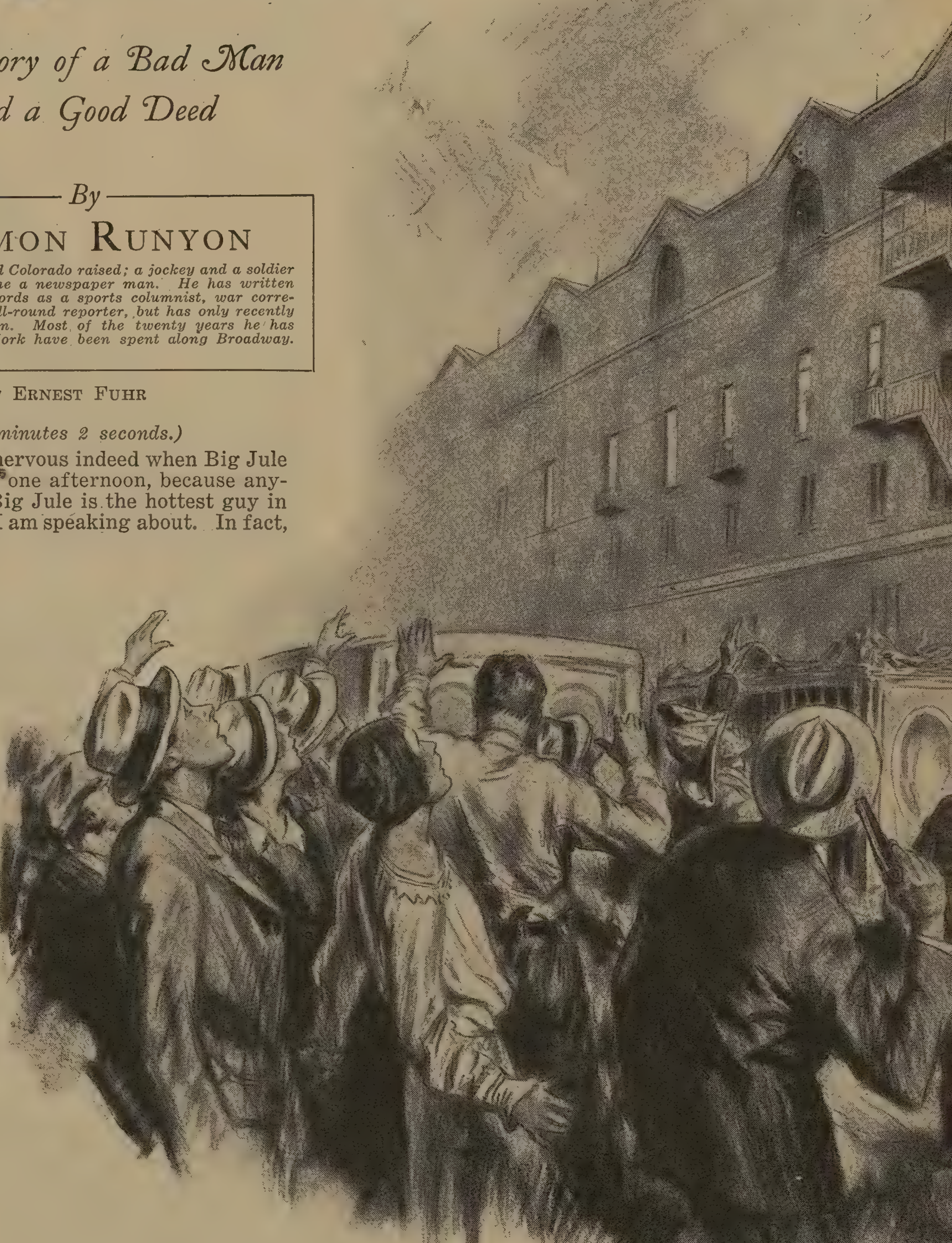
By

DAMON RUNYON

Kansas born and Colorado raised; a jockey and a soldier before he became a newspaper man. He has written thousands of words as a sports columnist, war correspondent, and all-round reporter, but has only recently turned to fiction. Most of the twenty years he has been in New York have been spent along Broadway.

Pictures by ERNEST FUHR

(Reading time: 23 minutes 2 seconds.)



I WISH to say I am very nervous indeed when Big Jule pops into my hotel room one afternoon, because anybody will tell you that Big Jule is the hottest guy in the whole world at the time I am speaking about. In fact, it is really surprising how hot he is.

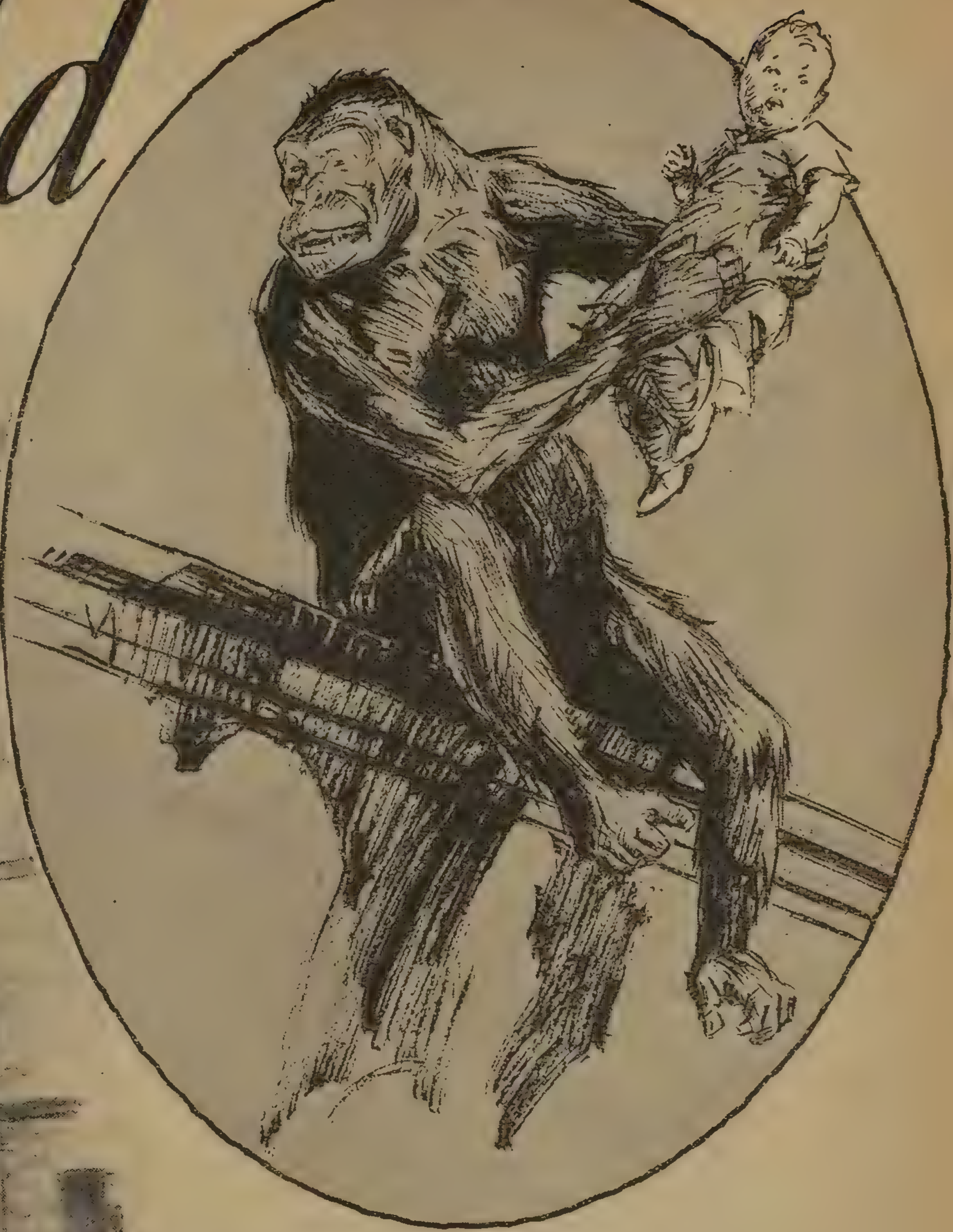
For instance, they wish to see him out in Minneapolis, Minn., to ask him if he knows anything about a mail truck being stopped out there around Christmas, 1928, and being delayed in delivering mail, including many registered packages which probably contain Christmas presents. It seems that some of these packages never reach the people they are addressed to.

Now it is very much against the law to delay mail trucks, and to take registered packages out of these trucks, because the trucks belong to the good old U. S. A., and the U. S. A. does not wish to have people writing to the post office complaining about the mail service. So any time anybody monkeys with the U.S.A. mail, the U.S.A. gets very excited, especially if it happens that the guys in charge of the mail trucks get plugged, which it seems is the case in Minneapolis, Minn.

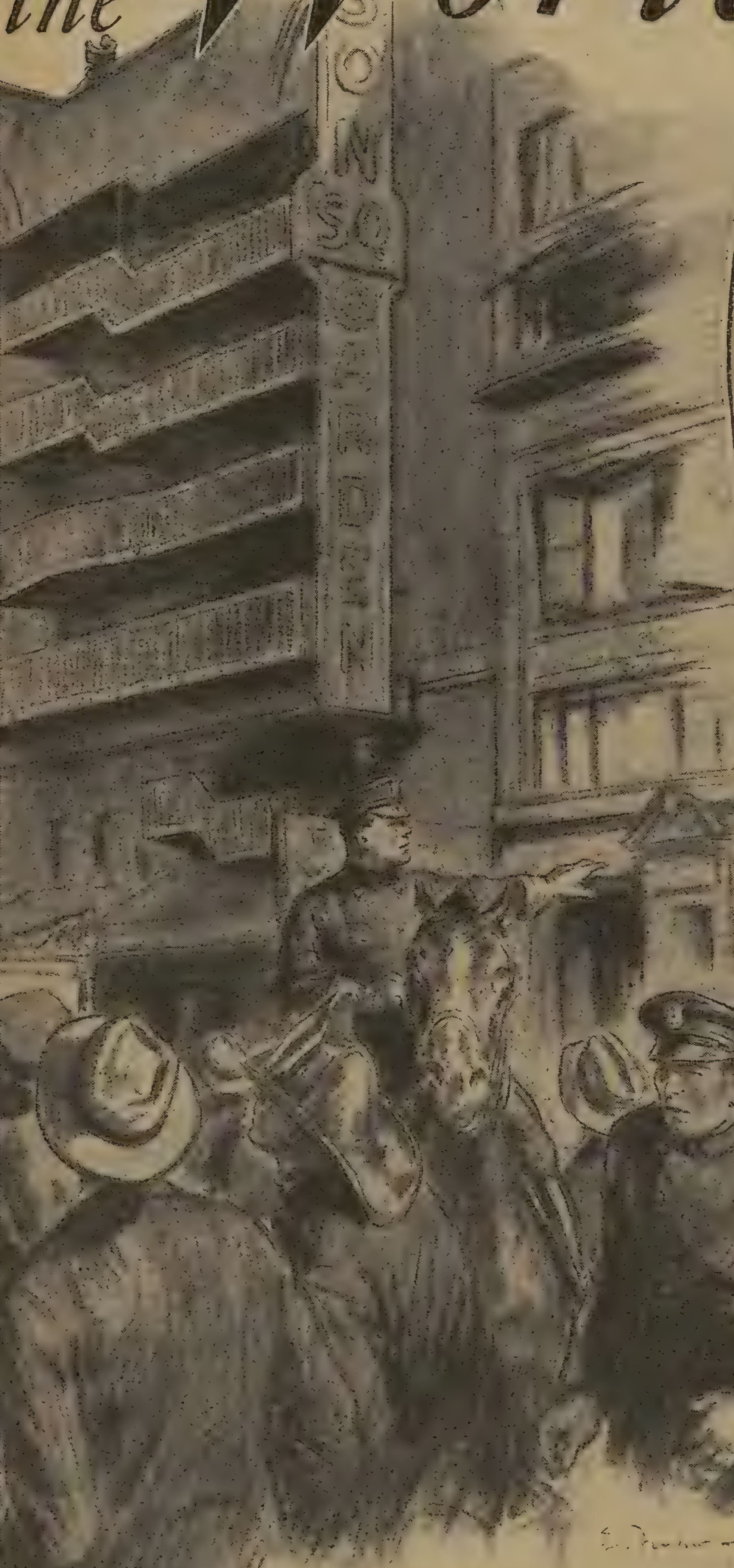
There is also gossip about Big Jule in Pittsburgh, Pa., where somebody snatches a fifty-G pay roll off of a messenger in cash money, and pushes the messenger around somewhat for not holding still. And while no one is dead sure that Big Jule is the party who takes this pay roll, it seems that the coppers out in Pittsburgh are willing to accept Big Jule as the party, if only as a compromise.

Then there is something about a department store in Canton, O., and a flour-mill safe in Toledo, O., and a grocery in Spokane, Wash., and a branch post office in San Francisco, Cal., and also something about a shooting

in the World



He lifts the baby high above his head, as if to bean somebody with it.



Then, all of a sudden, up comes his right duke, and in his duke is one of his rods.

match in Chicago, although this does not count so much as only one party is fatally injured. However, you can see that Big Jule is really very hot, what with the coppers all over the country wishing to speak to him. In fact, he is practically on fire.

Of course, I do not believe Big Jule does all the things the coppers say, because coppers always blame everything, no matter where it happens, on the most prominent guy they can think of, and Big Jule is quite prominent everywhere. The chances are he does not do more than half these things, and he probably has a good alibi for the half he does do, at that. But he is certainly hot, and I do not care to have hot guys around me, or even guys who are only a little bit warm.

BUT, naturally, I am not going to say this to Big Jule when he pops in on me, because he may think I am inhospitable, and I do not care to have such a rap going around and about on me; and, furthermore, Big Jule is such a guy as is apt to take offense if he thinks I am playing the chill for him, and hit me on the potato.

So I say hello to Big Jule, very pleasant, and ask him to have a chair by the windows where he can see the citizens walking to and fro in Eighth Avenue, and watch the circus wagons moving into Madison Square Garden by way of the Forty-ninth Street side, for the circus always shows in the Garden in the spring before going out on the road. It is a little warm in my room, and Big Jule takes off his coat, and I can see he has one automatic pistol slung under one arm, and another sticking down the waistband of his pants, and I hope and trust that no copper steps into the room while Big Jule is there, because it is against the law for guys to go around rodded up this way in New York City.

"Well, Jule," I say, "this is indeed a very large surprise to me, and I am very glad to see you, but I am thinking maybe it is very foolish for you to be popping into

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

New York just now, what with all the heat around here, and the coppers looking to arrest people for very little."

"I know," Jule says. "I know. But they do not have so very much on me around here, no matter what people say. In fact, I am innocent of everything," Big Jule says. "Anyway," he says, "a guy gets homesick for his old home town, especially a guy who is stuck away where I am for the past few months. I get homesick for the lights and the crowds on Broadway and for the old neighborhood. Furthermore, I wish to see Miss Kitty Clancy."

Well, I remember that Miss Kitty Clancy is Big Jule's ever-loving doll before he goes away over a year and a half ago, and, naturally, anybody will wish to see their ever-loving doll after such an absence. But I also remember that Miss Kitty Clancy lives over in West Forty-ninth Street near Eleventh Avenue; and who is living in the very same block but Johnny Brannigan, the strong-arm copper; and it is a hundred to one if Big Jule goes nosing around this neighborhood Johnny Brannigan will hear of it; and if there is one guy in the world Johnny Brannigan does not care for, it is Big Jule, although they are kids together.

But it seems that even when they are kids they have very little use for each other, and after they grow up and Johnny gets on the strong-arm squad he never misses a chance to push Big Jule around, and sometimes boffs Big Jule over the bean with his blackjack. And it is well known to one and all that before Big Jule leaves town the last time he tosses a couple of slugs at Johnny Brannigan, and Johnny swears he will never rest until he puts Big Jule where he belongs—although where Big Jule belongs Johnny does not state, and there is a difference of opinion on the proposition.

So I speak of Johnny living in the same block as Miss Kitty Clancy, which Big Jule knows as well as I do, because they are all born and brought up on this block, and Big Jule gets very mad and starts feeling for the automatic which he has stuck in the waistband of his pants.

"I am not afraid of Johnny Brannigan," he says. "In fact," he says, "he is one of the two reasons why I come back home; the first being to see Miss Kitty Clancy, and take her away as my ever-loving wife, and the second being to clip Johnny Brannigan. I will not miss him this time."

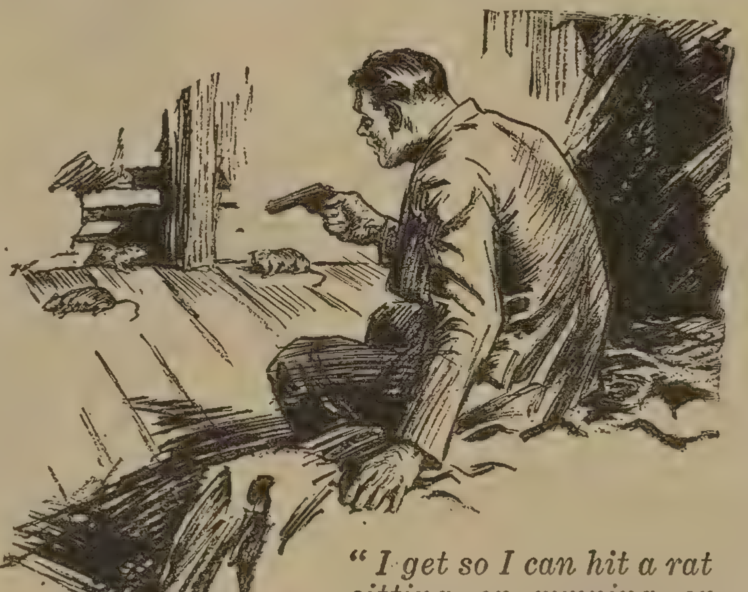
WELL, naturally, such talk is very disquieting to me, because it is a very serious proposition in New York to clip a copper such as Johnny Brannigan. In fact, there is nothing more illegal. Besides, it makes the other coppers very indignant when one of them is clipped, and they go around making plenty of trouble for one and all. I can see where it is not going to be any boost to me if Big Jule clips Johnny Brannigan and it comes out that Big Jule is in my company beforehand.

"But let us forget Johnny Brannigan for a minute," Big Jule says. "By and by we will walk over to the old neighborhood and see Miss Kitty Clancy. I guess maybe she will be very much surprised to see me, because I am not able to write to her while I am away on account of one thing and another. Yes," Big Jule says, "she will be much surprised, and no doubt very glad."

Well, I figure it is a sure thing Miss Kitty Clancy will be surprised to see Big Jule, but I am not so sure about her being glad if she does not hear from him for over a year, because very often when a doll does not hear from a guy for over a year she gets to thinking maybe he is dead, especially such a guy as Big Jule who goes around with a price of 20 to 1 against him at all times, and no matter how ever-loving the doll may be, she may get to thinking of someone else. For this is the way dolls are, whether they live on Eleventh Avenue or over on Park.

Still, I remember hearing that this Miss Kitty Clancy once thinks very well of Big Jule, although her old man, Jack Clancy, who runs a speakeasy, always claims it is a big knock to the Clancy family to have such a character as Big Jule hanging around.

"I often think of Miss Kitty Clancy the past year or so," Big Jule says, as he sits there by the window, watching the circus wagons and the crowds. "I especially think of her the past few months. In fact," he says, "thinking of Miss Kitty Clancy is about all I have to do where I am at, which is in an old warehouse on the Bay of Fundy, outside of a town that is called St. Johns, or some such, up in Canada. And, thinking of Miss Kitty Clancy all this time, I find out I love her very much indeed.



"I get so I can hit a rat sitting or running or even flying through the air."

"I GO to this warehouse," Big Jule says, "after somebody takes a jewelry store in the town, and the coppers start in blaming me. This warehouse is not such a place as I will choose myself if I am doing the choosing, because it is an old fur warehouse and full of strange smells, but in the excitement around the jewelry store somebody puts a slug in my hip, and Leon Pierre carries me to the old warehouse, and there I am until I get well.

"It is very lonesome," Big Jule says. "In fact, you will be surprised how lonesome it is. And it is very, very cold, and all I have for company is a lot of rats. Personally, I never care much for rats under any circumstances, because they lug disease germs around with them and are apt to bite a guy when he is asleep, if they are hungry, which is what these rats try to do to me.

"The warehouse is away off by itself," Big Jule says, "and nobody ever comes around there except Leon Pierre to bring me grub and dress my hip, and at night it is very still, and all you can hear is the wind howling around outside and the rats running here and there and around and about. Some of them are very large rats. In fact, some of them seem about the size of rabbits, and they are pretty fresh, at that. At first I am willing to make friends with these rats, but they seem very hostile, and after they take a few nips at me I can see there is no use trying to be nice to them, so I have Leon Pierre bring me a lot of ammunition for my Roscoes every day, and I practice shooting at the rats.

"The warehouse is so far off there is no danger of anybody hearing the shooting," Big Jule says, "and it helps me pass the time away. I get so I can hit a rat sitting or running or even flying through the air, because these warehouse rats are great hands for leaping from place to place, like goats, their idea being to take a good nab at me as they fly past.

"Well, sir," Big Jule says, "I keep score on myself one day, and I hit fifty rats hand running, which I claim makes me the champion rat shooter of the world with a forty-five rod. Although, of course," he says, "if anybody wishes to challenge me to a rat-shooting match for the title I am willing to take them on for a side bet. I get so I can call my shots on the rats, and, in fact, several times I say to myself, I will hit this one in the right eye, and this one in the left eye, and it always turns out just as I say, although sometimes when you hit a rat with a forty-five close, it is not always possible to tell afterwards just where you hit him, because you seem to hit him all over.

"By and by," Big Jule says, "I seem to discourage the rats somewhat. They find that no rat dast poke a whisker out at me or he will get a very close shave, and they will not come near me even when I am asleep. So I have to look around for other amusement, and there is not

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

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$69.50 *less tubes*

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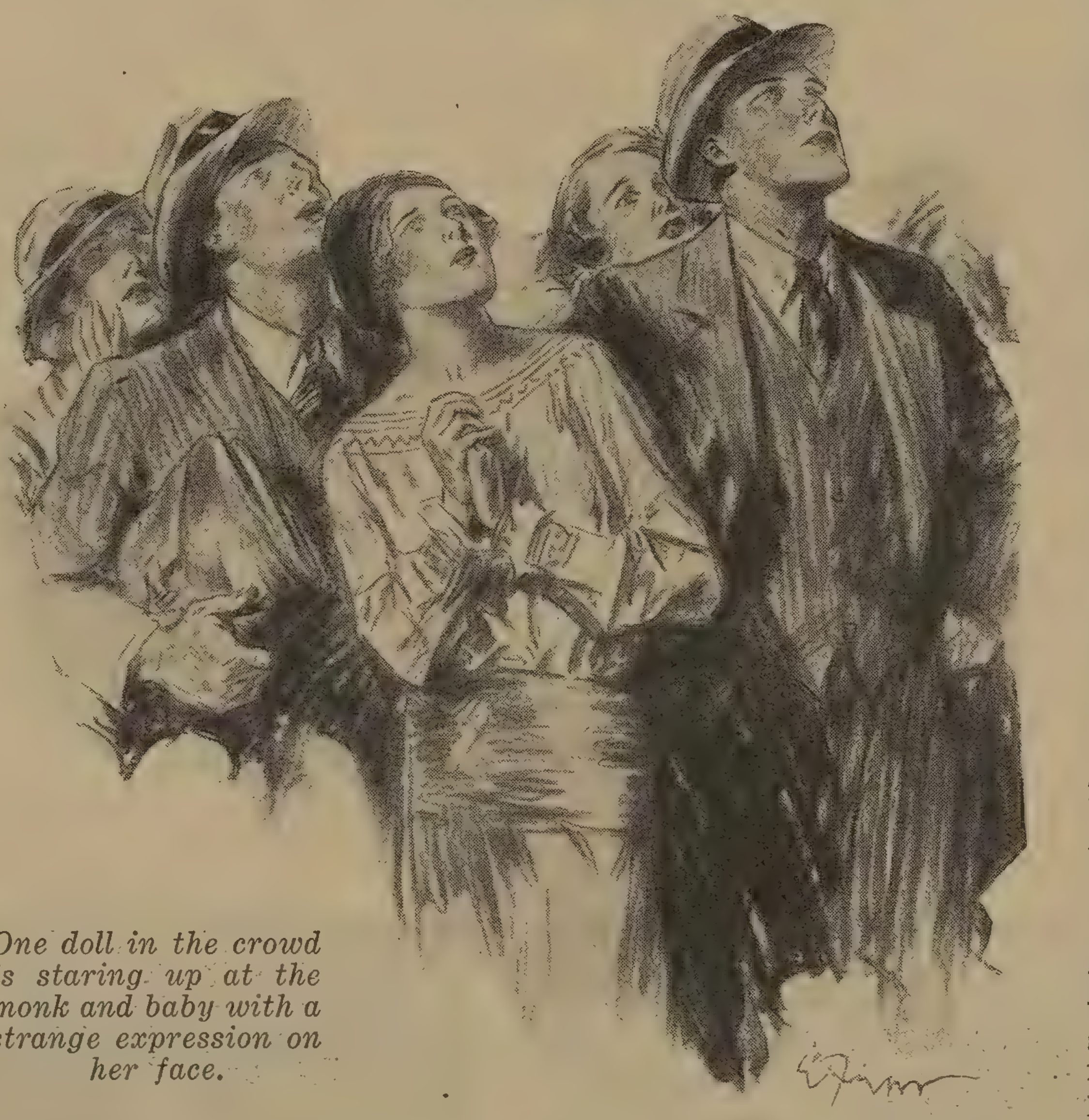
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

much doing in such a place, although I finally find a bunch of doctor books which turn out to be very interesting reading.

"I ask Leon Pierre how come these books in the warehouse," Big Jule says, "and Leon tells me they are left there by a surgeon by the name of Doc Billikus, who retires to the warehouse to think things over after performing a very delicate operation on his mother-in-law. It seems from what Leon Pierre tells me that Doc Billikus removes a wen on his mother-in-law's neck, but he also removes her head along with the wen, and when she does not continue to live the operation causes some comment in this part of Canada, especially when it comes out that Doc Billikus gets his mother-in-law to make a will leaving him all her dough.

"Anyway," Big Jule says, "Doc Billikus takes his books and goes to the warehouse and remains there for quite a while, studying and thinking, until the law comes along and finds him and hangs him very high indeed. His books are a great comfort to me, and I learn many astonishing things about matters that I never know much about before, including what happens to guys who get shot in different spots, and how many bones there are in your body, and so forth and so on.

"But," Big Jule says, "after I read all the books, there is nothing for me to do but think, and what I think about is Miss Kitty Clancy, and how much pleasure we have together walking around and about and seeing movie shows and all this and that, until her old man gets so tough about me. Yes, I will be very glad to see Miss Kitty Clancy again."



One doll in the crowd is staring up at the monk and baby with a strange expression on her face.

WELL, finally nothing will do Big Jule but he must take a stroll over into the old neighborhood to see if he cannot run into Miss Kitty Clancy, and he asks me to go along with him. I can think of a million things I will rather do than take a stroll with Big Jule, but something tells me that if I say I do not wish to go with him Big Jule will think I am snobbish, and there is nothing Big Jule hates more than a snobbish guy, except, maybe, Johnny Brannigan.

Furthermore, it is along in the middle of the afternoon and I figure that at such an hour of the day as this Big Jule is less likely to run into Johnny Brannigan or any other coppers who may happen to know him than at any other time. So I say I will go with him, but as we start out I remember about his automatics.

"Jule," I say, "do not take any rods with you on a stroll, because somebody may happen to see them, such as a copper, and you know it is against the Sullivan law to carry a rod in this town. You know they will pick you up quicker than you can say boo if they think you are rodded up, no matter if they know anything else about you or not."

"Why," Big Jule says, "you speak great nonsense. If any copper tries to pick me up I will certainly shoot the buttons off his coat. Anyway," Big Jule says, "the chances are I will catch cold if I go without my rods, because I am very much accustomed to wearing them. Do not worry about anything whatever, because I will take care of any situation that comes up."

So we go down into Forty-ninth Street and start west toward Madison Square Garden, but I wish to say I am worrying plenty, because I am not such a man as cares to be mixed up in any trouble, and I know it is bound to produce trouble if Big Jule starts shooting the buttons off any copper's coat.

As we reach Eighth Avenue, and are standing there waiting for the traffic to stop so we can cross the street without being assassinated by a taxicab, I see there is quite some excitement around the Garden on the Forty-ninth Street side, with people running every which way, and yelling no little, and looking up in the air. So I look up myself, figuring maybe the Graf Zeppelin is coming over again, and what do I see sitting up there on the edge of the Garden roof but a big, ugly-faced monk.

AT first I do not recognize it as a monk, because it is so big, and I figure it is just one of the prize-fight managers who stand around on this side of the Garden all day looking for matches for their fighters. And while I am somewhat surprised to see a prize-fight manager in such a position, I figure maybe he is doing it on a bet. But when I take a second look, I can see it is indeed a big monk, and an exceptionally homely monk, although I never see many monks I consider so very handsome, anyway.

Well, this big monk is holding something in its arms, and what it is I am not able to make out at first, but then Big Jule and I cross the street to the side of Forty-ninth opposite the Garden, and now I can see that the monk has a baby in its arms. Naturally, I figure it is some kind of advertising dodge put on by the Garden to ballyhoo the circus, or maybe the fight between Sharkey and Risko, which is coming off after the circus, but guys are still running up and down and yelling, and dolls are screaming, until finally I realize that a most surprising situation prevails.

So I ask a few questions here and there, and I find out that this big monk up on the roof is nobody but Bongo, who is a gorilla belonging to the circus, and one of the very few gorillas of any account in this country, or anywhere else, as far as this goes, because good gorillas are very scarce indeed. Well, it seems that while they are shoving Bongo's cage into the Garden, the door of the cage becomes unfastened, and the first thing anybody knows out pops Bongo, and goes bouncing along the street where a lot of the neighbors' children are playing games on the sidewalk, and a lot of mammas are sitting out in the sun alongside baby buggies containing their

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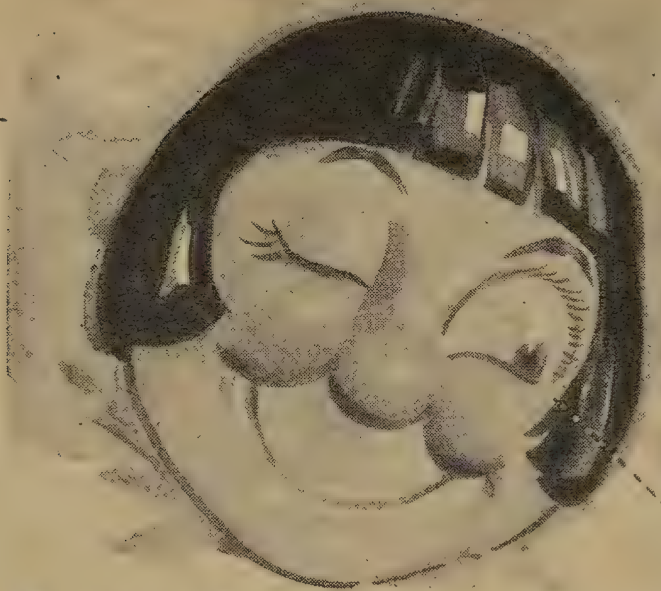

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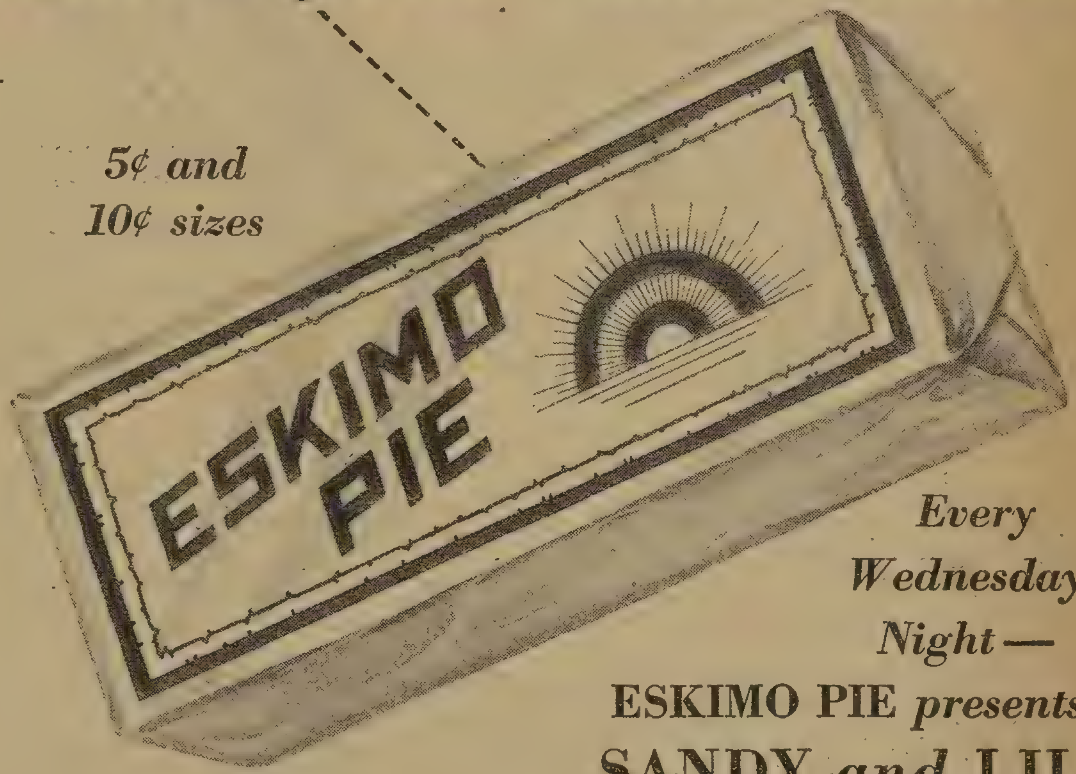

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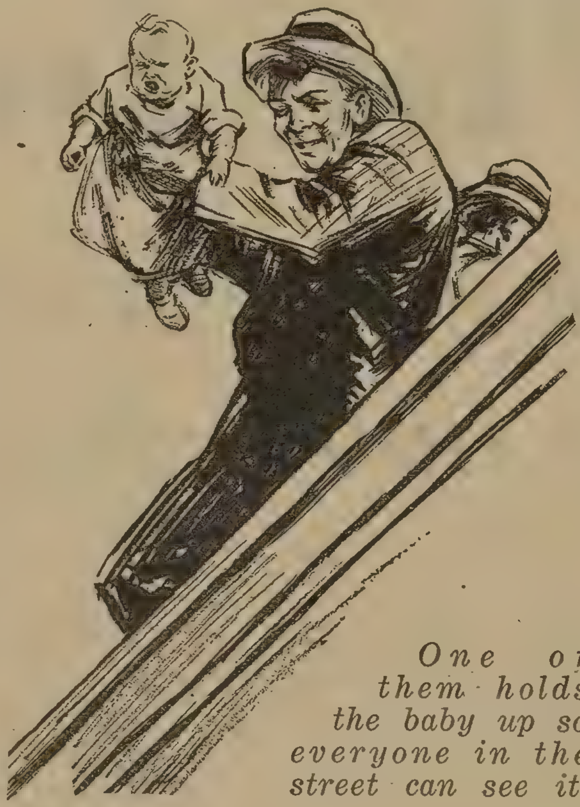
ESKIMO PIE

Ice Cream's Most Delicious Form

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

young. This is a very common sight in side streets such as West Forty-ninth Street on nice days, and is by no means unpleasant, if you like mammas and their young.

Now what does this Bongo do but reach into a baby buggy which a mamma is pushing past on the sidewalk on the Garden side of the street, and snatch out a baby, though what Bongo wants with this baby nobody knows to this day. It is a very young baby, and not such a baby as is fit to give a gorilla the size of Bongo any kind of a tussle, so Bongo has no trouble whatever in handling it. Anyway, I always hear a gorilla can make a sucker out of a grown man in a battle, although I wish to say I never see a battle between a gorilla and a grown man. It ought to be a first-class drawing card, at that.



One of them holds the baby up so everyone in the street can see it.

Well, naturally, the baby's mamma puts up quite a squawk about Bongo grabbing her baby, because no mamma wishes her baby to become tangled up with a gorilla, and this mamma starts in screaming very loud, and trying to take the baby away from Bongo, so what does Bongo do but run right up on the roof of the Garden by way of a big electric sign which hangs down on the Forty-ninth Street side.

And there old Bongo sits on the edge of the roof, a matter of five or six stories above the ground, with the baby in his arms, and the baby is squalling quite some, and Bongo is making funny noises and showing his teeth as the folks commence gathering in the street below.

There is a big guy in his shirt sleeves running through the crowd waving his hands and trying to shush everybody, and saying, " Quiet, please," over and over, but nobody pays much attention to him. I figure this guy has something to do with the circus, and maybe with Bongo, too.

A traffic copper takes a peek at the situation and calls for the reserves from the Forty-seventh Street station, and somebody else runs for the fire department, and pretty soon cops are running from every direction and the fire trucks are coming and the big guy in his shirt sleeves is more excited than ever.

" Quiet, please," he says. " Everybody quiet, because if Bongo becomes disturbed by the noise he will throw the baby down in the street. He throws everything he gets his hands on," the guy says. " He acquires this habit from throwing coconuts back in his old home country. Let us get a life net or a blanket or some such, and if you all keep quiet we may be able to save the baby when Bongo starts heaving it like a coconut."

Well, Bongo is holding the baby in his arms just like a mamma would, and peeking down at the crowd, and anybody can see that Bongo does not care for the row below, because once he lifts the baby high above his head as if to bean somebody with it. I see Big Nig, the crap shooter, in the mob, and afterwards I hear he is around offering to lay 7 to 5 against the baby, but everybody is too excited to bet on such a proposition, and anyway it ought to be 4 to 1.

I SEE one doll in the crowd on the sidewalk opposite the Garden who is standing perfectly still, staring up at the monk and the baby with a very strange expression on her face, and the way she is looking makes me take a second gander at her, and who is it but Miss Kitty Clancy. Her lips are moving as she stands there staring up, and something tells me Miss Kitty Clancy is saying prayers to herself, because she is such a doll as will know how to say prayers on an occasion like this.

Big Jule sees her about the same time I do, and Big Jule steps up to Miss Kitty Clancy and says hello to her, and, though it is over a year since Miss Kitty Clancy sees Big Jule, she turns to him and speaks to him as if she is talking to him just a minute before. It is very strange indeed the way Miss Kitty Clancy speaks to Big Jule as if he has never been away at all.

" Do something, Julie," Miss Kitty Clancy says. " You are always the one to do something, Julie. Oh, please do something, Julie—it is my baby."

Now I can see that this is very surprising news indeed to Big Jule, and, in fact, I am somewhat surprised myself, although, of course, I am not a guy who keeps track of every doll on the west side, and almost any of them can have a baby without me hearing of it. But a most peculiar look comes into Big Jule's eyes, and he stands there for five seconds like a guy knocked out standing up, and all the time he is looking at Miss Kitty Clancy.

" Your baby? " Big Jule says finally, though he certainly hears her the first time, and Miss Kitty Clancy nods her head, and turns on the old tears quite some. It makes me feel very sad, but then I always feel sad when a doll cries, because I am very tender-hearted about such propositions.

WELL, Big Jule turns and starts shouldering through the crowd on the sidewalk, and he is reaching for the waistband of his pants when I grab him by the arm, and say to him like this:

" My goodness, Jule! " I say. " What are you going to do? "

" Why," Big Jule says, " I am going to shoot this thieving monk before he takes a notion to heave Miss Kitty Clancy's baby down on somebody here. For all I know," Big Jule says, " he may hit me with it, and I do not care to be hit with Miss Kitty Clancy's baby."

" Jule," I say very, very earnestly, " do not pull a rod in front of all these coppers, because if you do they will nail you sure, if only for having the rod, and if you are nailed you are in a very tough spot indeed, what with being wanted here and there, Jule," I say. " You are hotter than a forty-five, and I do not wish to see you nailed.

" Anyway," I say, " you may hit the baby instead of the monk, because anybody can see it will be very difficult to hit the monk up there without also hitting the baby. Furthermore," I say, " even if you do hit the monk, which is unlikely, it will fall into the street and bring the baby with it."

" You speak great foolishness," Big Jule says. " I never miss what I shoot at any more. I will shoot the monk right between the eyes, and this will make him fall backward, not forward, and the baby will not be hurt, because anybody can see it is no fall at all to the roof behind.

" I read in old Doc Billikus' books," Big Jule says, " that if a guy is sitting on a ledge looking down from a high spot, his muscles are set to carry him backwards if anything unexpected comes up. A monk is the same as a guy," Big Jule says, " and a bullet between his eyes is certainly most unexpected, so this monk will tumble backward."

Then, all of a sudden, up comes his right duke, and in his duke is one of his rods, and I hear a sound like kuh-powie.

When I come to think about it afterwards, I do not remember Big Jule taking aim like a guy will generally do when he is shooting at something sitting, but old Bongo seems to lift a little bit off the edge of the roof at the kuh-powie, and then he slides over backwards, the baby still in his arms and squalling more than somewhat, and Big Jule sticks his rod back in his waistband, and says to me like this:

" Right between the eyes, and I will bet on it," Big Jule says. " It is by no means as tough a target as a rat."

Well, nobody can figure what happens for a minute and

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY]

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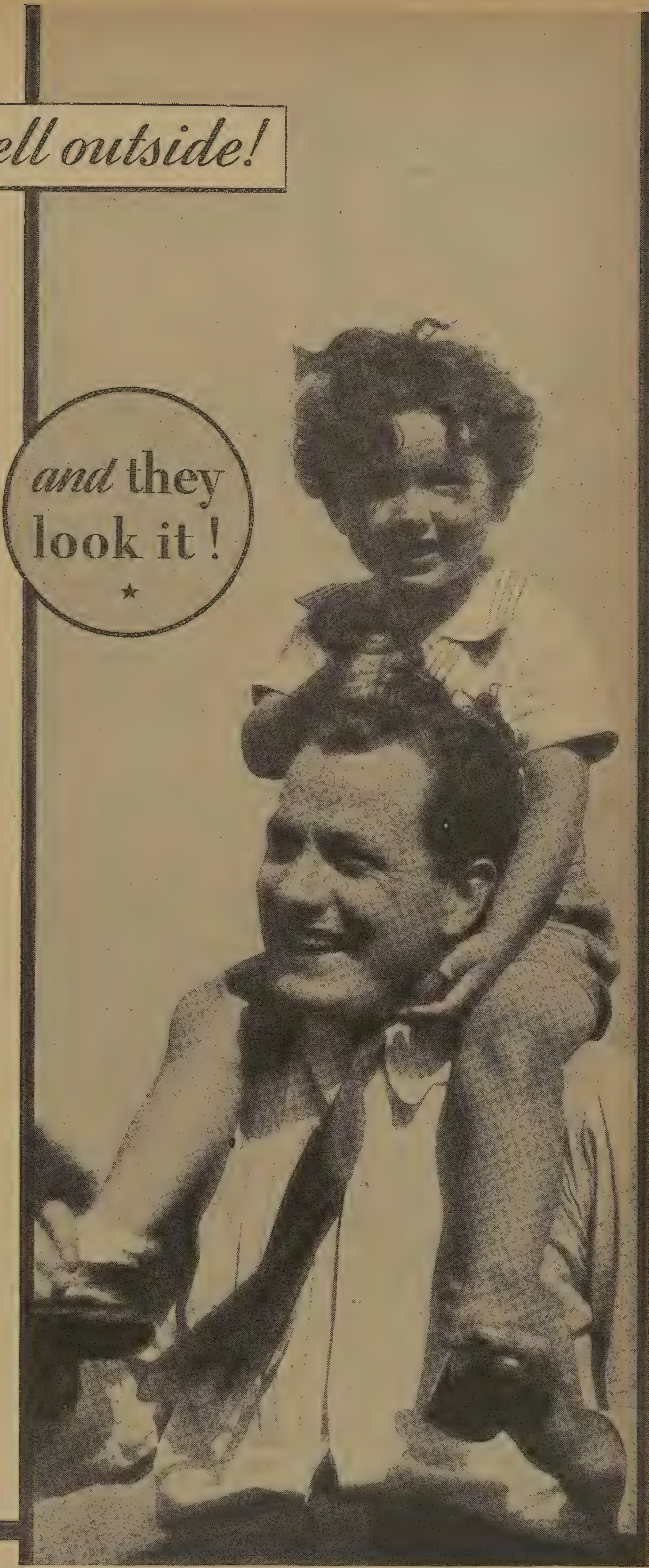

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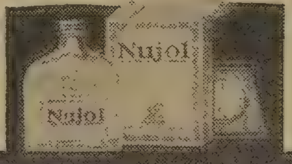

health

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

there is much silence, except from the guy in his shirt sleeves who is expressing great indignation with Big Jule and saying the circus people will sue him for damages sure if he has hurt Bongo, because the monk is worth 100,000 Gs or some such.

By this time some guys are out on the roof of the Garden, getting there through the building with the idea of heading Bongo off in that direction, and pretty soon they let out a yell, and one of them holds the baby up so that everyone in the street can see it.

The baby seems to be all in one piece, and is squalling in a way that is very disagreeable to hear, but the chances are it is scared.

A couple of other guys get down near the edge of the roof and pick up Bongo and show him to the crowd, as dead as a doornail, and maybe deader, and one of the guys puts a finger between Bongo's eyes to show where the bullet hits the monk, but his finger seems to be a little to the left of dead center, and I am about to ask Big Jule how about this, when Miss Kitty Clancy walks up to Big Jule and tries to say something to him, but gets all choked up with tears.

Between Miss Kitty Clancy and her baby there is enough crying going on to do the whole town.

Well, I figure this is a good time for me and Big Jule to take a walk, because everybody is interested in what is going on up on the roof, and I do not wish the circus people to get a chance to serve a summons in a damage suit on Big Jule for shooting the valuable monk.

FURTHERMORE, a couple of coppers in harness are looking Big Jule over very, very critically, and I can see they are trying to think where they see him before.

I figure that as soon as one of them happens to remember about Big Jule having a rod they will put the old sleeve on him at once, and I am giving him the office to move, when all of a sudden a slim young guy steps up to Big Jule and says to him like this:

"Jule," he says, "I wish to see you." And who is it but Johnny Brannigan.

Naturally, Big Jule starts reaching for the old equalizer, but Johnny has him walking down the street so fast Big Jule does not have time to go into action just then, and, besides, he is too much surprised at seeing Johnny to think of much of anything.

"No use getting it out, Jule," Johnny Brannigan says. "No use and no need. Come with me, and hurry."

Well, Big Jule is puzzled more than somewhat because Johnny Brannigan is not acting like a copper making a collar, so he goes along with Johnny and I follow after them, and halfway down the block Johnny stops a Yellow short, and hustles us into it, and tells the driver to keep shoving down Eighth Avenue.

"I know you are in town two minutes after you light, Jule," Johnny Brannigan says. "I am on my way to the hotel to put the arm on you there, and just miss you, and I am only a few minutes behind you when this thing at the Garden comes off. Now I am getting out of this cab at the next corner, and you screw out of town as quick as you can, Jule.

"YOU are red hot around here," Johnny Brannigan says, "and why you wish to come back into such heat I will never be able to figure. By the way," Johnny Brannigan says, "do you know it is my kid you saved, Jule? Mine and Kitty Clancy's? We are married a year and three months ago today."

Well, I can see that this news is just as surprising to Big Jule as Miss Kitty Clancy's crack that it is her baby the monk has up on the roof, and I see the peculiar look in Big Jule's eyes again, but only for a second, and then he laughs out loud, and says to Johnny Brannigan like this:

"Yes," Big Jule says, "I figure it is your baby the minute I see it, because it looks like you."

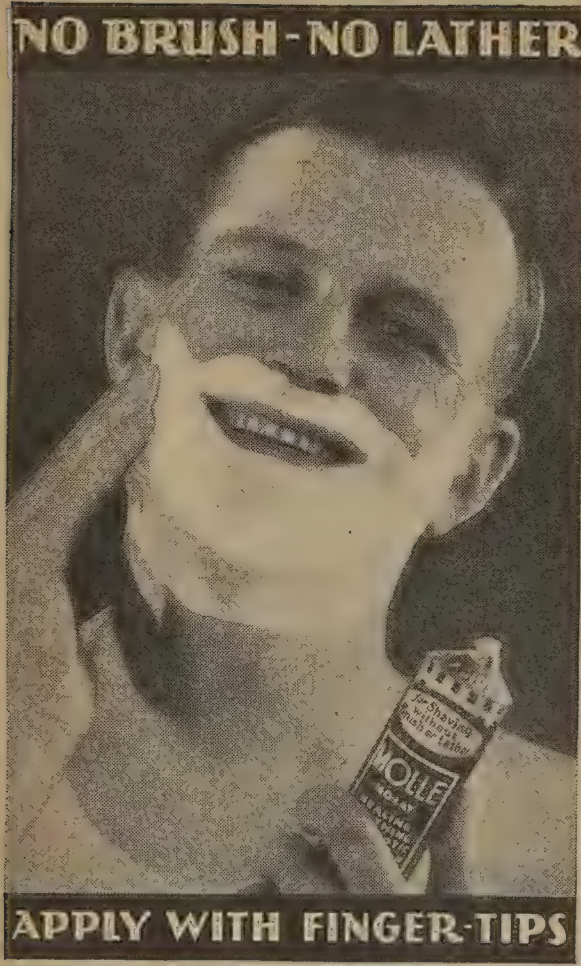
"Yes," Johnny Brannigan says, very proud; "everybody says he does."

"I can see the resemblance even from a distance," Big Jule says. "In fact," he says, "it is remarkable how much you look alike. For a while, Johnny, I am afraid I will not be able to pick out the right face between the two on the roof," Big Jule says, "because it is very hard to tell the monk and your baby apart."

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 20

1—Richard I, King of England (1189-99).
2—Strait of Magellan.
3—On July 1.
4—Admiral Jellicoe.
5—Sixty-six feet.
6—Arizona.
7—Shakespeare's Much Ado About Nothing.
8—Having universal knowledge; knowing all things.
9—Hibernation.
10—Enlargement of the thyroid gland.
11—A Russian wolf hound.
12—For the public good.
13—Wyoming.
14—A lively Spanish dance or the tune for it.
15—A braggart; a swaggerer.
16—Manitoba.
17—Jason.
18—Sixty-four.
19—Soluble guncotton and camphor.
20—In the South Atlantic Ocean 300 miles east of the coast of South America.



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To prove that MOLLÉ will give you the quickest, cleanest and smoothest shave you ever had, we make this exceptional offer!

Get a tube of MOLLÉ (pronounced Mō-lay) at your nearest drug store—shave ten times the MOLLÉ way—if you are not convinced that MOLLÉ is the best shaving cream you have ever used, return the balance of the tube and we will refund your purchase price.

A Shaving Revelation

To get a quick, easy shave that leaves a most delightful after-feel, simply do this:

(1) *Wash your face—leave it wet*
(2) *Apply MOLLÉ with finger-tips like a fragrant cold cream*
(3) *Shave with your favorite razor*

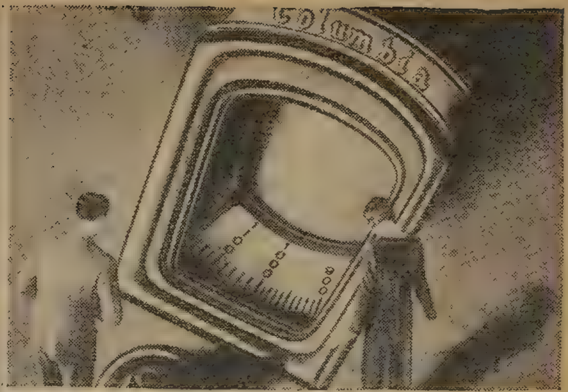
More than a million shavers now use and like MOLLÉ. You, too, will like everything about MOLLÉ—the simplicity and convenience of use—the quick, thorough softening of the beard—the incomparable smoothness of the shave—the grateful relief from razor smart and burn; and best of all, the delightful after-feel of face comfort that requires neither lotions nor balms.

Give your face a treat—get a tube of MOLLÉ today at any druggist—and don't forget—we pay the cost if MOLLÉ doesn't win "hands down."

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY
Bedford, Ohio

MOLLÉ
FOR QUICK EASY SHAVING

NO DEAD SPOTS ON THE DIAL



. . . The New Columbia Tele-focal Radio In A Luxurious New Radio-Phonograph Combination!

NEVER before have you thrilled to such *record* reproduction as this new Radio-Phonograph Combination delivers. Never have you experienced such amazing *radio* performance!

. . THE RADIO is Columbia's new 8-tube screen grid Tele-focal receiver—*the radio with no dead spots on the dial.* It pulls in programs on every notch of the dial *with no overlapping!*

. . THE PHONOGRAPH is Columbia's triumph of acoustical and electrical art. Every note is caught from your records by a new, improved type of electric pickup—and delivered through a new, improved electro-dynamic speaker.

In addition to this new Columbia Radio-Phonograph Combination, you can also get the new COLUMBIA TELE-FOCAL RADIO *alone* in two handsome cabinet models—high-boy and low-boy. Both are exquisite examples of the finest cabinet work.

Visit your Columbia dealer and hear the magnificent performance of both the new Columbia Combination and the new Columbia Radios. For further details, write *the Columbia Phonograph Co., Inc., New York City. In Canada: Columbia Phonograph Co., Ltd., Toronto.*

"*Magic* Columbia *Notes*" "All Trade Marks Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.; M.R.: M. Ind. Registrada Nos 18425 y 18426 de 6 de Agosto 1920 y 26088 de 23 de Agosto 1926: Marca Industrial Registrada Bajo Nos. 1090, 2648 y 2072.

·COLUMBIA·

RADIO PHONOGRAPH COMBINATION

tele-focal RADIO

The New Columbia Tele-focal Radio-Phonograph Combination, Model 939, on the left. Price, less tubes, $235.00.

The New Columbia Tele-focal Radio, Low-boy Model C20, on the right. Price, less tubes, $145.00.

The FEMALE of the

And Something About Her Ways

Dorothy Mackaill is the fascinating secretary in The Office Wife, with Lewis Stone and Natalie Moorhead.

(Reading time: 8 min. 20 sec.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ THE OFFICE WIFE

CAST

Anne Murdock	Dorothy Mackaill
Lawrence Fellowes	Lewis Stone
Mr. McGowan	Hobart Bosworth
Kate Halsey	Blanche Friderici
Catherine Murdock	Joan Blondell
Linda Fellowes	Natalie Moorhead
Mr. Jameson	Brooks Benedict
Miss Andrews	Dale Fuller
Ted O'Hara	Walter Merrill

Produced by Warner Brothers.
Directed by Lloyd Bacon.

THE OFFICE WIFE, by Faith Baldwin, was talked about a good deal this year by those who read it as a serial and in the book. They were mostly women—those who read it, I mean—as it is the sort of story that appeals strongly to women. It is about girl secretaries and their relations to the men for whom they work. A few changes have been made in the transition of the story to the screen, but they are minor ones and do not affect the essential elements of the story. In his direction Mr. Bacon kids the story a little, but not enough to spoil it for those who take the romance seriously.

It is about a fascinating publisher who has a succession of secretaries because each one, after she has been with him for a while, starts managing him and ends by falling in love. Dorothy Mackaill makes a distractingly pretty office wife. Lewis Stone plays the editor in his usual suave and finished manner. Natalie Moorhead is the rather bored wife.

Walter Huston as the bandit and Alita Lopez in The Bad Man.

★ ★ ★ AFRICA SPEAKS

CAST

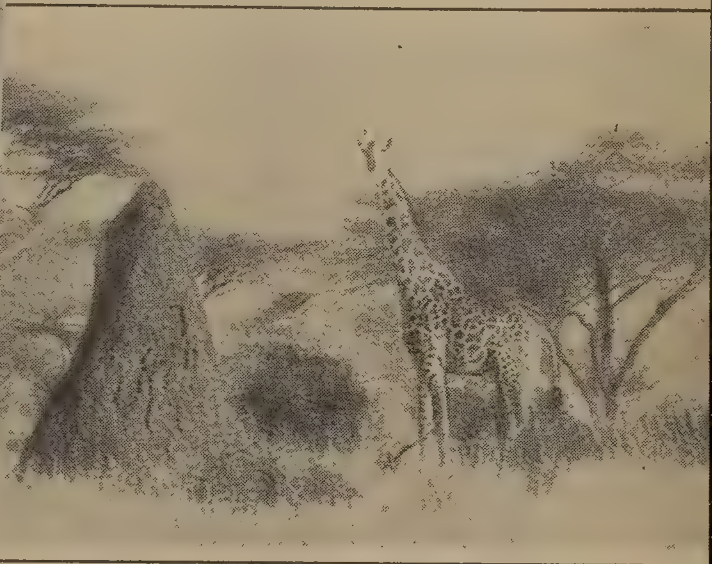
The Man with the Camera...Paul L. Hoefler
Released through Columbia.

Paul L. Hoefler adventuring with a camera, an assistant, and a flock of native boys through the African Congo, which is the least known part of the Dark Continent, found some thrilling photographic subjects.

I have seen other wild-animal pictures, but none of them, except Chang, perhaps, contained such thrilling close-ups of animals in small groups and in herds. You not only see them—you hear them.

There are stalking lions, and hunted lions fighting for their lives against a band of jungle hunters who avenge the death of one of their men by killing a pair of man-eaters. There is the actual scene of a lion attacking and killing a native.

(If this is real, and it is hard to believe that it isn't, I think Mr. Hoefler should have made some explanation about the second cameraman, who was evidently on the spot.)



Hunting with the camera in the Congo.

There are pygmies, a whole tribe of them, and the women of Kiya Be, whose protruding lips make them the most fantastic-looking human beings in the world. And a most terrifying sight of a swarm of locusts.

Africa Speaks, throughout all its reels, is a most thrilling adventure.

★ ★ ★ HER WEDDING NIGHT

CAST

Norma Martin	Clara Bow
Larry Charters	Ralph Forbes
Bertie Bird	Charlie Ruggles
Bob Talmadge	Skeets Gallagher
Gloria Marshall	Geneva Mitchell
Lulu	Rosita Moreno

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Frank Tuttle.

Her Wedding Night was adapted for the ubiquitous Miss Bow from a well known farce by the late Avery Hopwood which was known on the stage as Little Miss Bluebeard. It has been brought up to date and cleverly adapted to the screen. In spite of Clara's prettiness and her vivacity, she has a hard time keeping the center of the stage, with Charlie Ruggles and Skeets Gallagher continually barging on to it. The story is a gay bit of nonsense and is played by all four principals with a sprightliness that is entertaining.

Species

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

★ ★ A LADY SURRENDERS

CAST

Mary	Genevieve Tobin
Isabel	Rose Hobart
Winthrop Beauvel	Conrad Nagel
Carl Vaudry	Basil Rathbone
Butler	Edgar Norton

Produced by Universal.
Directed by John M. Stahl.

John Erskine's novel, Sincerity, has been pictured under the title A Lady Surrenders. It is well acted and competently directed, but there are times when the story has a hollow sound, and perhaps it is better that the original title was not allowed to stand.

One of the close-ups in Africa Speaks.

If you didn't read Mr. Erskine's book let me tell you that A Lady Surrenders concerns a woman novelist who becomes bored with her husband, a successful business man. She writes an article for one of the magazines, under a pseudonym, attacking the institution of marriage. Her husband reads the article and in an impulsive moment writes to the author asking for an interview. The wife persuades her best friend, Mary, to claim authorship, meet her husband, listen to his side of the story, and report back to her. The report is never turned in, because the husband appeals to Mary's sympathy.

Isabel, the wife, grows suspicious when her husband spends the night in town and, accusing him of infidelity, goes to Paris and notifies him she is suing for divorce. Then she changes her mind, but fails to tell him so. She returns home to find her friend and husband just returned from a honeymoon. Isabel refuses to give up her husband, and Mary, in despair, walks out of the house and throws herself in front of a passing taxi. At that, Isabel surrenders, Mary recovers, and all is quiet again on that particular matrimonial front.

Rose Hobart in an unsympathetic part dominates the performance.

A Lady Surrenders is a marital mix-up with Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin in leading rôles.

Clara Bow and Ralph Forbes help to make Her Wedding Night an amusing entertainment.

★ ★ THE BAD MAN

CAST

Pancho Lopez	Walter Huston
Ruth Pell	Dorothy Revier
Gilbert Jones	James Rennie
Henry Taylor	O. P. Heggie
Morgan Pell	Sidney Blackmer
Bianca	Alita Lopez

Produced by First National.
Directed by Clarence Badger.

Porter Emerson Browne's play—about the Mexican bandit whom the late Holbrook Blinn made into such a charming fellow when The Bad Man flourished on the stage a few years ago—is made over into a fairly amusing screen production featuring Walter Huston. This is by no means the best of the Huston characterizations, and the picture misses something of the charm of the play, principally because the novelty is worn off. Coming after, as it does, so many others of the same type, it falls a little flat.

Do you know that—

Gloria Swanson has been invited to make a concert tour by the National Broadcasting Company's Artists' Bureau?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—Outward Bound, Whoopee.

★★★—What a Widow, Sweet Kitty Bellairs, The Squealer, Love in the Rough, Monte Carlo, The Sea Wolf.

It HAPPENED in

A HEADLINE HUNTER Adventure

By

FLOYD GIBBONS

(Reading time: 22 minutes 48 seconds.)

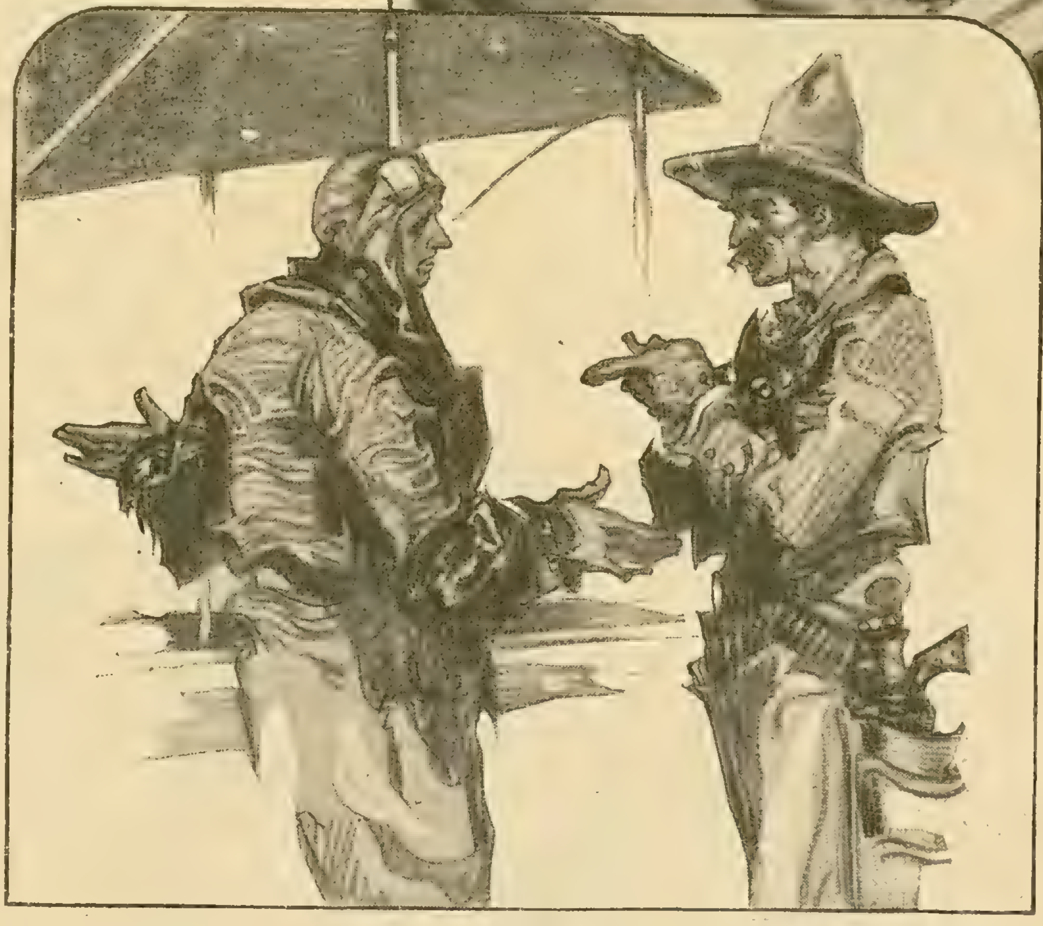
A rolling tenement house—on
and children. The hom

THE title of this story is also the title of a song of romance. There's romance in this story, too, but something besides romance—something which, at the time, I regarded as bordering on the tragic, but which now, through the mellowing vista of time, bears a close resemblance to melodrama. I shall not forget it.

One experience there is seared in my memory. I had a bad half hour looking into the eyes of one of Villa's pet killers, when he was in a drunken frenzy and out to kill.

And that *tequila*—that Mexican drink, so hot that in comparison to it fire is a chaser! The burn of that will always be seared on my palate.

I often wonder if there isn't some connection between the temperament of a people and their food and drinks. The Hungarians like paprika—and they have paprika temperaments. The Mexicans with their hot food, their burning drinks, have hot tempers.



Picture by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

One of the pilots took one look at the planes and said they were death traps.

Being with Villa—fighting with Villa—was taking your life in your hands. His officers had to fear Villa's own firing squad as much as the enemy.

Let's hop across the Rio Grande and down into the interior to that beautiful, hot, ancient, and dusty city of Aguascalientes, where Villa stopped after his defeat, to catch his breath, tighten his belt, and reorganize for the next round.

There are not so many Americans that ever heard of the old city of Aguascalientes and it might surprise them to hear that that old town was going strong two hundred years before the Declaration of Independence was signed.

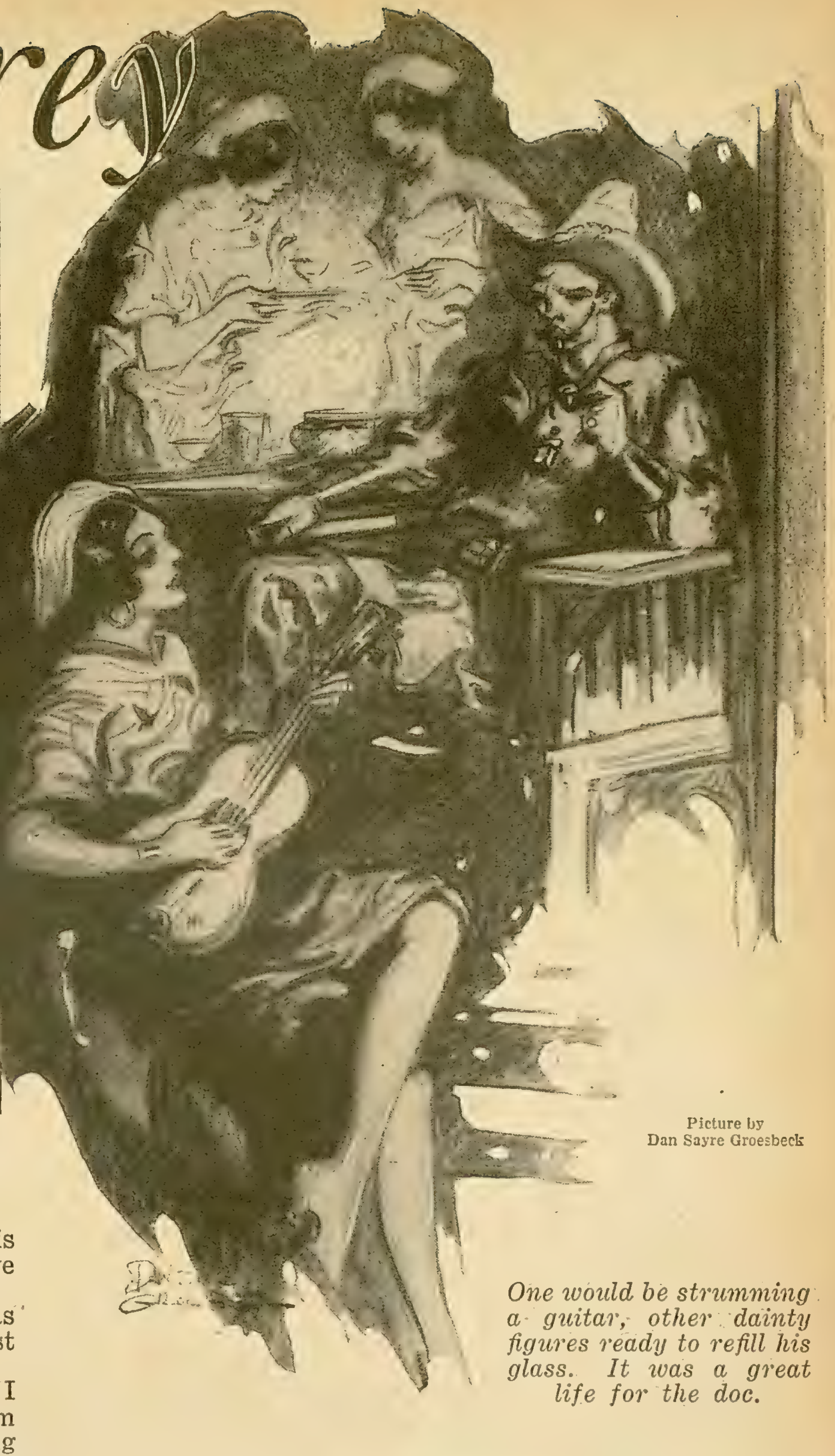
IT is a city of homes and churches, of beautiful parks and boulevards, of railroad shops, factories, and hospitals. It has remarkable natural hot-water springs; it has a most healthful climate and one of the lowest death rates in Mexico. It is the capital of the state of the same name—incidentally, Aguascalientes means hot waters—and the state is one of the smallest in the republic. Some of the finest linen drawn work in the world is made by the artistic fingers of the women of the city.

The railroad trains of Villa's army filled the extensive railroad yards and sidings in and about the city for many miles. Some twenty or thirty thousand men, women, and children lived almost all the time on these trains. With the absence of the most ordinary sanitary arrangements, the health conditions were far from the best, and nothing

Monterey

© Underwood & Underwood

of the trains which carried Villa's men and their women fires were built in, above, and below the cars.



Picture by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

One would be strumming a guitar, other dainty figures ready to refill his glass. It was a great life for the doc.

but the salubrious climate of the city—which is located at an altitude of more than a mile above sea level—prevented an epidemic.

General Villa's headquarters military train was located in the center of the railroad yards, closest to the station.

In Aguascalientes, after our long retreat, I met up with an American friend of mine whom I had lost track of in the battle. In stirring times such as those, it is good to find a co-patriot. His name was Wichman—or at least that was the name he was using in Mexico and I never heard that he had any other. He was a young doctor attached to the staff of General Felipe Angeles, who was a professional soldier of very high standing—in fact, a member of the faculty of Chapultepec Academy, which is the West Point of Mexico.

WICHMAN was an uncommunicative sort of cuss—never talked very much about his life back home in the States—sort of a moody kind of person, depressed and blue. And then again, active and wild and fighting mad.

I always suspected that the thing that had driven Wichman far away from his home and country to take up arms in a foreign land was more an affair of the heart than anything else. I might have been wrong but I liked to think there was a girl.

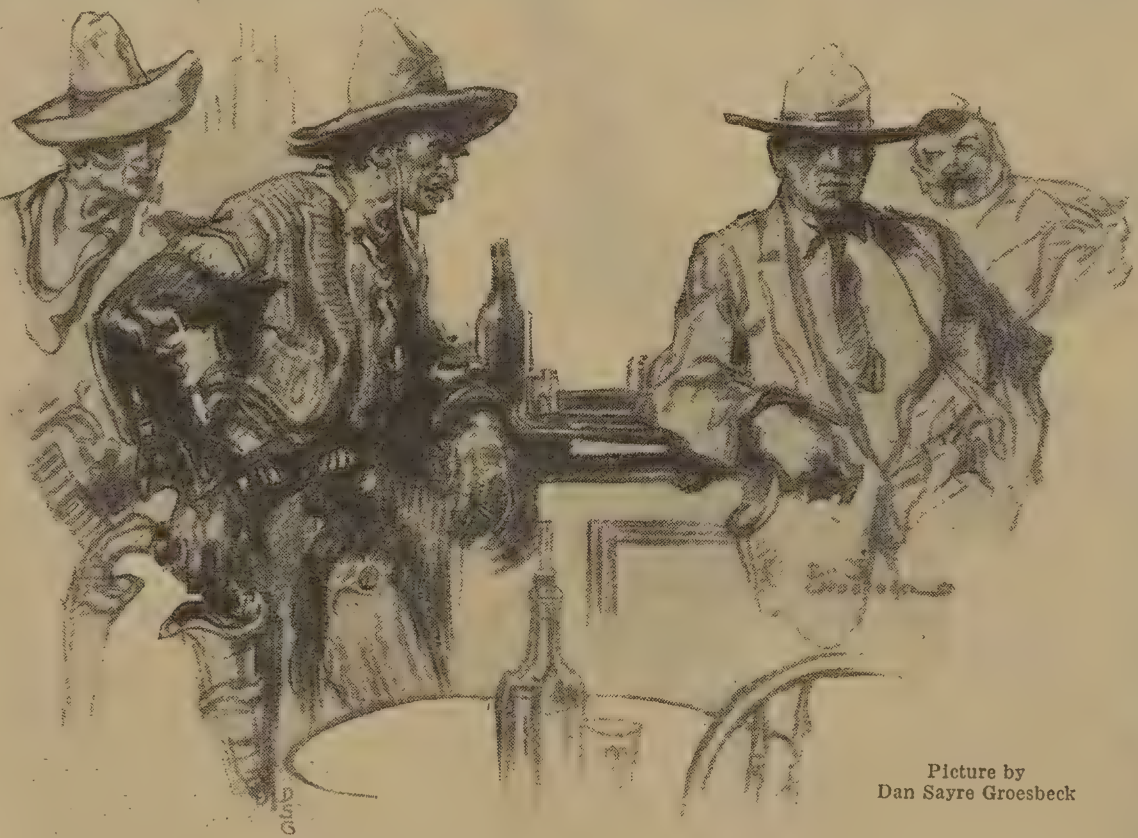
Wichman and I had first met many weeks before, when I first joined up with Villa in the city of Monterey. I met him in the bar at the Hotel Iturbide—and what a figure of a man he was! About twenty-eight or thirty, I should say, stood around six feet two, and weighed a lean hundred and ninety pounds. He wore a high-crowned brown felt sombrero, the roll of whose broad rim was heavily incrusted with gold lace. The heavy headgear was held to his head by a black leather chin strap, fastened under his lower lip by a silver buckle, from which dangled two leather tassels, somewhat after the fashion of an elongated goatee.

His broad shoulders and barrel chest were incased in one of the most curious garments I have ever seen. It was a poncho made of goatskins. A poncho, you know, is nothing more than a small blanket with a slit cut through the center. The head goes through the slit and the blanket covers the shoulders and falls down in front and back several inches below the waist. The poncho of long-haired goatskin that Dr. Wichman wore that night was striped diagonally with dyed bars of alternate green and white. There was an ornate silver ornament on his chest at the end of the head slit. The ends of the poncho were drawn in to his slender hips by a large leather cartridge belt—studded with silver ornaments and buckles and rows of cartridges and so wide that it seemed almost like a girdle. Suspended from the belt were two leather holsters containing a pair of pearl-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

IT HAPPENED IN MONTEREY
Continued from page thirty-five

handled .44-caliber Colts. The doctor wore tight-fitting doeskin trousers and bell-top boots fastened down the side with silver buckles. Silver spurs, with rowels on them almost an inch in diameter, clinked and rattled as he walked. On top of it all, the doctor had a sandy yellow mustache. But to me he was the most romantic-looking hard-boiled egg it had ever been my good fortune to meet.



Picture by
Dan Sayre Groesbeck

I became conscious that the colonel had transferred his attention to me. He dropped one hand to the butt of the revolver.

That night the band was playing in the plaza and it was the hour of the promenade. The swashbuckling bandits of Villa's revolutionary army strolled in one direction, on the outside of the walk, around the central plaza. Some of the señoritas of the city — accompanied by watchful parents or duennas—promenaded the inner circle in the opposite direction. Moonlight sprinkled down the trees. And from the band stand in the center of the park came the haunting strains of La Golondrina and La Abandonada. Many were the eyes I saw passed in the direction of the heroic-sized figure beside which I walked. Wichman's glowing cigarette lighted the shadow under the broad brim of his tilted sombrero.

"Wonder what they're doing back home in Chicago tonight?" he said. "Gosh, sometimes I wish I were back. There don't seem to be any end to this damn' war. There's plenty of fighting when there is fighting, but it's too long between battles. And the chief seems to be doing nothing but chase us from one end of Mexico to the other."

"What are you down here for, anyhow?" I asked. "It's not your country. You're getting paid in nothing but worthless paper money, and you're liable to be killed any time. What does this war mean to you, anyhow?"

He was silent for a minute before he replied. "Excitement and forgetfulness," he said simply, and I sensed a note of sadness and something wistful in his tone. But he hurriedly shook himself from the mood and said:

"Well, it will be over some day, anyhow. Come with me tonight. I need diversion. I want lights and drinks—music and the dance. I'll show you the wildest joint in Monterey." And as he spoke he took my arm and thrust me through the press of the throng to the curb, where we jumped into an open hack drawn by a couple of lame and stumbling mules which wore white fly netting.

TEN minutes later—at the end of an ill-lighted, unpaved, but very popular street in another quarter of the city—we drew up at the brightly illuminated entrance of the wildest joint in Monterey. It was called La Cucaracha—which was the name of the Villista soldiers' marching song. You know, sort of like what Madelon was to the French army, or Hinky, Dinky, Parley Voo to the boys of the A. E. F.

It was a large establishment—a combination bar, dance hall, cabaret, and gambling house. Broad steps led down from the sidewalk to this underground night club, from which came the sound of groaning concertinas, scraping fiddles, clacking castanets, and outbursts of laughter and song.

The steps led on to the middle of the dance-hall floor. The floor was crowded with couples. The air was blue with cigarette smoke. The men danced, the high peaks of their sombreros bobbing around in a sea of hands and shoulders. The dancing girls wore full skirts with many flounces and tapped their heels sharply on the floor. Their shining hair was blue-black and coiled at the napes of their necks and surmounted by high Spanish combs. They draped their shoulders with white and black mantillas—and some of them had their entire bodies bound tightly around in Spanish shawls with long trailing fringe, which was forever tangling up with the spurs of the soldiers' coarse boots.

Wichman, towering head and shoulders above the crowd, pushed his way across the dance-hall floor to the bar, and I followed in his wake. I noticed the eyes of women as they followed the giant, and I noticed also the evil glint in the dark eyes of their companions.

WICHMAN introduced me to the Mexican drink of tequila. The liquor is made from the maguey plant, which I think is related to our century plant. The first fermentation of the juice is called pulque. It is a grayish-milk-colored liquid, served out of earthernware crocks, and smells awful. Tequila, which is distilled from the pulque, is a colorless liquid that carries about the same voltage as lightning. I believe there is a third refinement of this alcohol, which is called *aguardiente*, but that was only for generals and governors.

Wichman initiated me in the ceremony of drinking tequila. It is almost a ritual. A small glass of the liquid is poured and the bartender then hands forward a salt-cellar, and a quarter of a lemon impaled on a toothpick. A large glass of water is then placed beside the drink.

The tequila drinker sprinkles a half teaspoonful of salt on the back of his left hand, lifts the glass of straight tequila in the right hand, takes a long breath, and tosses the liquid down his throat. The resulting shock on the interior forces the tongue out, and the tongue is immediately applied to the half teaspoonful of salt on the back of the left hand. The salt enables the drinker to withdraw his tongue, while at the same time he grabs the lemon, bites viciously into it, sucks the sour citric juice, drops the rind, grabs the water with both hands, and pours it down his throat before the flames break out. If there is any accident in the procedure there is nothing left to do but call out the fire department.

Wichman dashed off three of these potions, but one was all I could master. The doc then squared around, hitched up his cartridge belt and holsters, and said, "I'm going to dance." Leaving me at the bar, he plunged into the mass of dancers on the floor, and I only got a flash of him once later when he whirled past like an enormous upright green-and-white-striped polar bear, dancing with two señoritas, one in each arm.

I became aware soon that the man at my right at the bar was dangerously drunk. He was a tall, thin, dark-skinned Mexican, wearing tight-fitting long suède-leather pants that flared out at the ankle. He wore a short jacket of the same material—sort of a burnt-orange color, embroidered with silver braid. His waist was swathed in a yellow sash, around which was strapped the ever-present cartridge belt with two revolvers in holsters. He wore a yellow silk handkerchief around his neck, knotted in front. His tall-crowned sombrero was heavy with braid. He was staggering at the bar and he had consumed so much tequila that there was a ghastly white froth around his twitching lips—a froth that showed deadly against the sallow color of his skin and the blackness of his small mustache.

The several companions with him seemed to treat him with deference, and addressed him as *Coronel*, by which I knew he was a colonel. Remember, I knew only one or two words of Spanish and had placed my entire dependence for translation on the absent Dr. Wichman. The drunken colonel amused himself occasionally by taking beer bottles off the bar and tossing them up in the air so that they came down on the heads of the dancers. This gave both him and his companions much merriment.

I became conscious that the colonel had suddenly transferred his attention to me. I turned to find his eyes staring into mine, and noticed what I believed was an increase in the twitching movement of his white-frothed lips. Looking at me, he was saying something under his breath. Soon I could hear the words. Though they were quite unintelligible to me, I could hardly presume from the looks that accompanied them that they were intended to be complimentary. I caught the words gringo and Americano and noticed that the colonel dropped one hand to the butt of the revolver in his right hip holster.

IT suddenly dawned on me that I was the only unarmed man in the room. I had been through one battle with the Mexicans in my proper status as a noncombatant—which, by regulation, did not permit me to carry arms. Now I began to wish that I had weapons. I could see the hate in the drunken colonel's eyes, and could also see myself rather an easy victim to any insane fancy that happened to flit across his befuddled brain.

I kept my eyes on the colonel's, but also watched the right hand that rested on the pistol butt. One makes the best of things in a case like that. Looking around for some possible instrument with which to defend myself, if necessary, my eye rested on the heavy glass salt-cellar that I had used to chase the tequila. At the same time, I recalled a most effective method once employed by bouncers in tough saloons—in the old pre-war days. Acting on the thought, I dropped my handkerchief on the bar, and it happened to fall over the saltcellar. When I picked up the handkerchief the saltcellar came with it, and with my eyes still on the colonel's eyes and putting forward the best smile I could muster under the circumstances, I carelessly played with the handkerchief, but managed to knot the saltcellar up in one corner of it. My only hope was that I might be able to employ this improvised

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Character a blend of dignity and age marks the veteran pine even as a blend of flavory tobaccos creates character that wins you to

Old Briar
TOBACCO

THERE is something unusual about this fine tobacco that gives it preferred standing with men of critical judgment. They find it pleasing to the taste, of course, mellow and fragrant, but in addition they find in Old Briar a quality of life and sparkle that endows it with a character never met amongst old familiar blends.

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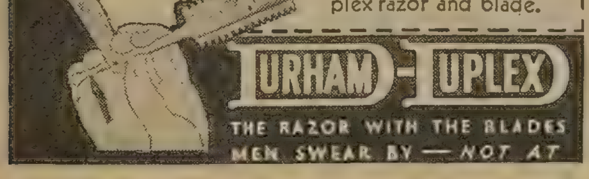
GO AHEAD—if you must. Try every blessed razor and blade on the market. Then, when your head's in a whirl, let Durham-Duplex blades restore your faith in humanity and give you something to swear *by*, not at.

Durham-Duplex blades are better now than ever. The latest output are a revelation in long-lasting keenness. Their hollow-ground edges are the finest in over twenty years . . . and that's saying plenty!

Package of 5 Blades 50c or get a razor and one blade for a quarter at your dealers or DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Jersey City, New Jersey. Canadian address 50 Pearl Street, Toronto.

Name
Address
Present this coupon to your dealer or send to Durham-Duplex Razor Co., Jersey City, N.J. with 25c and get a genuine Durham-Duplex razor and blade.


DURHAM-DUPLEX
THE RAZOR WITH THE BLADES MEN SWEAR BY—NOT AT

IT HAPPENED IN MONTEREY
Continued from page thirty-seven

weapon to some advantage in case the colonel started to draw.

In the meantime, I was hoping with all my might that the giant Wichman —with all his artillery—would come back. Minutes passed as the colonel and I looked deep into one another's eyes—he with the twitching lips and the unending flow of snarling Spanish, and I endeavoring to smile. I did not know at what minute the tension would break. And I did not know but what the break might come the instant my eyes left his. But the situation was becoming unbearable—somewhat agonizing, if I may use the word — the suspense was a little too intense. And at that minute the music stopped.

Photo by Ewing Galloway

Making drawn work near Aguascalientes, famous for that product.

As the dancers pushed off the floor, I measured that twenty feet across the dance floor to the foot of the stairs leading up to the sidewalk. I had given up all hope of ever seeing Wichman again, and figured that the colonel was getting drunker and wilder every minute. So, continuing to smile with bland innocence into his storm-ridden features, I gave him my best imitation of a military salute, clicked heels, touched my hand to the brim of my hat, said, "*Buenas noches, mi coronel*," and walked across the floor toward the steps. Every nerve in my back seemed alive and rippling. I did not know at what minute the imp of fury would take possession of the colonel's mind and of the nervous right hand that fondled the butt of that pistol, and I felt my back represented a rather unusual target.

TEN steps and I was half across, and still no shot. I breathed easier as I took the last ten at the same pace. Needless to say, I breathed much easier when I got into the clean outside air on the sidewalk above. All the way home to the hotel I fondled the homemade sling shot—the saltcellar tied up in the end of the handkerchief—and sort of had a feeling that I was Dangerous Dan McGrew with another chance to live.

The first call I made on the following morning was on Raul Madera, the governor of the state of Nuevo León. He was a Columbia University graduate and, of course, spoke perfect English. I told him that I had been traveling with Villa's army for almost a month then, without arms, and had always been treated by his soldiers and officers as a friend and a comrade, but that after the experience of the previous night I desired permission to carry side arms. The governor smiled, expressed his regret over the unfortunate and embarrassing incident, and agreed with me that it was no longer safe for me to travel with the revolutionary army without weapons of some kind. He not only granted me permission to carry the arms, but he gave me two pistols, holsters, and a belt, and told me never to pull the gun without using it, but with it once pulled, to use it right. He said I could shoot anybody that molested me, up to and including the rank of colonel, but to lay off generals.

FOR the rest of my experiences with the Villistas I carried the automatic pistols presented to me by the governor of Nuevo León, until one day Pancho Villa himself sent the cook back to my car on his train with the command that the correspondents join him in pistol practice. The cook set a row of beer bottles on a cactus limb some distance from the track, and the general and I fired alternately. Every time he fired, a bottle crashed off the tree. Every time I fired, the bottles remained as they were. He inspected my pistols contemptuously, spoke an order to one of his adjutants, who returned from the car with another pistol—a larger one—which the general presented to me with his compliments.

I accepted the gift with thanks, and inspected the barrel, on which was stamped the insigne of the United States Army, from which it had been stolen! I have it yet.

But about that episode with the colonel in the underground dance hall in Monterey; I didn't find out the cause of the colonel's anger—that is, outside of his alcohol—until Doc Wichman, with his green-striped poncho, showed up at my hotel the next day and heard me tell him what I thought of him for having led me into a joint like that and leaving me there unarmed. He was all apologies. I described the colonel with the twitching lips and asked Wichman if he had any idea why the colonel had taken such a fiendish dislike to me.

"Oh, now I know who you mean," he said. "That's Rodriguez—and a touchy greaser he is when he's full of that rubber-plant juice. He's one of Pancho's pets, and has killed more than a dozen men. He is particularly sore on all gringos now."

"Why now?" I asked.

"Because one gringo did him a dirty trick here this week in Monterey."

"Who was it, and what did he do?" I asked.

"He was an American flyer brought down from the States to fly one of those two airplanes that Villa just bought. Some Yankee salesman sold the old man a couple of bad second-hand airplanes that had been used for circus stunts in all the county fairs for the last several years. The engines were worn out and the machines were plain junk. It was almost worth your life to fly in one of them. But the salesman had sold Villa on the idea that the planes were brand-new and the latest war design. Of course, the salesman didn't have to fly them.

"Then these Yankee aviators were brought down. One of the pilots took one look at the planes and said they were death traps. He refused to fly them.

"Villa had placed all of the aviation under the command of Colonel Rodriguez, and when the Yank refused to fly the plane, Rodriguez threatened to shoot him for cowardice. Rodriguez insisted on the planes making a flight from Monterey to Matamoros to locate one of Villa's columns.

"Rather than face a firing squad the Yank pilot decided to fly the death trap, and Rodriguez sent a Mexican officer along with him in the air to watch him. A lot of good that did. The Yank flew straight to Matamoros, but when he got there he didn't stop—he flew right on across the river and landed on the Texas side of the border.

"Now you can understand why Rodriguez gets drunk and runs wild every time he sees a gringo. He's got to explain to Pancho Villa how he let a gringo double-cross him—run away with an eleven-thousand-dollar airplane, desert from the army, and take another man with him. That's enough to make anybody mad."

ALL this that I've just told you occurred, as I explained, way over there in Monterey, but I was reminded of all of it by meeting up again with old Doc Wichman down there in Aguascalientes. While Villa was trying to get the army back into shape so that we could take another crack at Obregon, Doc Wichman lived in his hospital cars on a special Red Cross train in the railroad yards. He still wore the same costume in the cool of the evening, but in the daytime he used to take that goatskin poncho off. I don't know where he got them, but he had drafted eight of the prettiest girls that I have ever seen in Mexico to act as nurses on his train.

He said some of them had been barefooted when he found them, but he changed all that mighty quick. He took the eight of them—his *muchachas*, as he called them—loaded them into two open hacks, and drove up to the biggest dry-goods store in Aguascalientes.

Wichman, leading his girls like an enormous rooster followed by a band of hens, went from department to department picking out everything that was needed: stiff white cambric to make the nurses' caps, bolts and bolts of linen for nurses' uniforms, white cotton hose and shoes. Any other incidentals that the girls wanted they were allowed to select. When the bill was presented, Dr. Wichman signed a receipt in the name of the army.

These suddenly impressed nurses had mostly been peon girls accustomed to working in the fields, but Wichman organized them on the strict regulations and disciplines of a hospital. He prescribed their diet and their uniform, as well as demanding that all of them bathe twice daily, which was a custom without precedent in their experience.

His operating car was spick and span with white enamel paint, and the two bunk cars for emergency wounded were scrubbed until they shone like a washboard. And for Wichman himself, his own private box car was the last word in comfort. He had installed a large brass bed—looted from some hacienda, and covered with dainty white lace pillow cushions tied with blue and green ribbon, the product of the dexterous fingers of his Red Cross nurses. At night I have seen him sitting in the open side door of his box-car home. He would sit there in a large morris chair of red velvet cushions. Beside him on a table would be a bowl of *refresco*—punch made from tequila and water and sugar, and filled with chopped pineapple and strawberries.

On the floor, with their feet hanging out of the open door, would be a quartet of his Red Cross

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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REGULAR shampooing is not enough! Dust, dandruff and perspiration stop up the scalp pores and hair follicles. Unless you keep the follicles open, new hair cannot grow out, so be warned in time and follow this easy treatment for perfect scalp health.

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RUBBERSET has created a new standard of speed and luxury in shaving . . . by perfecting a brush of imported Badger and Wild Boar hair, *blended* with the precision of a scientific formula.

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IT HAPPENED IN MONTEREY
Continued from page thirty-nine

nurses—seated at his feet. One would be strumming a guitar, and the others would be humming those quaint peon melodies of old Mexico. Beside and behind him, other dainty white-clad figures, ever ready to refill his glass or to light his pipe. And a glorious moon shining down on it all—on the doctor's palace there in the middle of the railroad yard in Aguascalientes, in the middle of Villa's ragged, wretched, barefooted army of revolutionary bandits.

It was a great life for the doc. I think it made him forget what really happened in that American love affair of his youth that sent him to seek excitement and forgetfulness at the risk of his life in Mexico.

Wichman was wise enough to live well while he lived. He knew that any day it might all end.

For Francisco Villa was always an uncertain quantity—his suspicions, his superstitions, his mad fits of temper exposed everyone in his presence, or under his power, to the most dire consequences.

There was one of Villa's generals there in Aguascalientes who lived even higher and grander than did Dr. Wichman. As I recall, his name was General Tirana, although he was not the same General Tirana who has recently been mentioned in Mexico. This general was an aristocrat amongst that ragged army of Villa's followers. I recall seeing him at the head of his staff, riding gayly up the boulevard.

INSTEAD of the national sombrero of the troops, he wore a dainty panama hat, turned up in front and down in back. Instead of the cumbersome Mexican saddle, he rode an English saddle. Instead of a quirt, he carried a riding crop. He was short and fat, had round cheeks, pudgy hands, and well manicured nails.

These characteristics made him a glaring contrast in Villa's army—so glaring, in fact, that I thought there would be a good story in interviewing the general. I arranged, through the English-speaking member of his staff, to interview General Tirana in his private car in the railroad yards in Aguascalientes, at nine o'clock on the following morning. The general had been so kind as to also invite me to partake of breakfast with him.

At the appointed hour I presented myself at the general's car, with my interpreter. A curious gloom hung over the train. The cross-barred flag of the Brigade Tirana no longer flew from the platform of the general's private car, and the guards at the foot of the steps leading to the platform of the car were not from the Brigade Tirana, either. They were two gaunt members of Pancho Villa's personal bodyguard.

THROUGH the interpreter I demanded to see General Tirana.

"You cannot," they told me.

"But it is for an interview in which General Tirana's words are to be quoted in many American newspapers," explained the interpreter.

"No difference," came the surly reply.

"But this American correspondent has a definite appointment with General Tirana," the interpreter explained further. "The general expects to receive this correspondent at nine o'clock. Why can he not see General Tirana?"

A slow grin mounted the features of the guard at the door of the private car. With a slight shrug of the shoulders he replied:

"The señor will not see General Tirana at nine o'clock this morning because General Tirana was executed at seven."

That's the way it went in those days, and I recall it all so vividly that here I go yarning away and still I haven't got to tell you about Mickey McGuire—the Wild Irish Rose of the Sky—and about the battle in which the late President Obregon lost his arm. But if you'll forgive me for being so long-winded, I'll steam around again and we'll settle this Mexican War once and for all.

Next week Mr. Gibbons will tell of the women of Villa's army, the execution of a soldier, and the career of the war bird, Mickey McGuire.

Liberty is offering

$100 Apiece

for Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Endurance Flight

A Short Short Story

By

NORMAN ANTHONY

who was born in Buffalo, N. Y., studied art for two years in New York City, and then became a free-lance artist for ten years. He was made editor of Judge in 1923 and of Life in 1929; and started to write fiction, he says, "June 1, 1930."

(Reading time: 5 min. 6 sec.)

HE hung over the edge of the cockpit and stared intently at the tiny house below. Dirty, disheveled, a three-weeks beard covered a gaunt, grimy face, and his eyes stood out from blackened lids with a curious white glare. Filthy, oil-soaked clothes stuck to his sweating body, except where the ragged back of his shirt bellied out in the whipping wind.

It was his home that he was watching. The home that he had left twenty days ago. Twenty endless days and nights in a creaking, lurching ship; twenty ages of throbbing dreariness, of grime, grease, noise, and wind.

He could stand all that, but this—this thing he knew he had feared from the start: Lily—and that car standing down there in front of his house. His fervid thoughts rushed back a year to the first time he had suspected Lily. For a week he had been half crazed with jealousy and liquor, and then Ed, good old Ed, had taken charge of him and straightened him out. Ed knew how to handle such cases. He had been married twice himself.

"There are two kinds of women, Ben," he had said, "the kind that run around, and the kind that don't. If Lily's the first kind, you just can't do anything about it."

But Ben wasn't built that way. He loved Lily madly, and he knew in his heart that he'd keep on loving her no matter what she did. So one day, after the man had gone into his house, he had burst in and confronted them, and Lily had rushed tearfully into his arms. And after that Lily had been a dutiful, loving wife, and as time had gone on he had forgotten it. Forgotten it until he had looked down and seen that car in front of his home.

As the days dragged slowly by, there was nothing to do but sit there and think! Think of his wife in another man's arms. Suddenly something within him snapped, and, leaning over Ed's shoulder, he shouted in his ear, "Ed! Lily's at it again!"

As Ed turned and stared into his wild, bloodshot eyes, he repeated it, parrotlike, and pointed over the side with a shaking hand. "I gotta go down, Ed!" he yelled, the wind whipping the words from his mouth. "I gotta go down!" He pointed again with a grimy, clawlike hand. "There's been a car down there every day for the last week! And it was there all last night!"

A RED flush came to Ed's dirt-stained cheeks, and he glared back into Ben's eyes. "Don't be a damn' fool, Ben! A few hours more and we'll have the record!"

"The hell with the record!" Ben yelled hysterically. "What good's the record to me if I lose Lily? I gotta go down, Ed! She may run away!"

Ed stared at the instrument board, then he swung around and shouted in Ben's ear: "Listen, Ben! If Lily was going to leave you, she'd have done it before when you didn't have any money! She won't run out on you now, when she knows that you've got the record just about sewed up, and fame and money in your lap! And if she's that kind, you're better off without her! Try her out! Send her a note that we can't stay up much longer! If she's hanging around just to get in on the gravy, you'll soon know it!"

Ben straightened up slowly with a queer, twisted smile. Ed watched him over his shoulder and saw him scribbling a note, and, when the refueling plane came up, saw him tie it grimly to the dangling hose. Then he climbed forward, and motioned Ed back.

"You watch, Ed!" he yelled. "I can't!"

With a sympathetic glance at the rigid back, Ed propped himself over the edge of the cockpit and watched the careening landscape. After what seemed hours, he saw two figures emerge from the house, and one of them carried a suitcase. He leaned forward and slowly touched the other man's back. Ben turned jerkily with staring, questioning eyes. Ed nodded silently and put a hand on his shoulder. The quivering ship lurched drunkenly and went into a dive, then it slowly straightened out, and Ben turned with a snarl. "I'm all right now! We'll fly till hell freezes!"

AT dusk, when Ed tried to relieve him, he waved him back. All that night he guided the droning ship in a monotonous circle, and when Ed awoke the sun was sliding up over a tilting horizon. He sat up with a start, and at the same moment he heard above the roar of the motor the faint din of whistles and horns. He shrieked in Ben's ear: "Ben! The record! We've busted the record!"

Ben nodded slowly and mechanically shoved the stick forward. They dipped low over the flying field, and the roar of the crowd rose to their ears.

All that day the shaking, wind-battered ship circled through the air, but the faithful motor that had carried them through to fame and fortune finally faltered and began missing badly. And then Ed saw the indicator on the oil gauge sink rapidly, and he knew that somewhere the oil line had clogged.

A wild, cheering crowd grabbed them as they landed, and milling shoulders lifted them high in the air. In the wild confusion Ben slipped away. He wanted to get away from the crowd—he wanted to go home and read the note that he knew Lily would leave for him.

He rushed home; then suddenly faltered and stared stupidly at the silent house. With dragging feet he slowly walked up the steps. A smiling white-clad nurse opened the door.

"Welcome home, hero!" she cried.

Ben gazed at her as if in a trance. She saw the misery in his staring eyes, and put her hands on his shoulders sympathetically.

"You're the one that needs a nurse now! You've had a very sick wife! She broke a record, too! Ran a temperature of a hundred and five for three days! The doctor's been here every day for a week! She's all right now," she added quickly, "but we were quite worried. She wouldn't let us tell you for fear you'd come down, so we sent for her mother. She just left yesterday!"

THE END

$535

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Roadster $535; Coupe $565; Sedan, 2-Door, $565; Sport Roadster $610; Sedan (4-Door, 3-Window) $625; Coupe (with rumble seat) $625; Sport Phaeton $625; Convertible Coupe $695. F. O. B. Factory.

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On order, Plymouth closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Ask for a demonstration.

Election Day

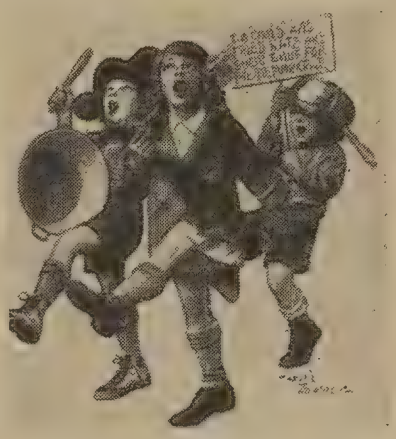
A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"NO electioneering! Keep the other side of them signs! This is neutral ground, lady." And the cop's white glove clutched Lil by the shoulder.

"I'm not electioneering!" she flared back, switching her chicken for roasting to the other hip. "I'm finding out how you can make gravy from the gizzard."

"Sh-sh-sh," whispered Mrs. Smithers behind her little package of moth balls. "He probably thinks a gizzard is a new highball and he may put us both in prison. And that's not *my* idea of a holiday, dearie!"

Lil and Mrs. Smithers strolled to the other side of the No Electioneering sign to talk about the gizzard.



This week's cover picture.

"My father voted in a cigar store," Ulysses was telling Gwendolyn as they hunted for acorns behind the garage. "He says it's easy. All you have to do is stand up in a long line an' finally you get a chance—"

"My father don't vote," Gwen giggled, biting an acorn to see what its insides looked like. "He says he hates cops an' whatever president or king gets in—well, he'll have cops. So, my father don't vote. But my mother does. She loves anything that don't cost money."

"My mother votes, too," said Red Hancock. "She makes speeches and when a gang comes around she yells, 'Come on, the poles are waiting'—an' the gang follows."

"Poles?" little U. asked, stuffing his pockets with acorns. "Barber poles or clothes poles?"

"Nobody gets a haircut on Election Day," Gwen told him. "Nobody hangs out clothes either. All they do is v-o-t-e an' have bands an' have parades an'—"

She couldn't have stopped talking more suddenly if she'd just swallowed a watermelon. She left her mouth open as though she had prize tonsils and adenoids. Then she closed it, and no mouse ever saw a mousetrap shut more quickly.

"Whatcha thinkin' about, Gwen?" Red asked in a whisper. He had seen her suffer before from brain storms, so he knew a good idea was coming.

"Bands and parades!" she shouted like a crazy parrot on a missionary's front porch. "Bands and parades—come on! Today's Election Day and there ain't a parade anywhere. But there'll be one soon that'll give everybody in this town a headache."

She rushed into the garage. She grabbed a board. She grabbed a stick. She flourished a hammer. She nearly choked on a mouthful of nails.

"A crayon!" she yelled. "Beat it into the house an' bring me a crayon. An' pots an' pans an' horns."

Poor little U. hadn't heard so much noise since his new baby brother had fallen out of his crib. And he hadn't run so fast since the church on the corner caught fire in August. He disappeared into the house and Red ran in his footsteps.

"Step on the gas!" they heard Gwen shriek three minutes later. "Never mind the crayon. I got one."

A stealthy exodus from the kitchen door. A gleaming array of saucepan, dishpan, and high hat.

"We couldn't find any horns," U. said, sucking on the orange he had stolen from the pantry shelf.

"Horns?" Gwen giggled. "We don't need horns. We got lungs. See what I printed?" She snatched his orange and stabbed it on an umbrella. "Yell! Sing! It's a swell Election Day song. 'Tin cans and fried—"

"—rats," they all shouted together, heading for the sidewalk, "are good enuf for the Demmekrats!"

(Next week's cover adventure: Jealousy)

Problems of Conduct

What Would You Do?

$100 Each Week for the Best Question
$200 Each Week for the Best Answers

Here Is This Week's Question

for which $100 has been paid to

NORMA GRAY
531 South Olympia Street, New Orleans, Louisiana

Your daughter—an only and dearly beloved child—becomes suddenly and violently ill. A physician and surgeon of the highest professional standing advises an immediate operation. Surgically unaided, the child's chance for life is very slim. You have absolute faith in your medical adviser, and order him to proceed. But—

Your wife has lost a dear one through a surgical error. At other times lovable and coinciding with you in your decisions, she now opposes the operation.

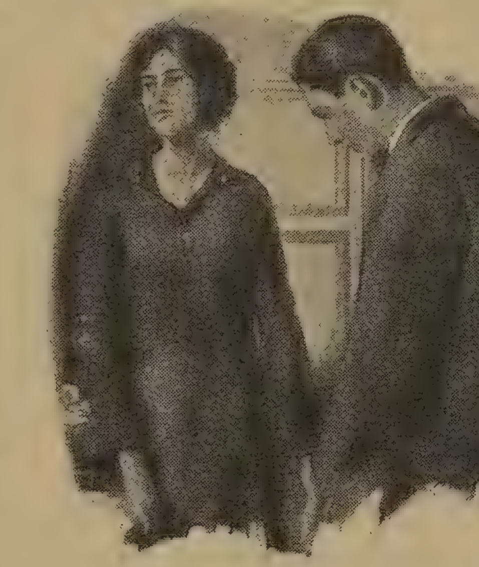
Precious moments are fleeting.

You beg and plead, but to no avail. Almost frantic, you announce your intention of disregarding her wishes.

She replies:

"Very well. But if anything goes wrong—I shall hold you responsible and will never forgive you."

What would you do?



Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, November 15. They should be as short as possible—brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.

THE RULES

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit problems of conduct similar to the problem which appears on this page. One of these will be published each week, and for those published $100 each will be paid to the persons who send them in.

2. Liberty invites its readers also to submit answers to these problems as they are published. For the answers which, in the judgment of the editors, are the best submitted each week, $200 will be paid, the $200 to be divided among the senders, and these answers will be published.

3. Problems and answers should be written on one side of the paper only—typewritten if possible—and should be brief. Problems stated in 150 words or less are preferred. Answers should not in any case contain more than 1,000 words, and should usually be much shorter than that. Brevity, always, will count in their favor.

4. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final, both as to prizes awarded for problems and those paid for answers.

5. Entries—both problems and answers—should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

HOW would you answer the question on this page? Can you suggest a better one, or one as good? Try your hand at either—or both. As indicated in the rules below, Liberty is paying $100 each week for a suggested problem of conduct, and offering $200 for answers to each of these problems.

* * *

This week we are publishing three answers to the problem which appeared in Liberty for October 4, and dividing $200 among the senders, whose names appear below. The problem was:

If you could live your life over again, which fate would you prefer?

1—To be rich, even though riches broke up your home and led to a divorce?

2—To be poor all your life, if it made your children have strong characters?

3—To be always in moderate circumstances, and single?

4—Or the same life you have now?

5—Why?

The Winning Answers

By ETTA LEVINE
412 North Fifteenth Avenue, East
Duluth, Minnesota

IF I had my life to live over again with these four alternatives—and they're certainly four gloomy alternatives all right—I guess I'd choose the fourth.

Because—

You see, I'm not so crazy about money (although I like it, of course) that I'd like to have riches and have them break up my home and lead to a divorce.

As for being poor all my life just so my children's characters would be stronger—that's a lot of "baloney." I'm entitled to a little personal life

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking—Orderly

If your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Glostora

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

too, am I not? Should I endure a life of sordid grimy poverty so my children will be strong silent men with stiff upper lips?

To be always in moderate circumstances and single doesn't appeal to me at all. Why should I go through life a solitary wayfarer just so I'll have my daily bread and a little chunk of cake now and then?

No, if I have to take either of those four, give me the life I'm living now. It's not so gay and it's not so great, but it's as gay and as great as the other alternatives.

By JOSEPH SHAFFER
742 East Fourth Street
Brooklyn, New York

I AM single now, and in moderate circumstances. I do not want to stay single. Therefore, the only fates left for me are the first and second.

If we were not living in such an intensely practical and materialistic world, I would choose Fate 2. But there is no use shutting one's eyes to facts. Facts must be faced, not blinked at.

Therefore, I say that I prefer the first fate—to be rich, even though riches broke up my home and led to a divorce.

All of us want happiness. We want our children to be happy, too. Poverty, if I chose the second fate, might make my children have strong characters, but I doubt its ability to make my children happy. And, although I might derive a great deal of satisfaction out of my children's strong characters, their unhappiness would make me unhappy.

The first fate would have been terrible and unthinkable twenty years ago. But today, with divorces so common, what is there so repugnant about the first fate? Certainly it is preferable to marriage being a living hell because of poverty.

Suppose riches did break up my home and led to a divorce? My life would not be ruined. I could make liberal alimony provisions for my wife, and with my experience to guide me, the chances of my making a happy second choice of a wife would be strongly in my favor. And my wealth would serve as an anchor to windward.

Idealists may decry my choice—but unquestionably the world judges a man by his wealth. More unhappiness is caused by poverty than by wealth. Show me an idealist and I'll show you that he (or she) is under 30—and probably unmarried! Love may make the world go round—but money oils the wheels! And, although money may not be able to buy everything, is there anything in this world that you can buy without money?

By MARY C. HAMMOND
Box 1396
St. Petersburg, Florida

HAD I my life to live over, and the choice of the four questions, I would choose number three—to be always in moderate circumstances, and single. I would be free of the strife that is ever dominant in married life, free to be master of my own craft.

Not to have to consult someone every time I wanted to do something, nor to explain. Not to think of other appetites when my own was calling for some delicacy. No one to fret if things weren't to their liking, no one to pretend to keep down hurt feelings—those are the things I would have, and I would think life worth the living.

Selfish? I think not. I would be able to do more good. My nerves would be relaxed, hence more pleasantness. I would be at peace with myself and the world, therefore more kindness.

Nor would I swap this marvelous freedom for wealth and marital strife.

Answers to the question in Liberty for October 11 will be published next week.

Poems You Ought to Know

At the Church Gate

By W. M. THACKERAY

[William Makepeace Thackeray was born in Calcutta in 1811, and brought up in England. After a year at Cambridge he went to Paris to study art. His first contributions in the way of writing were to Frazer's Magazine, among them his famous Yellowplush Papers. He died in London in 1863.]

Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
  Ofttimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
  Expectant of her. . . .

My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast,
  And hastening hither
With modest eyes downcast;
She comes—she's here—she's past!
  May heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
  Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
  With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
  Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits who wait,
And see, through heaven's gate,
  Angels within it.

A Second to THINK

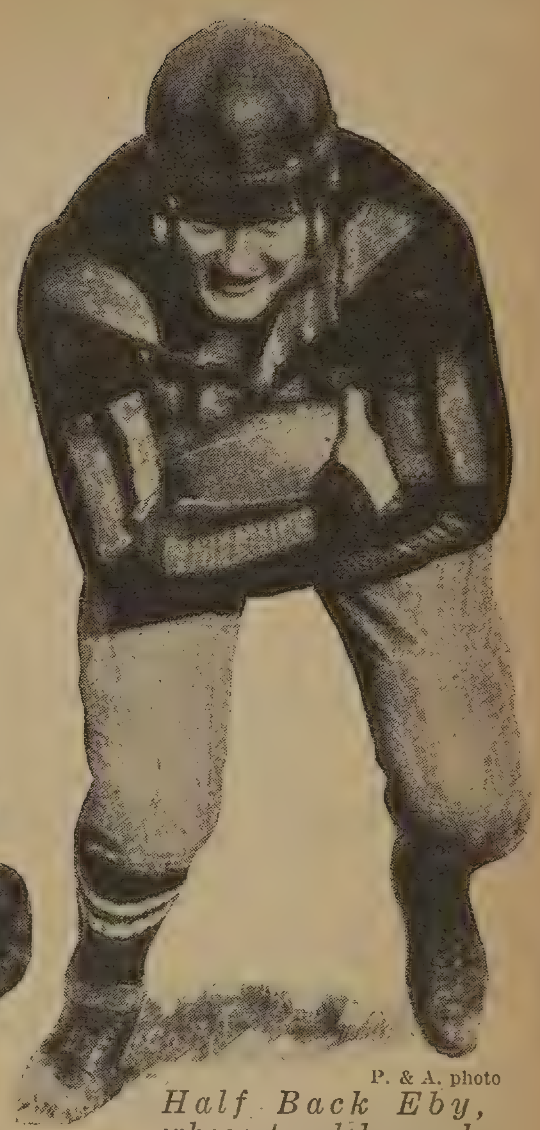
Michigan 17, Ohio State 16—How a Hero Became a Goat in 1926

A Football Reminiscence

By

WALTER ECKERSALL

(Reading time: 4 min. 26 sec.)



P. & A. photo

Half Back Eby, whose touchdown almost evened the score for Ohio.

Underwood & Underwood

Captain Benny Friedman, leader of the Yost attack.

Elmer Marek, who made a mistake.

WHAT may prove to be the right thing to do in the heat of one evenly contested football struggle may turn out to be the wrong thing in another. In that brief period of one second during which a player must make a decision and act almost as quickly, tides of many memorable gridiron battles have been turned.

Lovers of football have seen some alert end or back scoop up a fumble and run for a touchdown. The next day this player's name is blazoned over the sports pages of the newspapers. He has been made a hero overnight. On the other hand the loss of a game has been blamed on some player's error and such a warrior generally receives so much criticism that his love for the game fades. His place is taken by another who performs to the satisfaction of the coach and the thousands of spectators.

In 1926 Michigan and Ohio State met at Columbus, Ohio, in the presence of 90,000 spectators. For many years the Wolverines and Buckeyes have been gridiron rivals and the interest in their annual battles has always attracted capacity crowds.

The teams were superbly coached by two of the country's leading football teachers. Fielding H. Yost, known for his versatility and ability to make his teams play the kind of football he wanted them to show, was in charge of the Wolverines. Dr. John W. Wilce, a former Wisconsin player and one of the most thorough tacticians in the game, developed the Scarlet and Gray aggregation.

Coaches, players, and followers of both teams expected a great struggle and such it turned out to be. But none thought it would develop into the hair-raising contest which they actually witnessed.

It was one of those battles in which practically everything which could happen in a football game took place. First one team went into the lead, only to have the score tied. Then the seemingly defeated eleven took the upper hand, and as the struggle drew to a close the team which was on the short end of the score made a touchdown.

Failure to register the point after touchdown sent its admirers out of the huge stadium blaming their defeat on one player who earlier in the day had been one of their heroes.

Ohio State started out like a sure winner. Before the spectators realized what was going on, the Buckeyes had scored a touchdown and a field goal for a total of ten points. The Ohio offensive functioned as Coach Wilce had expected it to do. The runners carried the ball with drive and followed their interference as directed.

The ten-point lead, however, did not dismay the Wolverines, who had a few cards of their own to play. Yost's versatility asserted itself. The

[CONCL'D ON NEXT PG.]

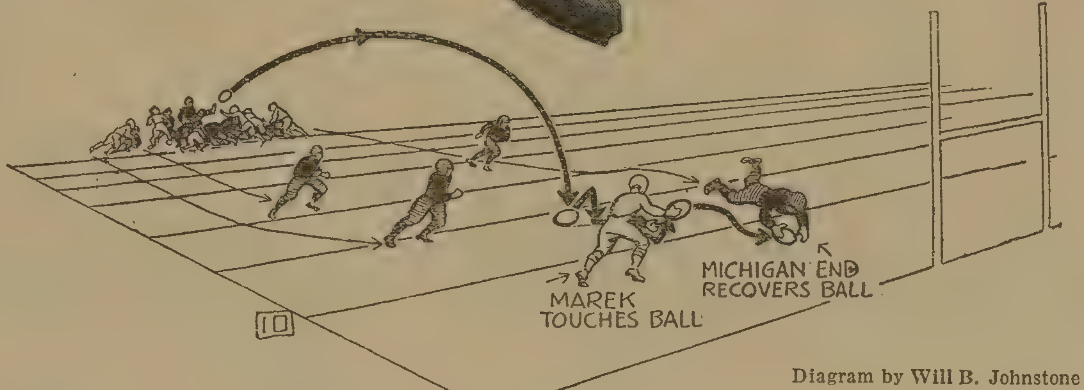


Diagram by Will B. Johnstone

How the Ohio back-field man made his mistake in forgetting how close he was to the goal line when the punt came his way.

False Hopes on Excess Fat

Some Ways Harmful—Some Absurd

Many false helps are offered to the over-fat. Some are harmful, some absurd. All disappoint. Do what modern doctors do. They combat the gland cause. It is time to end the fakes in this line, for the good of all.

Your Doctor Knows Best

Medical science has discovered that a great cause of excess fat lies in a weakened gland. That gland largely controls nutrition. One function is to help change food into fuel and energy rather than into fat. People grow over-fat, despite diet and activity, if that gland secretion is scant.

That theory is now accepted the world over. So modern physicians everywhere combat that cause. They do this by feeding the over-fat the factor which is lacking. No starvation, no over-exercise, no harmful drugs. The results in late years have amazed the world. Excess fat has been fast disappearing. Slender figures are the vogue. New health, new beauty, new joy, new efficiency have come to countless people.

This is to urge that you use what doctors use, not what they denounce.

Basis of Marmola

Marmola prescription tablets supply this new, this scientific help. They are prepared by a world-famous medical laboratory to fit the average case. People have used them for 24 years—millions of boxes of them. Users have told others, and the use has grown.

All folks know how excess fat has been going in those years. All can see in every circle how slender figures reign. It is evident that the world has found a new way to fight fat.

Now Fat is Folly

Excess fat has now rarely an excuse. That blight to beauty, health and vim has found a scientific foe. It is easy to combat a major cause, and multitudes have proved it.

Take four Marmola tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. Be moderate in all things, but don't starve, don't over-do. Fight fat in Nature's way, by supplying what Nature is failing to supply. You will then be doing what the best physicians do today.

Formula in Box

Marmola has no secrets. The formula appears in every box. A book explains the reason for results. You will know what you are taking and why.

As the pounds drop away there come other results—all explained in the book. New health, new vitality. The gland secretion which fights fat inspires other ductless glands. The good results are often far-reaching and amazing.

Marmola is supplied by druggists—$1 a box. Go try it, read the book in box, then watch results. Stop foolish treatments—do the right thing. Then, when you get the results you seek, tell other folks who need it. Go start today.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Right Way to Reduce

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

long forward-passing game was called into execution, with the result Michigan scored a touchdown and before the half ended Captain Benny Friedman of Michigan had tied the score by a well directed field goal from placement.

Between halves, the spectators commented on the general play of the two teams in the opening periods. Predictions were made as to what to expect in the final two quarters. Partisan rooters were confident their eleven would emerge on the long end of the score and numbers backed their judgment with the cold kale.

When the two elevens went into action at the start of the third period they appeared tired and listless. The struggle resolved itself into a punting duel with only spasmodic efforts made to gain ground.

Each team was bent on securing the ball at some strategic point of the field before unleashing the final punch for a touchdown or at least working the ball deep enough into the opposition's territory to make an attempt to score from the field.

SUDDENLY and without any warning, a play came up which transformed one of Ohio's players from a hero into a goat. Elmer Marek, a great player who had done his bit in every game, failed to think correctly in the fraction of a second given him.

The Scarlet and Gray back tried to gather in a bounding, punted ball on his six-yard line. He reached for the oval. He touched it but failed to get it under control. A fleet Michigan end, who had been coached to cover punts with all the speed in his make-up, thundered down and fell on the oval just as the quarter ended.

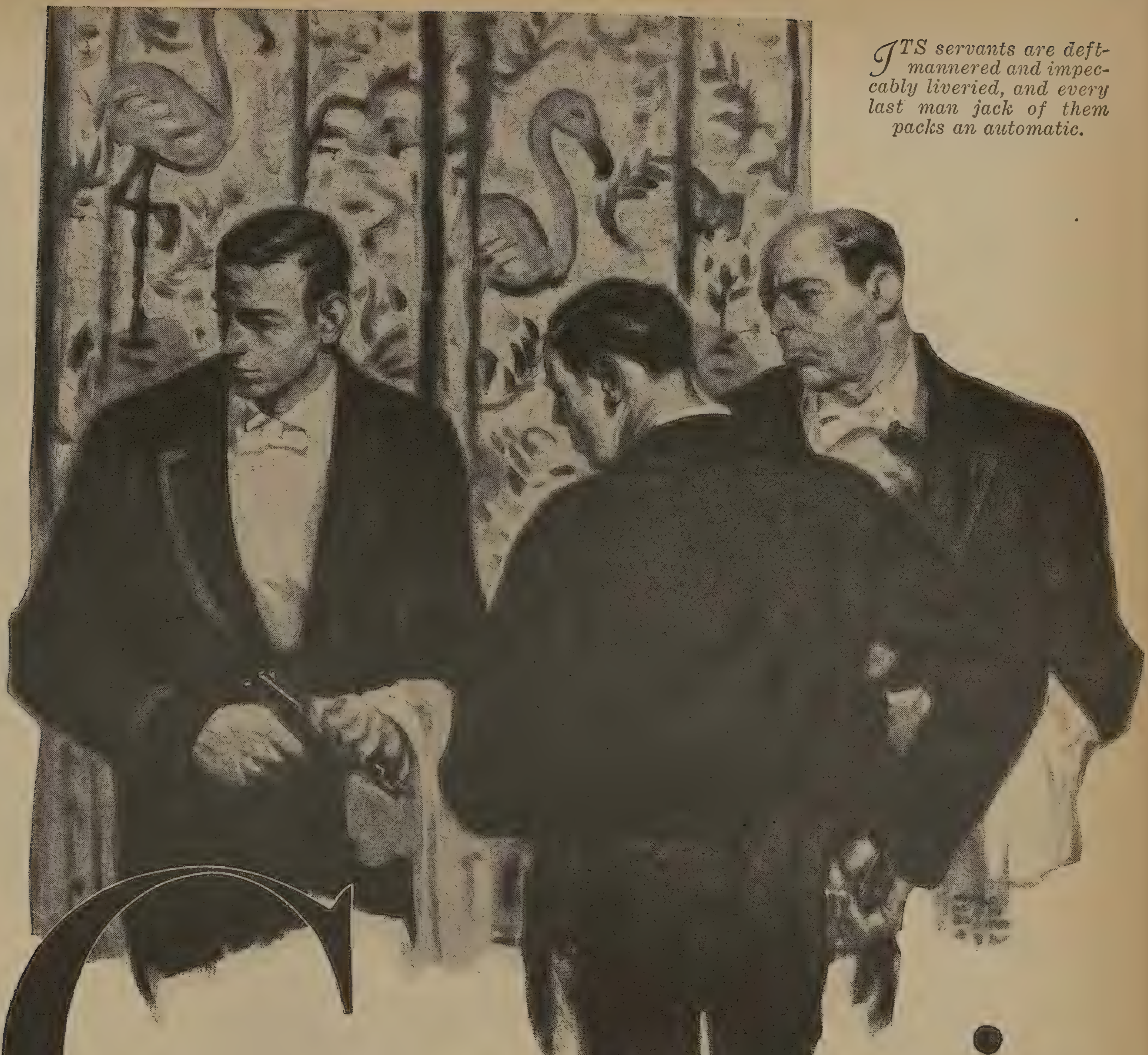
When play was resumed in the fourth quarter, Captain Friedman called a forward pass and Michigan scored its second touchdown, making the score 17 to 10 after Friedman had added the extra point by kicking the goal from placement.

Marek was removed from the game and Eby, a fleet back, took his place.

Eby then started to run wild through the Michigan team and scored a touchdown a few minutes before the game ended. With only one point needed to tie the score, Quarter Back Clark missed the goal kick after touchdown and Michigan ran off the field a victor by one point.

There is no telling what the score might have been if Marek had not tried to gain possession of that punted ball. In that fraction of a second in which he had to exercise his judgment, he did what most players would have done. He tried to gain possession of the ball. If he had been successful the score might have remained a tie, but he should have taken the precaution to see how close he was to his goal line and under the conditions should have played the game absolutely safe by waiting for the officials to declare the ball dead.

THE END



ITS servants are deft-mannered and impeccably liveried, and every last man jack of them packs an automatic.

Corsair

The Love Story of a Modern Buccaneer

By WALTON GREEN

Pictures by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

(Reading time: 31 minutes.)

THIS is the story of a liquor pirate, John Hawks, a one-time football star, later bond salesman, now hijacker.

His pal, Chub Hopping, is his partner in excitement. You can begin here and still enjoy what follows.

PART EIGHT—MASTER THIEVES

IT was some six months later. The gentle summer breeze came through the open porthole of Hopping's stateroom on the subchaser. Mr. Hopping's position was virtually identical with that in which we left him half a year back, which is to say that he was lying on his bunk with his knees drawn up, and that he was more or less listening to the remarks of John Hawks.

Mr. Hopping's clothes were different, it is true. He now wore a pair of dingy white flannels in place of the tweed knickerbockers of winter. And his midriff section was changed; changed in the only way it was ever destined to change, which is to say for the worse—and larger.

Otherwise everything was the same. Mr. Hopping laid down the notebook of underworld slang which he had been studying, sighed gently, and made a feeble effort to bring the two top buttons of his trousers into proximity with their lawful buttonholes.

"Every time they come back from the laundry the

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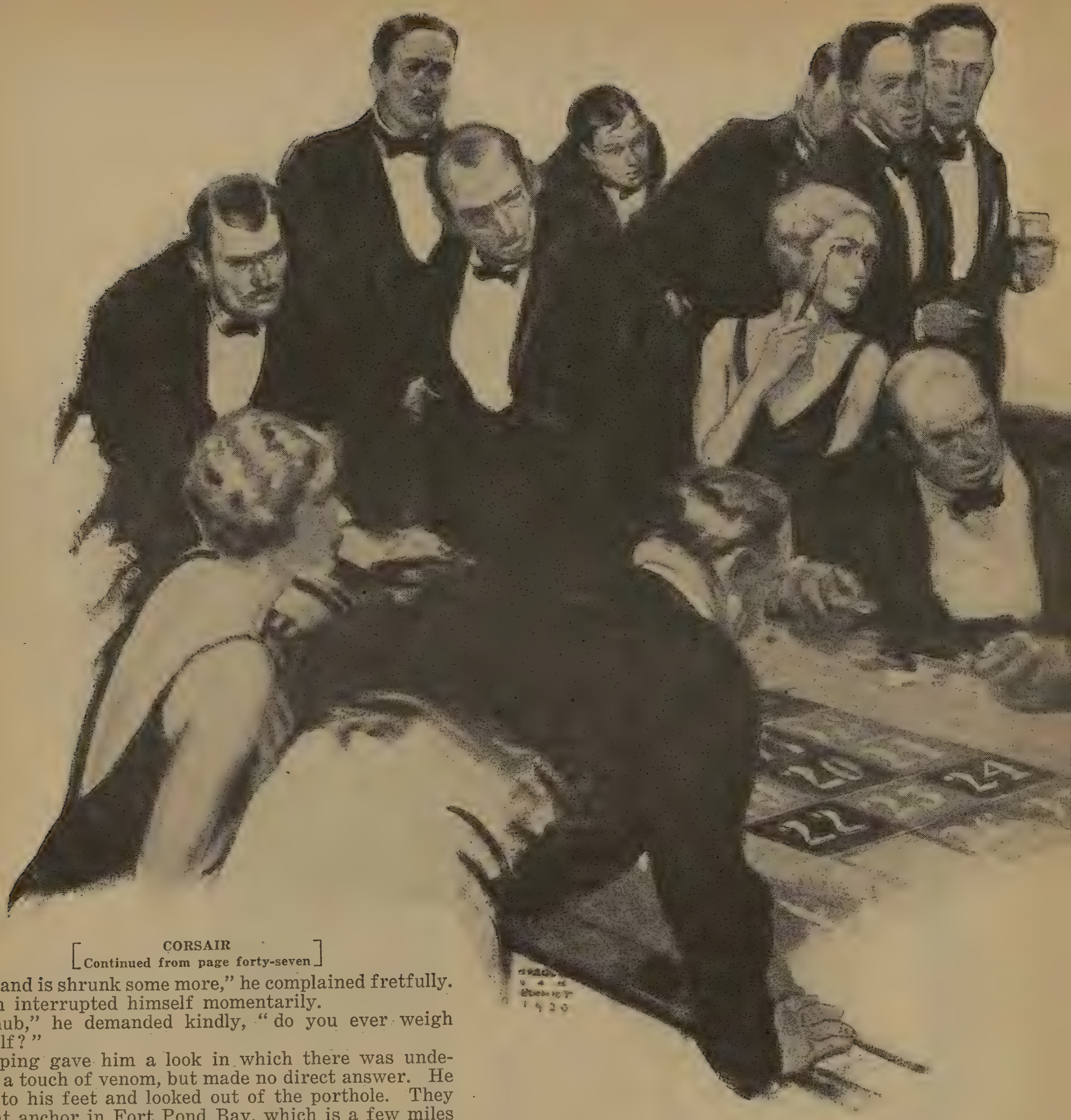


CORSAIR
Continued from page forty-seven

waistband is shrunk some more," he complained fretfully.

John interrupted himself momentarily.

"Chub," he demanded kindly, "do you ever weigh yourself?"

Hopping gave him a look in which there was undeniably a touch of venom, but made no direct answer. He rolled to his feet and looked out of the porthole. They were at anchor in Fort Pond Bay, which is a few miles short of Montauk Point at the eastern tip of Long Island.

"Fleet's coming in," said Chub wearily. "The committee boat is just anchoring on the finish line at the bell buoy. Well, I suppose that means big orders over the week-end, and more work for me."

"WE'RE going to Southampton for the week-end," said John.

"So? Who we going to?"

"Grenobles'. You know Susie Grenoble, don't you? She especially asked me to bring you."

"I do." Chub's eyes were a little frightened. "She's a man-eater, and as tough as they make them."

Hawks' mouth crooked into a smile.

"Yeah, but her old man loves his liquor and doesn't mind paying for it. And we'll run into a lot of this N. Y. Y. C. cruising crowd—it's the absolute cream of our clientele, Chub."

"Call 'em customers," groaned Chub. "For Mike's sake, don't say 'clients.' You sound like an interior decorator—or a cut-price undertaker who calls himself a mortician and speaks of his corpses as clients. Can't we keep one decent business free from the sickening affectations of a fawning commercialism? Can't we—"

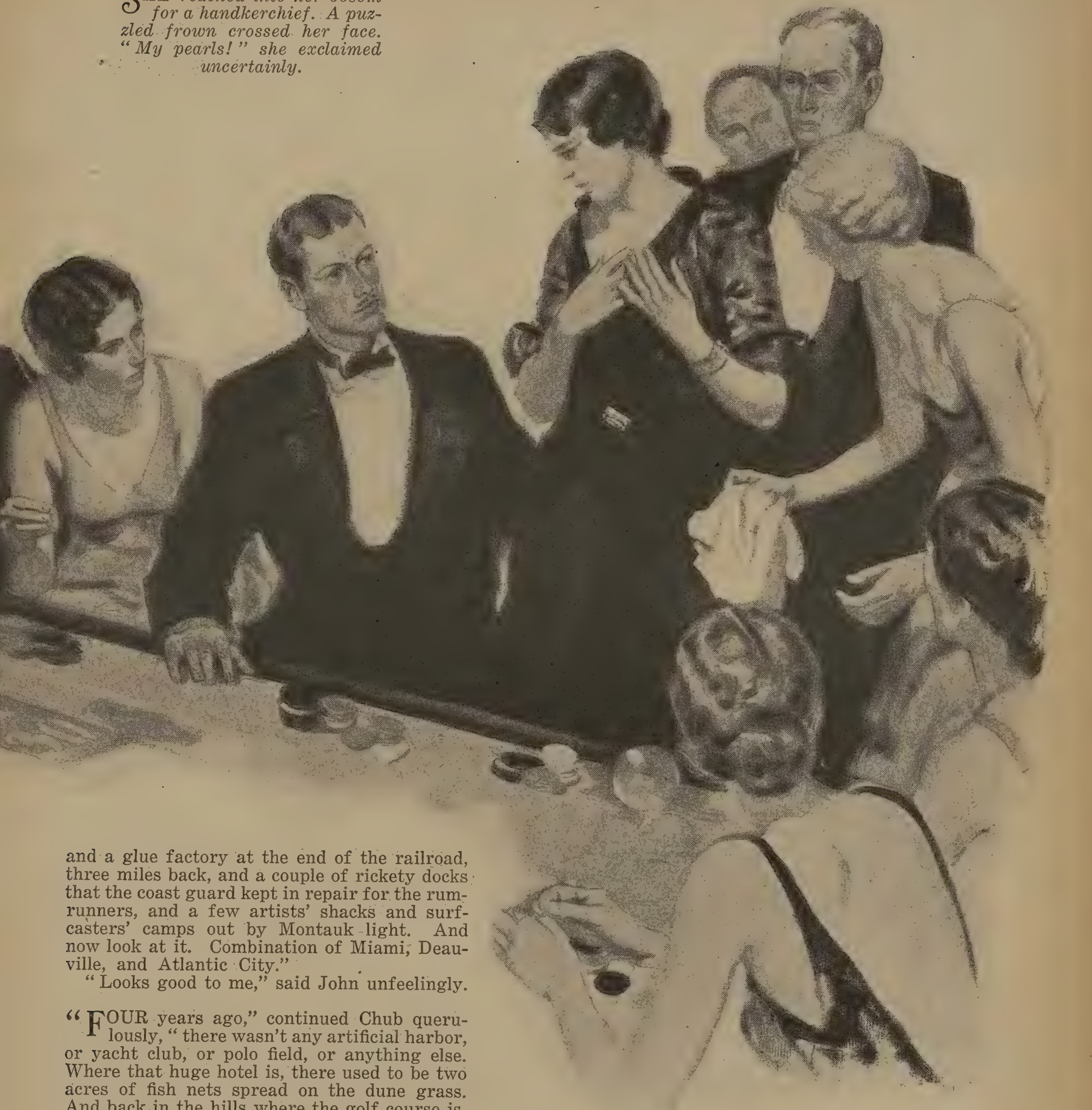
"Oh, cut it," laughed John. He picked up his glasses and trained them through the porthole.

"Commodore's flagship coming in past the breakwater. And the big schooners are beating up past Gardiner's Island—one of them's well out ahead. I can't make out which she is—"

"Resolute, probably," offered Chub. "Young Charley Ammons has her today. Give that boy a little international experience against tea-advertiser Tom, and he'll be almost in a class with his distinguished dad. Lemme see the glasses a minute, will you?

"Yeah," he announced, "it's Resolute. You can tell her by the hawse holes in her bow, if nothing else. Just her weather today." He swung the glasses to the east and studied the shore line.

"And to think," he murmured with studied melancholy, "to think that only a few years ago all this country was nothing but a fishing settlement with a string of huts



SHE reached into her bosom for a handkerchief. A puzzled frown crossed her face. "My pearls!" she exclaimed uncertainly.

and a glue factory at the end of the railroad, three miles back, and a couple of rickety docks that the coast guard kept in repair for the rumrunners, and a few artists' shacks and surfcasters' camps out by Montauk light. And now look at it. Combination of Miami, Deauville, and Atlantic City."

"Looks good to me," said John unfeelingly.

"FOUR years ago," continued Chub querulously, "there wasn't any artificial harbor, or yacht club, or polo field, or anything else. Where that huge hotel is, there used to be two acres of fish nets spread on the dune grass. And back in the hills where the golf course is, there used to be nothing but ten thousand acres of gorgeous rolling heather that hadn't changed one iota since it was taken over by settlers from the colony of New Haven in 1640. 'Promised Land,' those old flea-bitten Presbyterians from Connecticut called it. Promised Land! Ye gods! And now look at it. Hotels and gambling houses and beaches and bathing and boozing, and all sprinkled over with a seasoning of ultraselect kept women on summer leave from their New York responsibilities. Great stuff, what?"

"Bum harbor, anyway," John observed impartially. "Captain Ben says it's rotten holding ground, especially in a southerly blow; no protection on that side at all. Can't see why the cruise puts in here."

"Why does Mrs. Trixy Spinachman sleep on Heavenly Rest pillows?" demanded Chub lugubriously. "Why does Babe Ruth indorse everything under the sun, from tooth paste to depilatories? Why did you take a thousand dollars in your senior year for a full-page confession that you chewed Vitamin gum before every football game? Why do Junior League débutantes get photographed in highly advertised automobiles and in the doorways of smart shops and all? Why do the dregs of what used to be called society prostitute themselves to a national orgy of advertiser back-scratching? Huh? Ask me another."

"Gee," grinned Johnny apprehensively, "don't get off on your high horse. And I only did it that once, Chub."

"Once was all the chance you got," returned Hopping sourly. "Nothing loses pulling power so fast as an ex-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Jacket with the
REINFORCED SLEEVES

You get added wear at the elbows because we knit in extra threads from cuff to armhole—where the wear is greatest.

NOCKABOUT KNIT JACKETS

STYLE first, then back it up with wearing qualities. This is the policy behind every Nockabout Knit Jacket.

The well tailored appearance is due to the fact that we don't operate on the mass production idea. Every Nockabout must be right in every detail before it reaches you. For instance, in addition to the exclusive reinforced sleeves, Nockabout jackets have shaped shoulders, reinforced pockets, stronger button holes and you have your choice of the season's smartest colors at moderate prices.

Ask your retailer to show you Nockabout jackets and have him explain the reinforced sleeve feature. All Nockabout jackets carry the name on the label—look for it.

Write for Football Schedule Booklet

Complete list of collegiate games scheduled this season—it's free. Please mention dealer's name.

The Companion Knit Jacket, at a lower price, also has reinforced sleeves

GRUSHLAW & SICHEL
Dept. L
Collom and Lena Streets
Germantown
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Collegiate FOOTBALL SCHEDULES 1930 NOCKABOUT REINFORCED SLEEVES

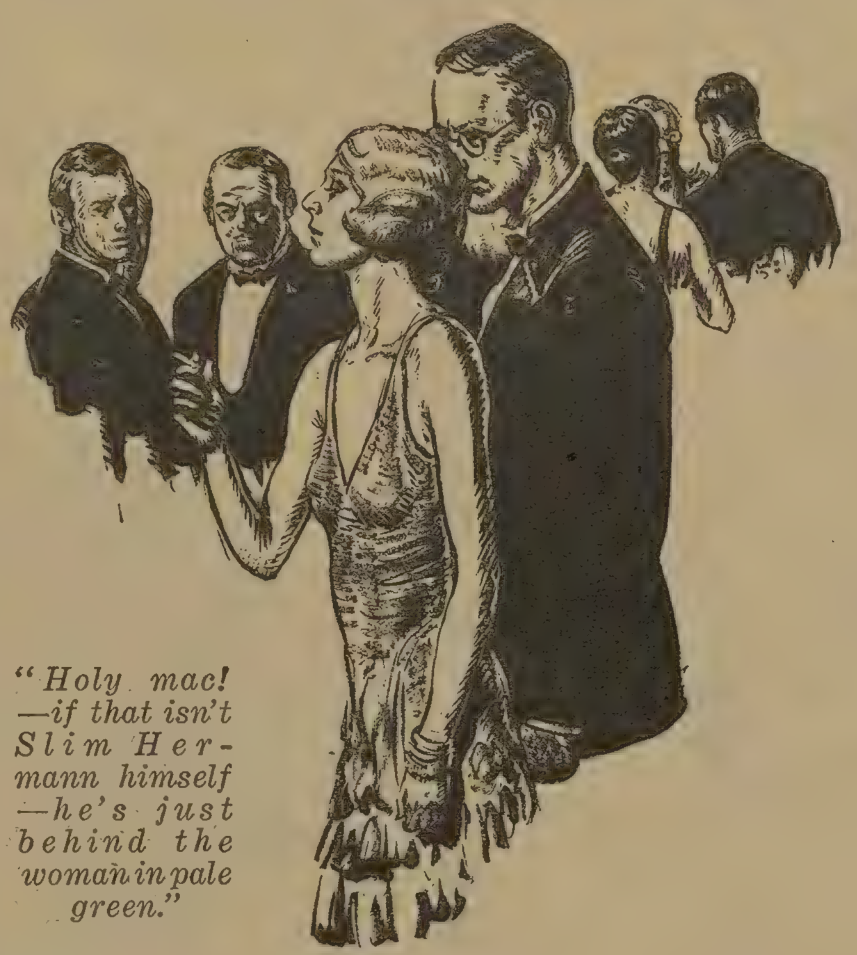
CORSAIR
Continued from page forty-nine

athlete—except maybe a radio star."

He sighed, and the fire died slowly from his child-blue eyes.

"Only Lindy and me have held out," he concluded with a return to his habitual tone of self-derision. "I could make my fortune posing for the future-shadow part of the reach-for-a-lady-instead-of-a-drink ads—I could if I was famous. And listen, John—"

But Johnny had gone on deck. The fleet was coming in, class by class, the yawls and ketches and Seawanhaka schooners, the M boats, the New York fifties, the ten and twelve meters, single-sticked and race-stripped and chaperoned by their big power tenders, and the big ex-cup defenders, aloof and magnificent.



"Holy mac!—if that isn't Slim Hermann himself—he's just behind the woman in pale green."

EACH smaller class, as it crossed the finish line off the bell, eased their sheets and bore off to thread their way through the lane of larger boats and steamers that had anchored in deep water, threaded their way up the harbor, and dropped their hooks in the shoal and muddy bottom near the wharfs and landing stages.

In a short time the bay was alive with launches and tenders. Ladders and gangways were put outboard, and boat booms dignified the port beams of the larger craft. Owner-absent flags fluttered their small blue squares at the main spreaders, while owners went ashore or visited among the fleet. Sails were made up and covered, awnings stretched over afterdecks, riding lights hoisted to the work-jib stays.

The sun slid below the western horizon, and the evening gun boomed from the flagship. Owner-absent flags slid down from spreaders. Yacht ensigns came in from taffrail poles, club burgees and private signals trickled slowly down from the lofty trucks, passing the ascending and attenuated night pennants on their way up.

Night lights began to glow palely over the white-shipped and crowded harbor, and the sound of the pulled cork and the shaker-tinkling ice was abroad on the waters. It was the yachtsman's hour, the children's hour, and some of America's best—and some of its others—was taking its ease and its alcohol.

John Hawks leaned on the galvanized-iron piping that served as the rail of his dingy ship, and reveled in the shining grace and beauty of the anchored fleet. Several of the vessels, the larger power vessels, he knew, and at close quarters. Many more he would come to know.

He sighed a little and stirred. His ship flew no private signal, no club burgee; boasted no glistening topsides and smartly white-ducked sailors with long, brass-ended boat hooks. He could not make colors or visit around among the fleet, unless, indeed, he were asked; and the race-committee launch didn't dash alongside and toss aboard a pasteboard tube with the results of the day's run.

Some of those cork-poppings, he reflected sardonically—some of that ice-tinkling in the silver shakers—were supplied by him, and paid for, too, by heaven. He was with these people, he thought a little bitterly—with them but not of them. Yes, he was of them too. Give him another year at anything like the rate of the last few months, and he'd be with them and of them for keeps.

WEEK-END at the Grenobles'—and the Corning girl would be there, so Susie Grenoble had said. All the same to him that was—half a year since he'd seen her—cured of that pipe dream he was—bigger things on his mind now than spoiled heiresses and impudent talk. Big things. Big men, big risks, big money—bigger excitement than all the women in the world.

Six months had wrought a further and notable change in John Hawks. On the surface, for instance, he was far more sure of himself, had lost those tentatives of manner which were an external index of his inherent modesty. His capacity for leadership had developed extraordinarily. He had found that handling men, the ability to command, came readily to him, based on an inner and dominating conviction of superiority to those about him. He made fewer suggestions, and gave more orders. And he was at home on the water, the sailorman which had been inherent in him brought out with astonishing rapidity under the intensive demands of his six months at sea.

Money, too, had added to his confidence, money in gratifyingly large and easy sums, cash rolling in to render easy the expansion of his operations and the perfecting of his organization.

As for Hopping, he had proved a tower of strength. Business manager, treasurer, collector, money man, pay-off man, contact man, reveling in the intriguing detail of criminality, finding ever new ways to old tricks, a true amateur of crime, cynically and amusedly and wearily gloating in his own virtuosity. Astonishing little man that he was, reflected John, apparently so detached and indifferent, so truly watchful and capable. Keen as mustard, was Chub, carrying his irony and boredom as the shield and buckler of conscience, a conscience which he further pacified by refusing a share in the profits. Nonparticipating partner he would be, Chub had stipulated with much firmness, a sort of silent partner, provided he was allowed to talk all he wanted to! Good old Chub.

They had taken in a lot of money—over two hundred thousand net, and all of it in currency, the bulk of which Hopping had hidden out at the various country houses which he visited between cruises. They were pirates, Chub had maintained with becoming gravity, and whatever the faults of the old-time pirates had been, nobody had ever caught and hanged them by tracing their bank accounts and check books.

THEY had made a practice of conducting all negotiations by word of mouth. They wrote no letters, and solicited no business in writing, as some of their more naïve foreign competitors were foolishly and fatally inclined to do. They did a cash-and-carry business, seldom extending credit, never accepting checks, keeping no accounts, sending no letters or telegrams, confiding nothing to record, written or otherwise. John, with characteristic thoroughness, had carried Hopping's principle to the limit, decreeing that their persons, their belongings, and their vessel should at all times be searchproof, not so much as a scribbled memorandum on the back of an envelope. All that to be carried in Chub's retentive head.

There was no difficulty about it. After each collection Hopping would hold out enough cash to pay Slim Hermann his fifteen per cent, plus their own budget requirements for current expense, crew's wages, and corruption fund—the latter disbursed by Hermann in person and strictly from shore. They had no frozen assets, no extended credits, and no intricate landing and distributing organization to bother with. They could liquidate their entire business at an instant's notice by the simple process of walking ashore and abandoning their ship.

They stole on order only, and only on the high seas. And a few hours usually measured the extent of their guilty possession. Unless caught *flagrante delicto*, they ran astonishingly little risk. And they took care not to be caught red-handed. If a suspicious ship made toward them they dumped their deckload overboard—they carried nothing below decks—and went serenely on their way.

So far they had had no trouble. The coast-guard patrol boats—many of them converted subchasers like themselves, and all of them in charge of noncommissioned officers such as boatswains—gave them no care. The honest ones were busy with nearer and easier missions, confined, in any case, to their inshore patrol areas; and the dishonest ones preferred to confine their extortion to the regular rumrunners, preferred to give a wide berth to the men who preyed, by force and arms, upon the smugglers on whom they themselves preyed. Nobody loves a hijacker, and all will give him searoom.

All, that is, except the destroyers. For coast-guard destroyers are commanded by commissioned officers, and commissioned officers may not be bribed. But there are only a handful of destroyers to patrol the thousands of miles of Atlantic seaboard from Key West to West Quoddy Head. And it was a fact that up to the present

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Do you SMOKE
◆◆WHEN YOU
DON'T KNOW
WHAT
TO DO?

DECIDE◆◆◆
WITH "HAPPY-MOUTH"
THROUGH COOLER SMOKE!

When life comes to a point where you're not sure of your next move . . . do you puzzle it out with more cigarettes? That's when you should have the aid of Spud's cooler smoke! Spud's clean, cooler smoke keeps you always mouth-happy . . . your tongue and throat in their natural moist-cool comfort. Thus, no matter how long the smoking session, your senses are ever alive to Spud's choice tobacco blend and flavor. Try smoking straight through a Spud pack! You'll discover for yourself this great inimitable freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

MENTHOL-COOLED SPUD CIGARETTES

JUDGE SPUD . . . Not by first puff, but by first pack. Surprise soon forgotten . . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of full tobacco flavor.

Spud
Menthol-Cooled
CIGARETTES

Women the world over

RELY ON "LYSOL"

for feminine hygiene

"LYSOL" is the safe, sure, personal antiseptic for general use. There can be no doubt as to its effectiveness. Its germicidal action is powerful. It kills harmful germs under conditions where many preparations are ineffective. Yet when diluted and used according to directions, "Lysol" is non-poisonous to humans. And its safety is assured by the fact that its use is standard in hospitals during that most delicate and dangerous of periods—childbirth.

"Lysol" is economical to use because it contains a minimum of water, and is so highly concentrated that a little goes a long way.

Return the coupon below for booklet, "The Facts About Feminine Hygiene," written with genuine understanding by a woman physician. It is free.

Be careful! *Counterfeits of "Lysol" are being offered.* Genuine "Lysol" is in the brown bottle and yellow carton marked "Lysol."

Lysol Disinfectant

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LEHN & FINK, Inc.
Sole distributors
Dept. 468, Bloomfield, N. J.

Send me, free, your booklet, "The Facts About Feminine Hygiene."

Name ....

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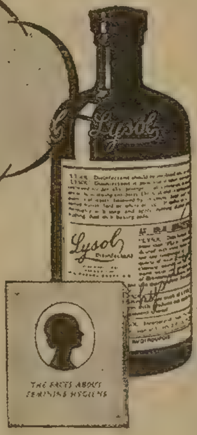
City.......... *State*..........

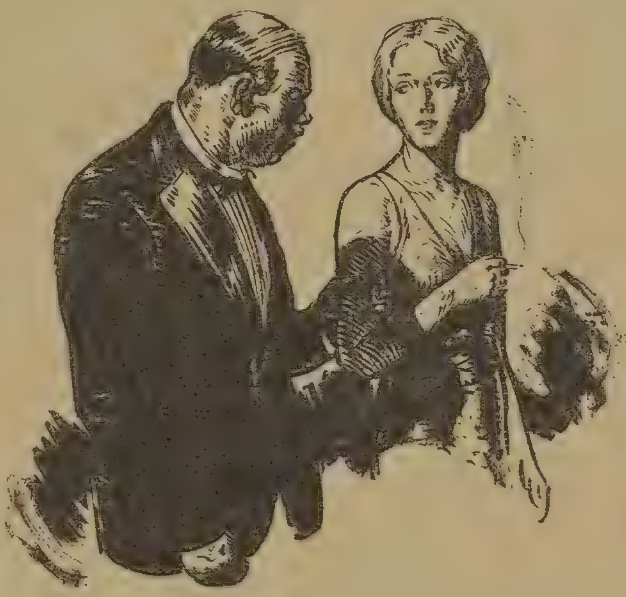
In Canada, address Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Ave., Toronto 8



CORSAIR
Continued from page fifty-one

time they had not so much as been sighted by a destroyer while they were engaged in looting a rum vessel.

Largely was this due to Slim Hermann's efficient counterespionage. It was Slim's responsibility and care to keep them informed of destroyer movements—a small matter of a few hundred a month to sundry clerks and seamen at certain strategic C. G. bases. Moreover they carried a wireless, and picked out of the air the single-worded and virtually unbreakable code warnings which Slim would openly send to London or Paris or anywhere in the world except addressed to them. When he reported a destroyer in the neighborhood, their old chaser remained quietly at anchor, while Johnny and Chub went ashore to see their friends and to sell the Big Idea.



"To think it's taken me all evening to spot you, Sophy."

Other communication when at sea they had not, and did not need. Each job was a unit by itself, and the next one was planned ashore and by word of mouth and only after a specific order was received and a specific vessel selected as victim.

The tail end of the winter and early spring they had cruised southern waters, following their trade to its winter habitat in Florida and beyond, putting in at Key West, Cuba, and the Bahamas, docking at the yacht basin in Miami within biscuit toss of the broad piazzas of the Royal Palm, learning the rum routes and tapping an occasional cargo en route from Havana or Gun Cay.

THEY diversified their attack: never struck twice in the same place; seldom struck twice at the same smuggling ring. So far they had stirred up no reprisal—for all rumrunners will stand an occasional put-up. They only turn squawkish and nasty under repeat jobs at the hands of the same jackers. Then one may look for trouble.

Repeat jobs they avoided. And, above all, they had kept clear of O'Toole and his mightiest ring of all. O'Toole had made no move against them. Nor, so far as the astute Slim could discover, had he ever by word or sign betrayed their activities to the submerged tenth of which he was so shining an ornament. If he nursed a grudge for the licking he had taken from Hawks—for the beating-up his guerrilla had suffered—he nursed it in secret and pursuant to the grim and highest ethics of gangdom.

Yes, they had enjoyed a successful, almost a brilliant, opening season. And now they were north again, in the happy hunting grounds of bottle fishermen and bibulous sailormen of great wealth and abiding distaste for Volsteadism. North again—on Fort Pond Bay—anchored in the midst of the splendid toys and the seagoing palaces of the concentrated essence of America's drinking classes; anchored in the middle of a square mile of the greatest buying and lawbreaking power that modern civilization has produced.

John sighed again and shifted his elbows on the iron piping of the rail. Yes, he was among them, but not of them—not yet. His thin lips came together in a hard line. Stay with it; that's what he had to do. It was the way you ended up that counted.

WELL, it was time to dress and go ashore. Thirty miles to Southampton and dinner at eight thirty. They'd hire a car at the hotel.

The Grenobles' cottage at Southampton was not at Southampton at all. It was at Water Mill, which is three miles to the east, and on the higher dunes of Mecox Bay. It was a modest little affair of some forty beds and baths, with garages, stables, fresh- and salt-water bathing pools, and some several square rods of landscapist's delight in the way of gardens—gardens posterlike and stilted and impudently inappropriate to the setting. The topsoil for the gardens had been trucked from the North Shore, and some nonindigenous trees had been carefully and expensively surgeoned into the unreceptive soil.

The main house and service buildings covered not more than half an acre out of Mr. Grenoble's total holding. The house itself was stuccoed and Comoesque, absurdly and exotically dumped at the base of a dung-colored sand dune; an oasis of extravagant artificiality, a monument to the Oklahoma-bred ruthlessness of Mr. Grenoble, and a lasting shame to the celebrated architects who give beautiful things to people who do not know how to use them or where to put them.

Everything about the place was artificial. A century of weathering would make it dingy but never venerable. Time might wither, but neither use nor custom could ever stale its infinite vulgarity. But that is America—a genuine love of beauty and structural nobility stultified by the blind spots of middle-classness. If he could, Tom Grenoble would have piped the undertow and fenced the ocean in front of his house.

Dinner was on the ocean terrace in front of the house, served at a series of small tables. Johnny and Chub found themselves at a table for six. The others were Susie Grenoble, one of the Usher twins, Alison Corning, and the Britisher Bentinck. Johnny had not seen Bentinck since that long-ago day at Sandy Head. He wondered vaguely if they were really engaged—impossible to tell from the manner of either.

Alison seemed the same—aloof and lazily satirical. She wore a black dinner gown of much simplicity and cost, and a single and priceless strand of pearls about her neck. The black dress and the white pearls gave arresting emphasis to the thin brown allure of her arms and bosom. She seemed distinctly a cut apart from the other two girls. She bantered effortlessly with Hopping, treated Bentinck with cool proprietorship, and spoke across the table to John with her customary assumption of having seen him the day before.

“ Hear you had a good winter,” she said in her throaty contralto. “ Sorry we missed you at Nassau.”

“ Yes,” said John. He wondered if she knew all about him, regarded her covertly, decided she must. “ Yes, I've had a splendid winter,” he added slowly, “ carrying the white man's burden. You know all about that, I presume? ”

“ Most people do, don't they? ”

“ I suppose so. Not just the kind of white man's burden you expected, what? ”

She lifted one thin brown shoulder in a faint shrug. “ Better paid than coaching and more direct than Wall Street, I should say.”

“ What's better than Wall Street? ” cut in Bentinck with the inappositeness of the man who tries to follow two dinner conversations at the same time.

“ Nothing, Richard,” said the girl indolently, without shifting her attention from John. “ Please talk to your partner.”

“ No partners at these small tables,” objected Bentinck brightly, as though he were paying the Grenoble girl a compliment; “ the conversation's supposed to be general.”

“ THAT will do, Richard.” Alison's tone was quietly minatory. John didn't like the “ Richard.” When men had stuffed-shirt first names, only wives and sisters and fiancées refused the available diminutives. Now if she'd said “ Dick,” he wouldn't have worried. Worry? Fiddlesticks! It was only that seeing her again and hearing that gorgeous, queer, throaty sort of laugh and all—and that confounded and damned attractive Britisher—sort of roused him up all over again. He'd better—

“ I don't want him to talk to me,” cut in the Grenoble girl with sulky directness. “ Little Hopping, here, is good enough for me.”

“ Too good,” objected Chub from her other side. “ I'm scared of the woman.”

The Grenoble girl regarded him avariciously. She was slightly moist and hot-looking and had already had two glasses too many of champagne.

“ Far be it from little Susie to make eyes at an engaged man,” she declared. “ Fill my glass, please, Hopping.”

Bentinck ignored the gaucherie. John continued to look straight at Alison.

“ He's not engaged,” said Alison coolly. “ I'm just exercising him, aren't I, Richard? ”

Bentinck smiled constrainedly. Chub came to the rescue.

“ Nothing better than an Englishman to be engaged to,” he observed languidly.

“ Hear, hear! ” Bentinck applauded.

“ Splendid fiancés, rotten husbands,” added Alison indifferently.

“ More ‘ spread,' as the bankers say, between their pre- and post-nuptial behavior,” suggested Hopping. “ Best thing is be engaged to an Englishman and marry a Yank.”

“ Oh, I say,” protested Bentinck with a return of spirit, “ what'd our House of Commons do if you never married Englishmen? ”

“ Or marry a 'Merican and have a European lover,” said the Grenoble girl fulsomely. “ Who'll have a shot of Benedictine? Chartreuse, Chub darling? No? Well, we

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HEAD THROB?

THE woman who knows, would as soon start out without her purse! She *always* carries Bayer Aspirin.

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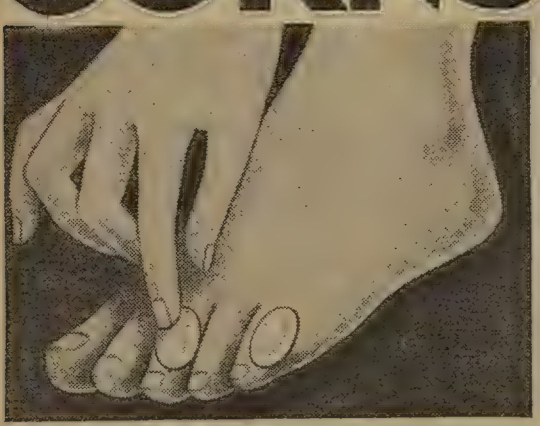
CORNS



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Dr Scholl's
Zino-pads
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[CORSAIR Continued from page fifty-three]

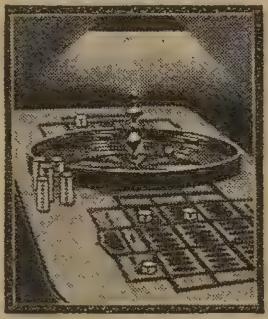
got to start. We're running over to Fort Pond to roll a little roulette—get all the drinks we want there. You girls want to come and powder your noses? " she giggled lustily.

The other tables were breaking up. John, who had listened in silence to the tawdry interchanges of the last few minutes, walked around the table and engaged Alison directly. " I want you should drive over with me," he said without preface. " We'll ship Hopping and Bentinck in another car."

She looked up at him with an absolutely expressionless face. It inflamed him by its inscrutability.

" Do you understand? " he demanded roughly.

" And I obey, oh, bootlegger," she said tonelessly.



The Harbor Club at Fort Pond Bay is an establishment of magnificence and gentility. It is a long low building, pseudo-Colonial in treatment and pleasingly apposite to its setting of scrub oak and stunted pine. It stands discreetly off the road and has much parking space.

Its servants—from doormen and waiters to croupiers and washroom attendants—are deft-mannered and impeccably liveried after the fashion of the most conservative of city clubs; and every last man jack of them packs an automatic. On overhead shelves, within arm's reach, are tear bombs, inconspicuous but instantly accessible, and four Chauchat machine guns, French made and portable and deadly, are hung behind the bright chintz curtains at as many strategic points.

Forty or fifty thousand of a Saturday night's takings may not go undefended against a Chicago-minded underworld.

The dining room is long and low, and there is an excellent orchestra and a dancing space in the center.

THE gaming room is in the other wing of the building. Roulette, baccarat, petits-cheveaux, faro—everything, even to a trio of modern crap tables, tables covered with green billiard cloth, with raised box sides and a tripping string stretched across the cloth a thirty-second of an inch from the surface: this last to discourage the efforts of the nimble-fingered gentry who are adepts at the gentle art of " slipping " dice. No throw may count unless each die has crossed and been tripped by the honesty-enforcing string. The gambler's first care is to protect himself against the tricks of his own trade.

A curious and significant place is the Harbor Club. Remote from the cities, it feeds and fattens on the city bred. Nowhere else, save at the race tracks, do the several elements of society rub elbows in so common and feverish a democracy of chance. Here the world that pays hobnobs with the world that preys; and the latter is as gullible—and more sporting in its losses—than the former. The big shots from Wall and Broad sit at the five-hundred-dollar tables—where that sum marks the smallest bet accepted—and drop their thousands with a sang-froid that is only equaled by the big shots from upper Broadway who bet their tens of thousands on the flick of a card from a wooden box, and then scribble their infallible I O Us for another throw.

John Hawks and Chub Hopping stood apart and watched the play. John, curiously perhaps, had none of the sit-down gambler in him; he loved the thrill of chance in the open hazards of life, but the gaming table held no lure for him. As for Chub, he preferred to talk; the glum and silent ten-second tenseness while the ivory ball skipped and rattled around the circumference of the bowl was too long for him.

" All the world and the other fellow's wife here tonight," remarked Chub complacently. " And some of the best thieves in the country too."

" FUNNY this yachting crowd isn't wise to them," John commented.

" They are. They're proud to mix with them. Look at Tom Grenoble over there talking to Ben Rothberg the gambler, and looking pleased as Punch. And over there by the faro layout—the fat, black oily-looking chap—you see him? Well, that's His Excellency the Minister from Esthegonia. Looks the part, don't he? You'd know he was from Washington, wouldn't you? "

" How come? "

" White tie among all these dinner coats. Great old boy, just the same."

" He doesn't look much," said John doubtfully.

" Right there with the goods, though. Sells better liquor than we do—really prewar stuff—under his legation frank. Made a small fortune out of it. Sells all the dry senators and such. Eats out of the hand of the State Department, in return for which the Treasury winks at his extra-ministerial activities as an importer of choice wines and liquors for the powers that booze. Can't touch us in bulk, but in quality—oh, my! "

John smiled his crooked smile.

" Rothberg own this joint? " he asked.

" Shouldn't wonder. He controls sixty per cent of the gambling concessions round Greater New York and— Holy mac! " he broke off. " Don't turn your head, John—but if that isn't Slim Hermann himself—now you can look—he's just behind the woman in pale green—the tall creature with the gorgeous straw-colored hair. Wonder if he's with her."

Mr. Hermann strolled languidly past, favored them with a blank and unseeing stare of aristocratic indifference, and drifted into the fringe of standees at a baccarat table. The tall blonde woman proceeded to one of the low-stake roulette tables, bought a stack of chips, and began to quarter an occasional number while she waited for a chair to be vacated.

The gambler Rothberg moved past them. Chub put out a detaining hand.

"How de do, Mr. Rothberg? My name's Hopping—met you last summer at the Neptune in Newport—the night I dropped a pile."

"Oh, yes, I remember perfectly," said the great gambler with smiling indifference. "Glad to have you with us. Pleased to meet you, Mr. Hawks. You yachting, too?"

"Well, in a way," John answered.

"Who's the stately blonde at the second table, Mr. Rothberg?" demanded Chub.

Rothberg's eyes became careful.

"Introduced as the Baroness Kolof," he answered noncommittally. "Russian, they say. You here with friends, Mr. Hopping?"

"Yes—dinner party over from Southampton—Mr. Grenoble's crowd. Some of 'em doing a little mild punting at the second table."

Rothberg, mentally and instantly cataloguing Hopping—which Hopping had intended—smiled more appreciatively, bowed ever so slightly, and moved away.

He approached the table at which Alison Corning, Bentinck, and the Usher girl were seated. He paused opposite the croupier, but his back was still toward Chub and Johnny. They could not see the significant interchange of glances between Rothberg and his roller, nor the downward flick of the eye with which the gambler indicated the Baroness Kolof, who by now had gained the chair on the left of Alison Corning.

NOW in all properly conducted gambling establishments, be it known, the management is accustomed to protect itself and its patrons against the depredations of dishonest players—usually women—who make a practice—not difficult in the confusion of play and the multiplicity of counters at a busy table—of purloining chips and bank notes from other players. If there is reason to suspect such a player, a customary device, in America as well as at the great Continental resorts, is to subject them to what is known as "the larceny test."

Rothberg could not quite place the Baroness Kolof. Her face, her carriage were hazily familiar to him, and the subconscious reactions they evoked were tinged with apprehension. Big shots like Rothberg work on hunches. Hence the signal to his roller.

And so it happened that when the baroness, who had been moodily smoking Russian cigarettes and quartering her modest bets, but keeping the zeros covered against the chance of a magnet-controlled wheel—when the baroness finally romped home with a ten-dollar counter on the pleasant green of the double zero—when this occurred, she looked up to find the croupier's eye fixed on hers with a deep and meaning look—a look that meant, "We'll cheat the house every now and then, and you'll split with me afterward"—the while his nimble-flexing fingers slipped a second and house-owned ten-dollar chip on top of hers. He then proceeded to pay her off double what she had won, or a total of seven hundred and twenty dollars. Had it been a man, he would have doubled the proffered theft, but experience had taught him that when women "had larceny in 'em," a few hundred was enough to bring it out.

The Baroness Kolof counted the stack with lofty detachment. And with lofty indifference she pushed back the unwon half. "Eet iss a mistake," she stated coldly. "I haf put only ze ten dollair on ze numbair."

Stonily and without comment the roller retrieved the counters. The gambler Rothberg moved away from the table. But there was still a look of puzzled reminiscence in his eyes.

Play went on. A deferential waiter was beside the baroness. "*Comment?*" she demanded, emerging from her abstraction. "But yes—I will haf a *demi-bouteille* off Cliquot, pleese."

The champagne was placed at her right elbow. Alison, intrigued by the superb aloofness and the washed-out look of indifference of the woman beside her, was playing

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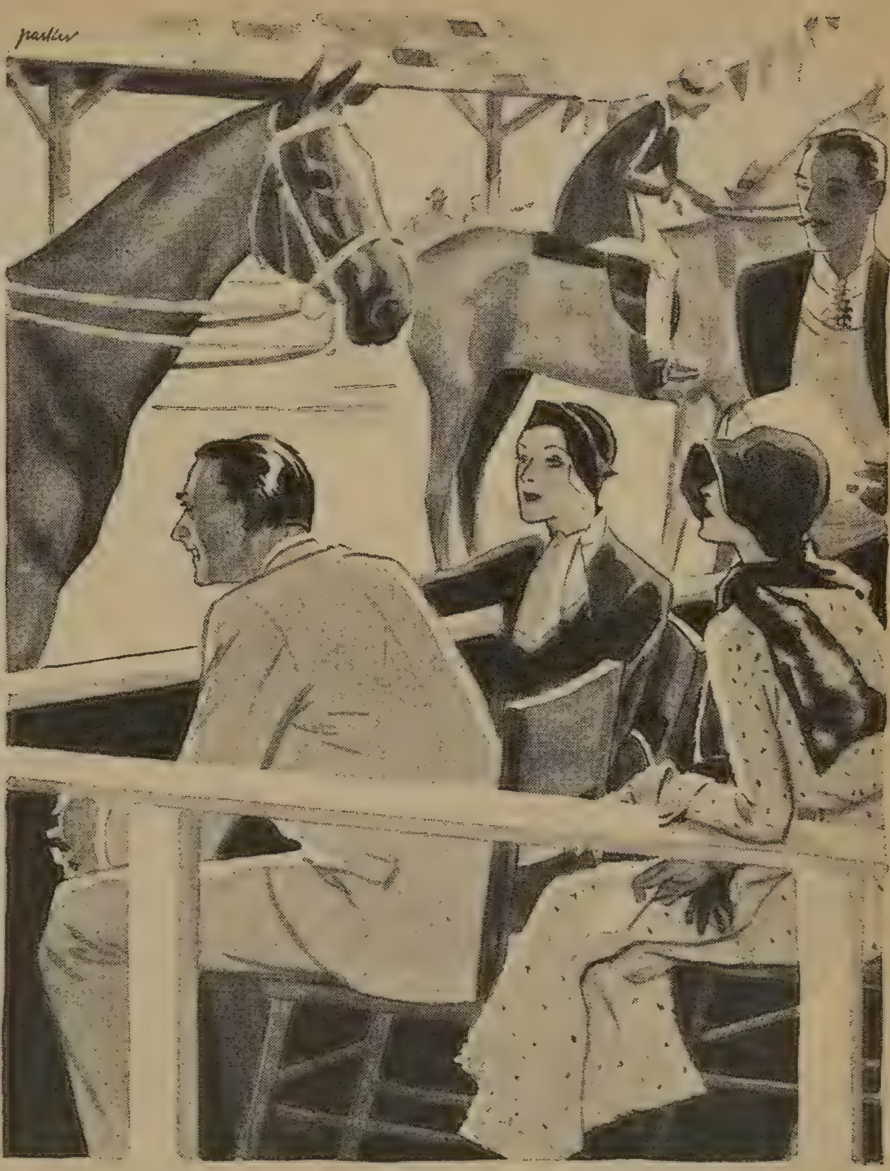

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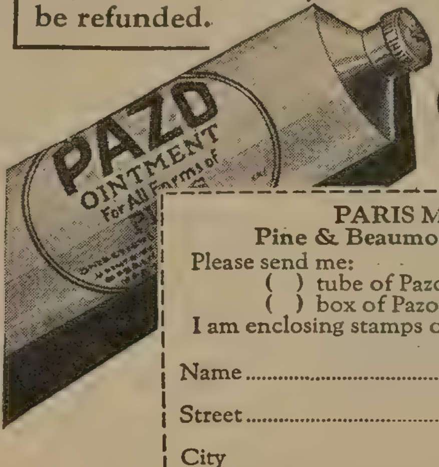

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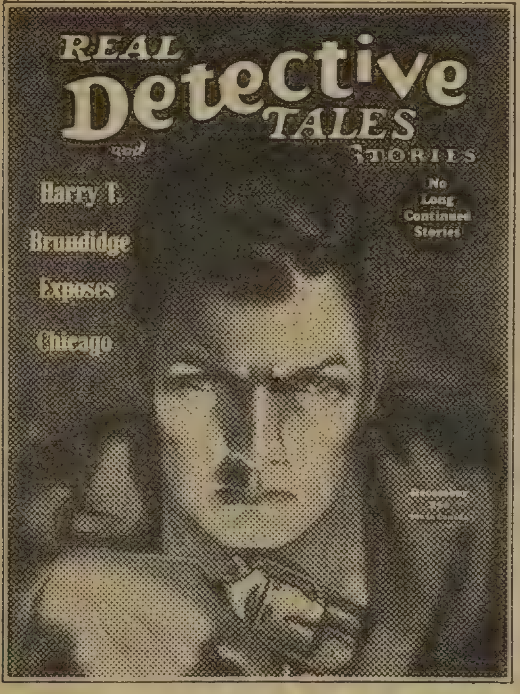


REAL Detective TALES and STORIES
No Long Continued Stories
Harry T. Brundidge Exposes Chicago

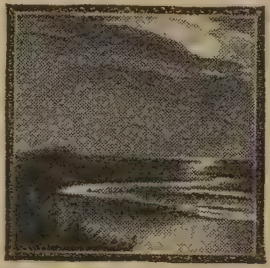
NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE

CORSAIR
Continued from page fifty-five

desultorily and whispering to Bentinck on her other side. Slim Hermann wandered up from nowhere and stood behind the players.

The Russian woman reached across Alison Corning to toss a chip on the second dozen. Her elbow struck the champagne glass, upsetting it and splashing the wine on to the laps of both women. The baroness screamed slightly, lurched to her feet, lurched against the girl, and seized a napkin from the wine pail.

"Pardon, madame—ah, pardon—I am inexcused—Ah, but I am too clumsy—" She was mopping solicitously at Alison's skirt, then at her own.



"Damn!" Alison exclaimed, and then contritely, "It really doesn't matter—just an old rag of a gown. Please don't bother."

She reached into her bosom for a handkerchief. The back of her hand brushed her naked throat. A puzzled frown crossed her face. "My pearls!" she exclaimed uncertainly, and turned sharply from the table.

The baroness, squeezing past Slim Hermann and heading for the washroom, stopped and turned.

"Pairls?" she inquired sharply. "You haf lose the pairls, madame?" She scrubbed absently at her gown and dropped the wet napkin to the floor. People crowded about. John Hawks, feeling a gentle nudge in the ribs, turned to find Slim Hermann beside him.

"Better keep out of this, mister," Slim whispered through apparently closed lips, and started backing away himself.

AT the first sign of disturbance, Rothberg, lounging watchfully near the hallway, had pressed an alarm button which closed all exits. He now walked quietly to the baroness. The look of puzzled reminiscence had given way to a grim smile. His beefy fingers closed viselike on the woman's elbow.

"To think it's taken me all evening to spot you, Sophy," he breathed in an amiable undertone. "Into my office you go. Bring that man along"—he indicated the self-effacing Slim—"and watch his hands." Two gunmen waiters closed in on Slim. He went very quietly and with a small soft smile on his well bred features.

In Mr. Rothberg's office Slim Hermann and Sophy Kolof were thoroughly searched. No sign of pearls. The Grenoble party, the croupier, and all the others at number two table were brought in and questioned. Hawks and Hopping told what they had seen from their position near the doorway. The Southampton party had all noticed Miss Corning's necklace at the Grenobles' dinner. After that, after reaching the Harbor Club, they were less certain. Alison herself was uncertain—she admitted that she had not given them a thought until she had reached for her handkerchief to wipe the champagne from her dress. Yes, she might have dropped them anywhere.

The cloakroom and washroom and hallways were searched. The gaming room and vicinity were gone over with a fine-tooth comb. But the necklace was gone.

John, torn between anxiety for Hermann's predicament and a mounting suspicion that he had been at the bottom of the whole affair after all, watched the exoneration of Slim and the Kolof woman with mixed feelings.

Not so Chub. Chub lingered after the others in Rothberg's private room. When he rejoined John his face was placid with amusement and excitement.

"It appears," he explained with somber satisfaction, "that the Baroness Kolof is a lifelong side kick of the estimable Slim's. Furthermore, she is, or used to be, one of the most accomplished moll buzzers in the business."

"Moll buzzer?"

"Female wire, which is to say reefer—or pickpocket," explained Chub kindly.

"Do you mean to say Hermann had the nerve to rob people we were with, right under our noses! By God—"

"OH, shucks, John—if he'd known they were friends of ours he wouldn't have touched 'em with a ten-foot pole. Slim's a thief, but he's no crook. You don't s'pose all the underworld knows how cuckoo you are about the little Corning—"

"Cut that," snapped John. And then, less heatedly, "Well—anyway—where is Alison's necklace?"

"Search me," shrugged Hopping.

"Me, too," smiled John lugubriously; "they've searched pretty near everyone else."

"Take it from me," said Hopping with unwonted earnestness, "those two have got that necklace somewhere. Well, we'd better find the ladies and drive them home. Nothing we can do tonight. Old man Grenoble's closeted with Rothberg—they'll work out something. Gee, I feel badly about Slim. I like that guy—he always has some new words for me."

When John Hawks finally reached his bedroom, dawn was giving way to broad daylight. Methodically he put trees in his pumps and folded his trousers and cleared out his pockets. From the inside breast pocket of his dinner jacket he drew forth Alison Corning's necklace. The long circlet was broken at the diamond clasp, but the pearls were intact—each one knotted separately on the main cord. He let the softly radiant mass coil gently down into the palm of his hand. Then he looked around the room for a hiding place. Then he went to bed.

When John awakens he must face the greatest dilemma of his racketeering career. Next week's installment will tell how he tackles the problem.

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Liberty is offering One Hundred Fins a Week

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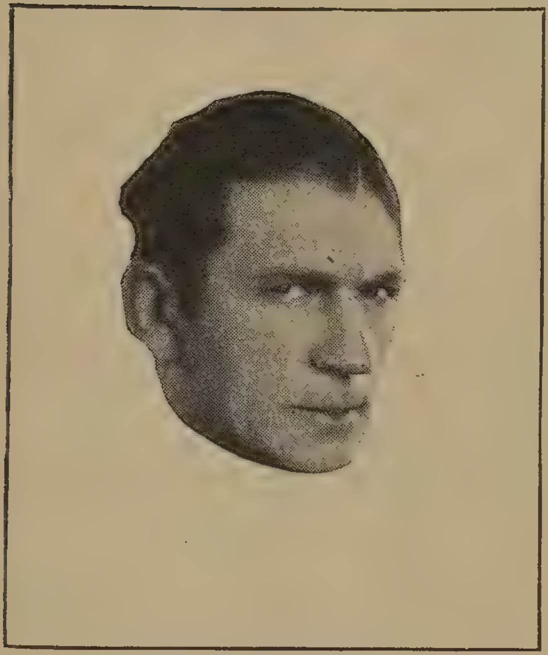
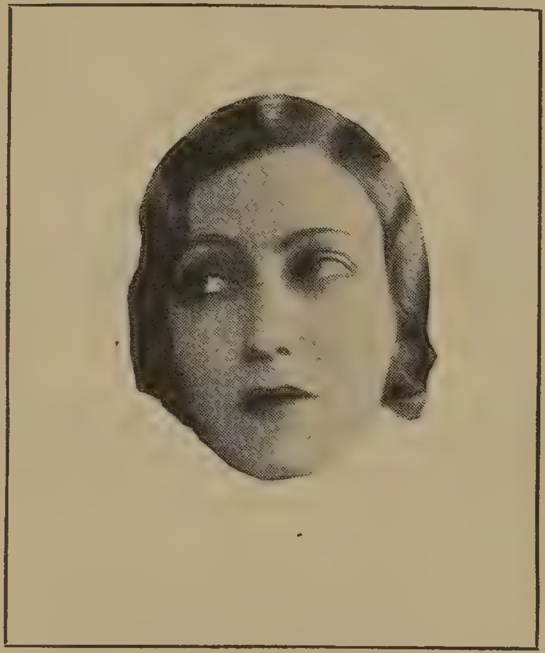
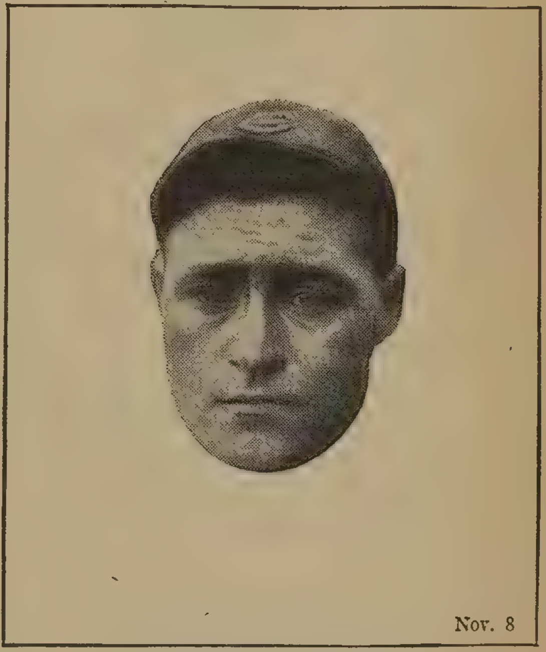


VICTOR McLAGLEN
of the movies



GLORIA SWANSON
screen star



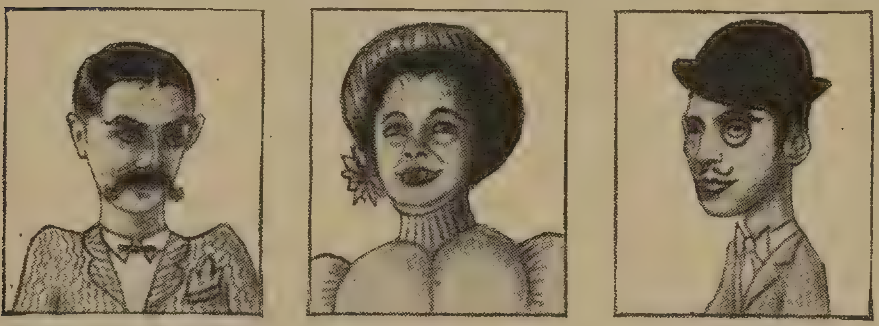
Nov. 8

"HACK" WILSON
this year's home run king

See what you can do to these pictures with a pen or pencil, making them look as funny as you can. Then mail them, as directed in the rules below, so that they will reach us before midnight, November 15. That's all there is to it!

HERE ARE THIS WEEK'S PRIZE AWARDS

for the funniest faces made from the pictures of William Powell, Jean Arthur, and Ralph Barton, in our October 4 issue



FIRST PRIZE, $200—For these faces by James Alden Barber,
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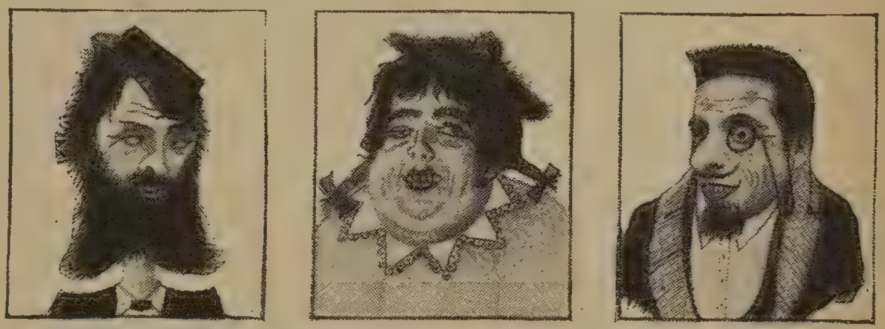


SECOND PRIZE, $100—For these faces by Susan M. French,
1430 Spruce Place, Minneapolis, Minnesota

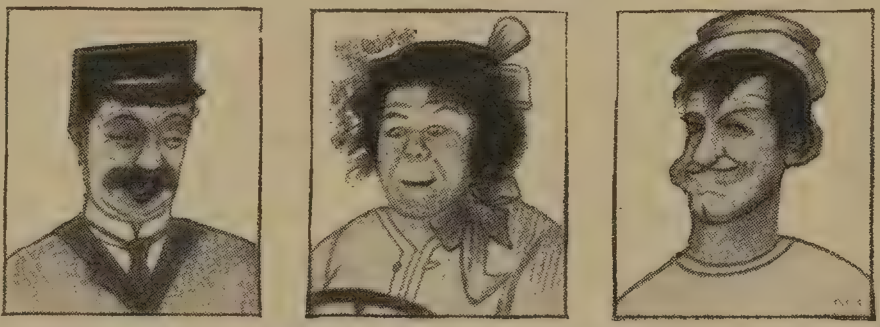
THE RULES

Each week Liberty will publish a set of photographs under the heading FUNNY FACES. You are invited to mark them up—all of them—in any way you see fit, and send them, with your name and full address, to FUNNY FACES, P. O. Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

For the funniest sets of faces received each week, $500 will be paid, the prizes to be divided as indicated above.

You don't have to use the pictures on this page unless you want to. They may be copied or traced on another sheet of paper. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. The editors of Liberty will be the judges, and their decision will be final. Prize awards for the pictures in each issue will be announced five weeks later, and the pictures that win the first three prizes will be published. We cannot undertake to return any entries or enter into correspondence concerning these FUNNY FACES.



THIRD PRIZE, $50—For these faces by Clara Loudenslager,
Marine Base, N. O. B., San Diego, California

$5 PRIZES

for the week have been awarded to Mrs. G. H. Blakeney, Hugo, Okla.; George A. Chase, Minneapolis, Minn.; Ruth Corbett, Pontiac, Mich.; Annie B. Craig, Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. W. P. Delaney, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Paul Dennon, Larchmont, N. Y.; Irene H. Dube, East Bristol, Conn.; Beulah B. DuShane, Winchester, Va.; A. C. Engstrom, Two Harbors, Minn.; Eugene Fry, Omaha, Neb.; Myron A. Fuller, Flint, Mich.; Mrs. S. F. Gleason, Rochester, Minn.; Oscar Goodmanson, Moline, Ill.; Mrs. W. B. Hardegree, Talladega, Ala.; C. W. Holder, Pueblo, Colo.; Gordon S. Hull, Toronto, Ont.; Victoria C. Kreger, Lakewood, O.; Edna Kuhn, New Orleans, La.; Edward J. Lafferty, Chicago, Ill.; Irene LeFeber, De Pere, Wis.; Arthur W. Lund, New London, Wis.; Jack C. Messenger, Marquette, Mich.; William Morris, Grand View, N. Y.; Adele O'Brian, Columbus, O.; Kuhn Roberts, East Radford, Va.; W. R. Rossu, Pittsburgh, Pa.; M. E. Sweeney, Buffalo, N. Y.; E. Tarratt, Corning, Calif.; Mrs. G. V. Warren, Huntington, W. Va.; Mrs. A. W. Wilcox, Washington, D. C.

Vox

1—We Did, but Forgot It
2—We Have

RICHMOND, CALIF.—Why do you dumb Liberty editors have to ruin an already lousy "mag" by printing an article by that horse's neck, Grace Robinson, on the Bamberger baby mix-up? Every magazine and newspaper in the country worked the poor mixed babies to death, and the kids probably don't care who they belong to anyway.

This trite and well-worn article is about as hard to get rid of as old razor blades.

This case could be called the Hamburger mix-up because the parents don't know what their getting.

After seeing this article in Liberty I have the same respect for the editors as I have for the guy that wrote the Stein song.

I wrote this letter for just two reasons:

1—To see if the Vox Pop editor could think up a "fast" headline for it.

2—To see if Liberty had enough "guts" to print it.—*Joe Handlebar.*

ELMIRA, N. Y.—I would like to congratulate you on the Bamberger baby story in Liberty for October 11.

When hospitals get so careless in such an important matter, it is time somebody got after them in behalf of the poor, suffering victims—the parents.—*A Mother.*

A Long Life and a Russian One, Eh?

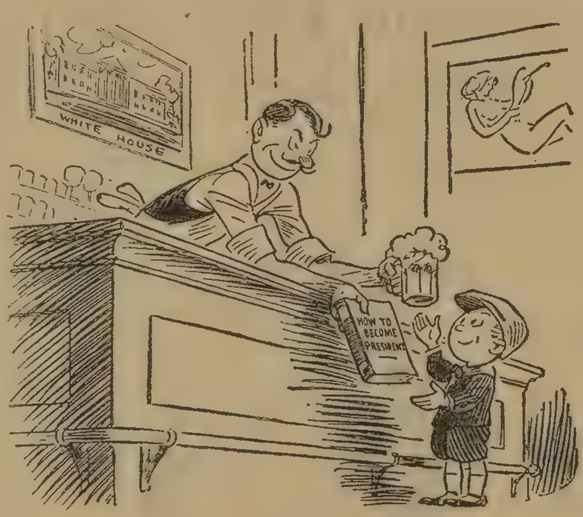
HARTSELLE, ALA.—Gosh! What a chump I've been. Here I've spent the best part of thirty years trying to "See America First."

When, according to Charmion von Wiegand's article, "A Beach Resort Among the Bolsheviks," you can see as much in fifteen minutes on the beach in Russia as you could ever hope to see in a whole lifetime spent in America.

There is, at present, a Russian who claims to be an almost incredible age. I used to doubt his claims. But now, man, I believe every word of them. For if I was over there I would try to live to be 1,000, and then die against my will.—*F. C. Sheehan.*

But This Was 50 Years Ago; Consider Mr. Coolidge

CARNEGIE, OKLA.—Is Liberty modern! Well, say, morals must change even faster than Liberty's opium-eating editors realize, according to Edward Doherty's article, "Grover Fished on Sunday." He says that if Cleveland had not been a drinking man he would probably never have been mayor, and consequently President. Imagine!



A new philosophy, indeed! They used to tell small boys to study hard, be honest, tell the truth, and keep from out the clutches of bad habits, especially alcoholic drink, and they stood a good chance—aye, it was nearly a certainty—of some day becoming President of the United States. Now such agencies as your immoral magazine say, "Learn to carry your likker like a gentleman, son, and some day they'll draft you for the Presidency."—*A Respecter of Our Laws and Presidents.*

Two Views from Reno

RENO, NEV.—So at last a really peppy article has appeared about Reno! I refer to Bert Green's, "Ninety Full Days in Reno." It was so refreshing after these carefully expurgated tamecat compositions which all contain pictures of the Washoe County Courthouse, photographs of the presiding divorce judges, and advertisements for two or three of the leading lawyers.

Most of us local residents like the divorcees. They are ornamental and, if their stories are out of the common, they are entertaining. But usually it is the same old stuff, the proverbial other man or other woman.

Bert Green has the right dope. The more power to him!—*(Mrs.) Dorothy W. Allen.*

RENO, NEV.—Just recently, Reno played host for the second time to Bert Green. Like the first visit, the aftermath was a slanderous article, published in your good little magazine, about this big little city and its people. In this second article, he has chosen defenseless women for his venomous outbreak, nearly all of whom are already weighted down with sadness (the divorcees).

For many years I have been a constant visitor in Reno, and have met personally a very great number of these ladies, and I doubt very much if he would be welcome in any "party" if the others knew the reputation he has established.

Bert Green, a great humorist (?), who pays back hospitality with treacherous lies, and strikes at broken hearts to get a laugh. I laugh with *tears* in my eyes.—*Jimmy Sullivan.*

Where's Your Will Power?

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA—I know you will not pay any attention to this letter, but I'll write it just the same.

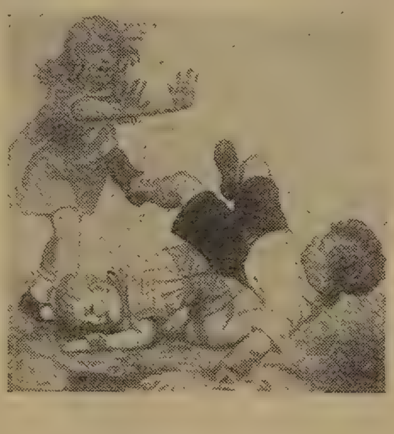
What good is a Cross Word Puzzle with the answers in the same issue?

A fan working on the puzzle, when he comes to a hard word, naturally will flip a page and get the answer.

If the answers are not there, the fan will have lots of hard problems to solve and will anxiously wait for the next issue.—*Cross Word Puzzle Fan.*

Here Is the Picture Which Mr. Cameron Views with Alarm

CHICAGO, ILL.—We have received from several members of the National Safety Council letters commenting on the cover of your October 4 edition. One statement is as follows: "I would like you to note the dangerousness of such a frontispiece and the vivid anti-safety lesson it is teaching the children and adults of our nation."



I bring this to your attention in the hope that you will be willing to instruct your illustrator on cover designs that might be misinterpreted.—*W. H. Cameron, Managing Director, National Safety Council.*

We'll Speak to Him

HOUSTON, TEXAS—The only fault I can find of Liberty is when the boy who delivers it is fifteen seconds late.—*Dr. C. E. Hoover.*

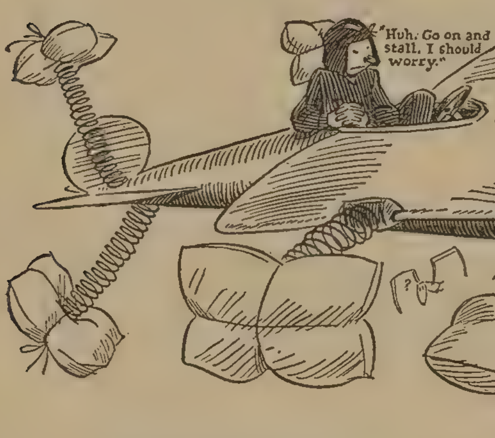
Pop

Oh, Is That All?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—" The Sport of Flying "? That's a hot one, honey. We're afraid of the damn' things, most of us, though some of us might go up for a buck or two a flight, just because our pioneering blood demands it.

Then, again, who can afford 'em? The rich? And the rich have qualms, too, you know.

And this woild isn't made up of the physically poifect, neither. Get me?


"Huh. Go on and stall. I should worry."

The middle class? Sending the girls and boys through college uses up the surplus funds, so the car is all they can afford.

When the flying machine is available to the masses and safe as a car, then you'll see flying become popular.

What is required is a small, cheap, foolproof plane which won't drop, or come down hard, no matter who's driving it. There's your answer, dear sir.—*Ben Smeigle.*

Meaning the Marines

SPOKANE, WASH.—I sure got a big laugh from what the " Ex-Devil Dog " wrote in your October 4 issue.

Where does he get that way that the navy couldn't get along without those seagoing bell hops? It would be a good navy if they kept them off the ships.—*Ex-Gob.*

A Little Help for the Problems Editor

HERRIN, ILL.—In your issue of October 11, under the heading What Would You Do? you are depicting a scene or situation that the ordinary fair-minded people do not care to read or discuss in any form and I think you have run out of material for asking such silly questions as this one and would suggest that you publish some of the questions you have received from your readers.—*T. R. Qualls.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Your problem contest is fine; it will make a lot of people think (and that's hard to do, even when you offer to pay 'em for it), but don't you think it might be better to omit problems which are outside of the possibility of human experience, such as the one in October 4 issue?—*Roy L. Selwyn.*

PIQUA, OHIO—The illiteracy and ignorance of the person who chose the question for this week's Liberty are profound.

And when Liberty asks its readers to supply them with problems of conduct and solutions, they do nothing more than prove their own inadequacy at journalism.—*M. L. Shipley.*

ELK RIVER, MINN.—WHAT WOULD YOU DO if you were picnicking in a pasture with a " No Trespassing " sign on the gate, and your reveries were disturbed by the challenging bellow and mad charge of an angry bull? (Place X before one of the following:)

1. Spit in his eye.
2. Remove the " No Trespassing " sign.
3. Wave a white flag. (A handkerchief will do if no flag is handy.)
4. Jump in the lake.
5. Call the fire department.
6. Save the picnic lunch.—*Vernon L. Orton.*

Speaking—

THE RECEIVING STATION, CAVITE, P. I.—I have been a reader of Liberty for some time and have enjoyed every line that I read.

What gets me is why people keep running down the states side girl. I have seen them all in every clime, black, brown, and white.

There is none to be found to compare with ours in *morals* or anything for that matter. I may be a little sunkissed, but just the same I will stick by the states side girl and ask no questions.—*A. T. H.*

—About—

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—I usta be a good little girl—you know the kind that jumps right out of the auto after the ride and runs to bed. As I said I usta! My sister came home with the information that the boys called me a cold potato, wet blanket, etc., and I had to sit home and mope around the radio. Well, when I did get a chance at another date I responded to the gentleman's (?) advances.

Naturally it got around that I was no longer a shrinkin' sheba. So I'm never lonely any more, and what's more I am engaged to be married to a boy with a future.—*The Girl Friend.*

—Girls

CHICAGO, ILL.—" Male Reader's " inference, in the October 4 issue of Liberty, that good and bad girls do things alike, burns me up. If a girl acts the " modest violet," she is considered a " flop," and is left to sit at home and twiddle her thumbs.

Why not class all of us as " bad "? It would save someone the trouble of composing an article on " how to tell a good girl from a bad one."—*Indignant Female.*

Was the Dam Necessary?

ONEONTA, N. Y.—Why do you not offer prizes for the best answers to the following questions?

Do you think Liberty is worth five cents?

Or four cents?

Or three cents?

Or two cents?

Or one dam cent?—*Daisy Reed.*

For Mr. Springs

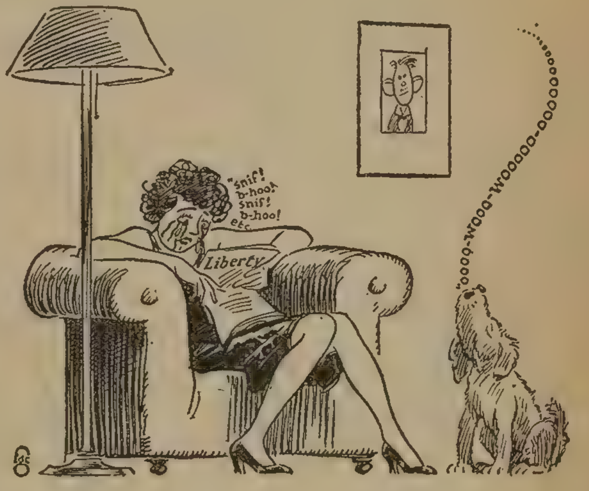
LINCOLN, NEB.—After reading " Lost and Found " by Elliott White Springs I am sorry for what I did to his face in the recent Funny Face contest. Any man who can write a wonderful story like that deserves a halo placed over his head and a golden lily in his hand.—*B. Jennings.*

TORONTO, ONT.—It has come at last. A decent story from Elliott White Springs. I am referring to " Lost and Found," which is one of the best Liberty ever printed.

In parting I wish all your vox-poppers who are against Leslie Thrasher would go and soak their corns.—*Little One.*

Aw!

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—It was " Just an Old, Old Story," that one by Juliette Kay, but what a new thrill it gave. The first story that I have ever read that brought tears flowing from my eyes—new tears, at that. Perhaps it was the human interest in the story—the fact that almost everyone has felt the same way that this old lady did, or at least was dreading the day when she would feel that way. Anyway, it certainly hit the spot in my case. Did I cry? Why, my mascara ran all over my face!—*Anna Maude Morath.*



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almost Instantly!

Duffyets destroy bad breath from any cause without leaving a perfumed or antiseptic odor. These delicious gum cubes end bad breath *scientifically — by removing the cause.*

Stubborn, long-lingering odors of onion, garlic, tobacco and beverages *disappear from the breath* when you chew one or two Duffyets. Chew one after smoking to cool and refresh the throat; after meals to aid digestion.

If your dealer can't supply you send a dime for ¼ dozen packages.

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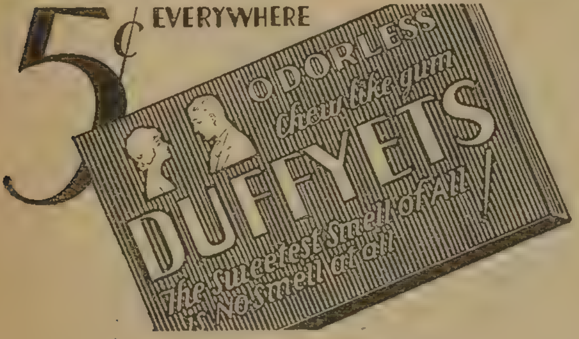

Some territories still open

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WALKER'S *"Red Hot"* CHILE

From AUSTIN -CAPITAL of TEXAS

WALKER'S RED HOT CHILE CON CARNE
WALKER'S RED HOT TAMALES
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"From Mexico" come the chief ingredients that give Walker's "Red Hot" Chile Products their deliciously different mild flavor. Packed in Government-inspected plants; quality SUPREME.

If your Dealer can not supply you, send 49¢ in stamps for 'Treat From Texas' Package of regular size Chile, Tamales, Chile Powder; Recipe Book and Kitchen Bill File POSTPAID.

"Red Devil" MEXENE Chile Powder

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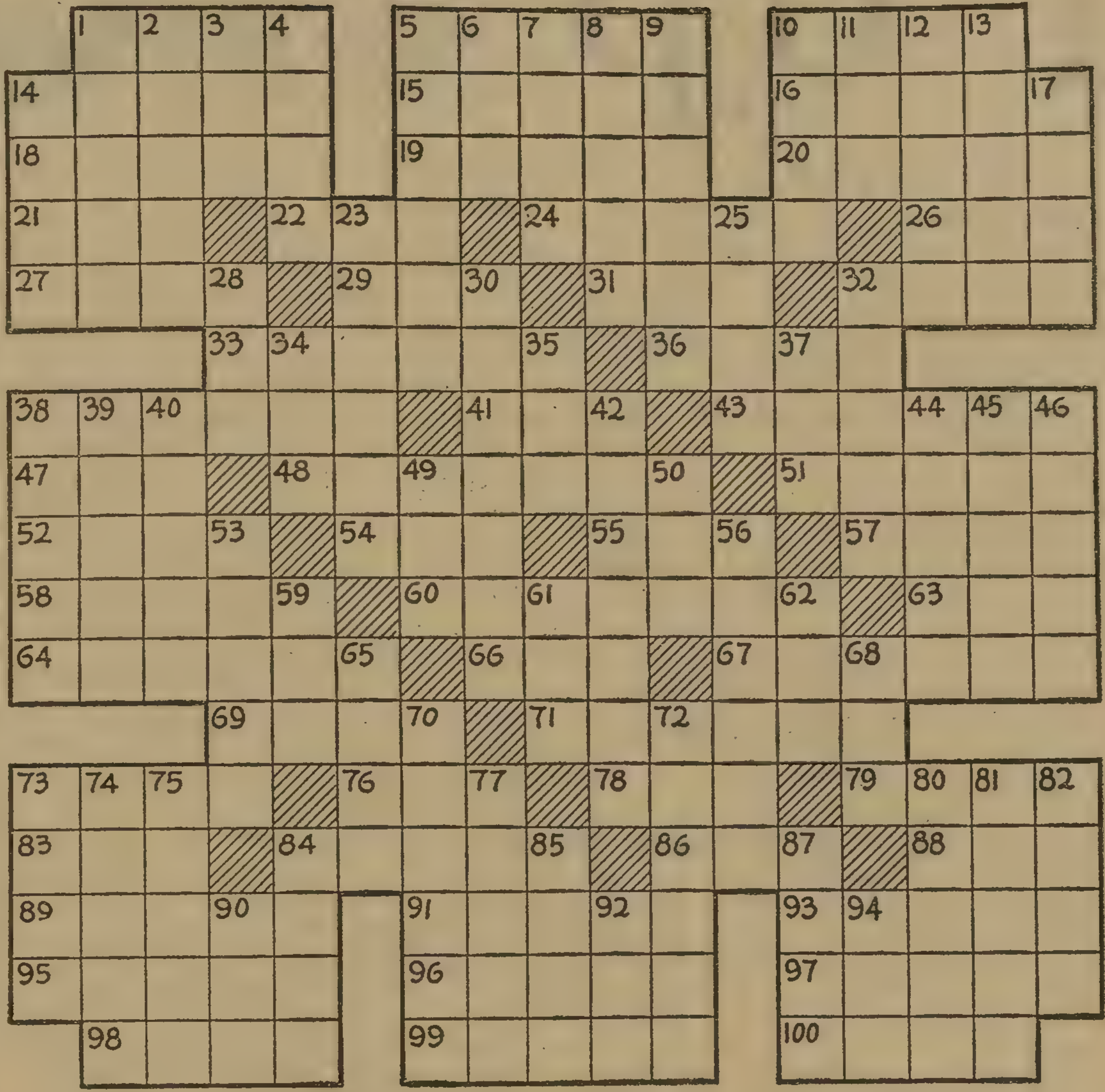
Two New Puzzles



HORIZONTAL

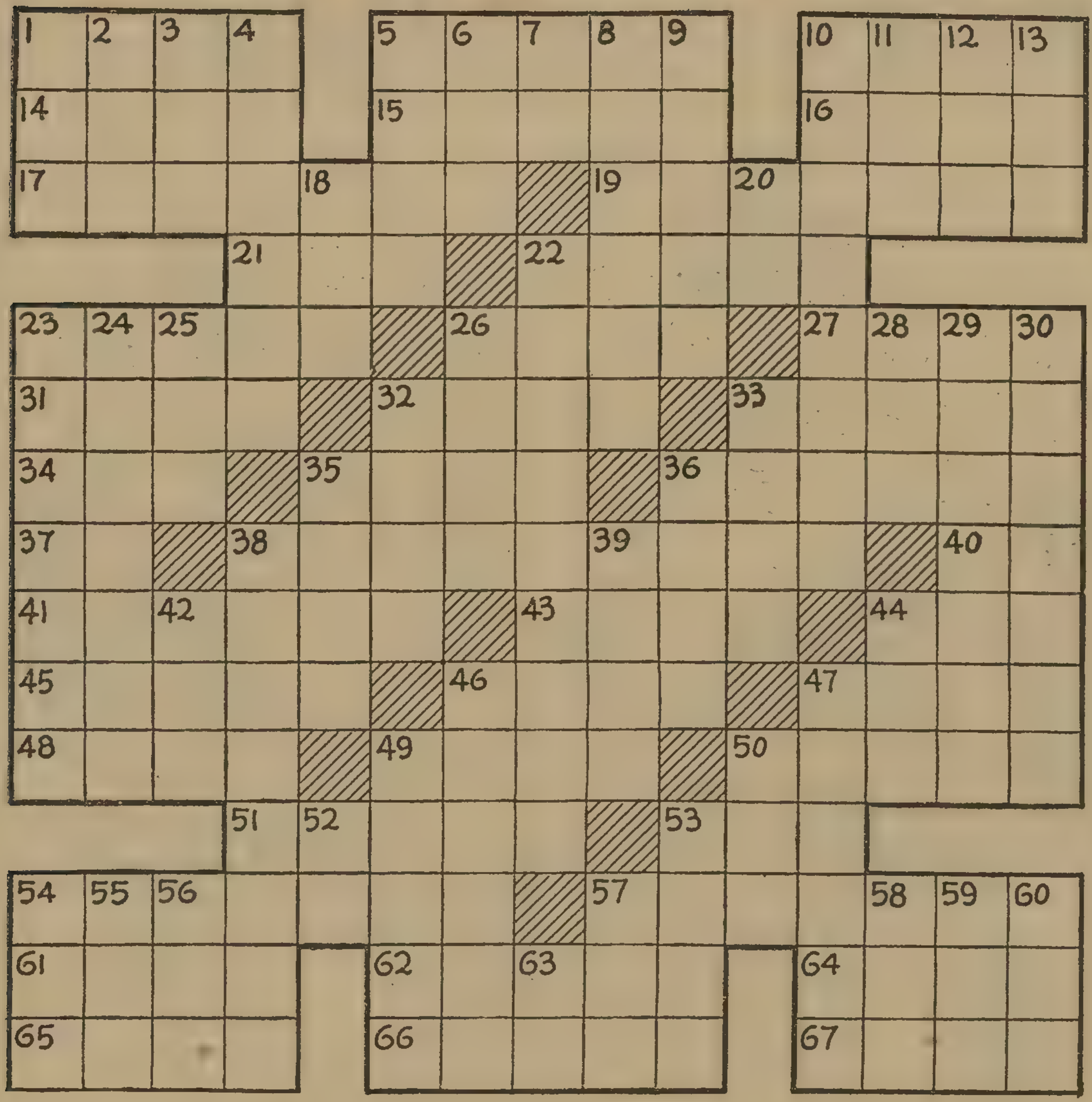
1 Fortified place
5 City in France
10 Excludes
14 Solemn; grave
15 Single
16 A size of type
18 Stale; commonplace
19 Longer delayed
20 New
21 A deed
22 A period
24 Silkworm which feeds on the castor-oil plant (plural)
26 A fish
27 Of the highest excellence
29 Greek letter
31 Man's nickname
32 A mountain range in Europe
33 Affirm; assert
36 A cleansing agent
38 Woman's nickname
41 Serpent
43 Garden implements
47 Malt liquor
48 Give a name to
51 To buy and sell
52 Disencumbers of
54 Cardinal number
55 Provide with weapons of offense
57 Neat; spruce
58 Turn to the advantage of
60 Desires with eagerness
63 Highest note in the scale of Guido
64 A game
66 Small child
67 Peruser
69 Snarl; growl
71 Resigns
73 Apportion
76 Corded fabric
78 Put on
79 Tiller
83 Hail!
84 Island of the Philippine group
86 Small mark
88 Regret
89 Stain slightly
91 Sultan's decree
93 Angry
95 Mark with lines
96 Large volumes
97 Erased
98 Stepped
99 To incline
100 Sheep

VERTICAL

1 Active power
2 Death notices
3 Steep; immerse
4 A plant
5 Region of the mouth
6 A wing
7 Fixed course or routine
8 Inactive
9 A succession of things
10 Forbids
11 Past; gone by
12 Become untwisted
13 Precipitous
14 Puncture
17 Measure of length (plural)
23 To become less severe or intense
25 Fuss; bustle (pl.)
28 Sailor
30 Opposed to
32 Aside; away
34 Recline
35 Is (French)
37 Appropriate
38 Mark used by proof readers
39 Sprightly; brisk
40 A type of fortification
42 Braided
44 Defied
45 City official of ancient Rome
46 Roll of tobacco (variant)
49 A beverage
50 Stray
53 Scorch
56 Species of sheep
59 The linden
61 Seed envelope
62 Put in place
65 Woman's name
68 A tree
70 Refrains from enforcing, as a penalty
72 Moderate, as in amount
73 Entangles
74 To oust by legal process
75 Import; meaning
77 Oral
80 Obliterate
81 Stringed instruments
82 Recompense
84 Plant by strewing
85 An incarnation of Vishnu (Hindu myth.)
87 Part of a wheel
90 Twelve dozen (abbr.)
92 Lair
94 Crude

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-eight

for Agile Minds



HORIZONTAL
1 A fleshy tuber or corm
5 Mark used to indicate an insertion
10 Distance to which a thing can be thrown
14 A continent
15 Ascend
16 Language of the Scotch Highlanders
17 Subservient hangers-on of a political patron
19 Deviated abruptly from type (biology)
21 Reverential fear
22 River in France
23 One of the social classes of India
26 Disembark
27 In the greatest or highest degree
31 At sea
32 One of the gaits of a quadruped
33 For the time being; temporarily
34 A Japanese money of account
35 Two
36 Ore extractors
37 One indefinitely of a number
38 Property inherited from an ancestor
40 By
41 Rolls of tobacco
43 The catch of fish on a fishing vessel
44 A primate
45 Old-womanish; imbecile
46 Go up
47 Support for either end of a bridge span
48 River in Siberia
49 Man's nickname
50 Poets
51 Social group comprising families descended from the same ancestor
53 Distant
54 Character in Measure for Measure
57 Rower
61 Superficial content of a figure
62 Renown
64 Comfort
65 Pare
66 Margins
67 Gazed fixedly

VERTICAL
1 Exclamation of extreme contempt
2 Make use of
3 The lay, as of land or country
4 A tree that yields chicle gum
5 Responsibility
6 Measures of area
7 Japanese measure of distance
8 One of a monastic order among the Jews
9 Warm
10 Ritual observance
11 Craft
12 Compass point
13 Man's nickname
18 Sheep
20 At the surface of, and supported by
22 To make offerings to a deity
23 A lynx of Africa and Asia
24 Of, or belonging to, an ass
25 A coin of Japan
26 Bed or couch of a wild beast
28 A pronoun
29 Made smooth by rasping
30 A canopy over a bed (plural)
32 Strikes lightly
33 Baseball team
35 Shave off the superficial substance of
36 Greater in size, quantity, or degree
38 Resembling the residence of a sovereign
39 Cover, as the face, by way of disguise
42 A snare
44 Mixture of gases which surrounds the earth
46 Blasphemous, obscene
47 Adherent of the Zoroastrian religion
49 To dent
50 Exclude
52 Principal deity of historical Egypt
53 Fairies
54 A plan
55 Form of to be
56 Female ruff
57 Unrefined metal
58 The early part or springtime of life
59 Peer Gynt's mother
60 Man's nickname
63 The giant king of Bashan

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-eight

End Dandruff

Before Dandruff Ends Your Hair

Remove every speck of it easily, quickly, with a single application of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo. This remarkable preparation has never failed in 37 years of increasing sales. It is endorsed by doctors and nurses the world over and is used professionally in thousands of barber shops and beauty parlors.

You must shampoo regularly anyway—why not use Fitch's and remove every speck of dandruff at the same time? Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo dissolves and removes every particle of even the most heavily incrusted dandruff. Under a money-back guarantee, too. It lathers freely and rinses easily, no acid rinse needed. And it's just as good for women as for men.

Buy a retail size at your nearest drug or department store today and tomorrow enjoy the sensation of a really clean and healthy scalp.

The coupon below will bring a generous free sample.

F. W. FITCH CO., Des Moines, Iowa.
Please send me a generous free sample of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo.

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Address.......................................

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
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NO MORE INDIGESTION!

He used to suffer after eating—but no more! He carries *quick* relief in his pocket. STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS. A pleasing combination of modern anti-acids: Calcium Carbonate (far superior to soda) Magnesium, and the like.

Hearty eaters—hard smokers—high livers find Stuart's Tablets indispensable for the relief of after-eating distresses.

Why have a sour stomach—or risk a bad breath? Use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets; one of them will neutralize 2½ times its weight of acid material in the stomach; they furnish the ideal and harmless remedy.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets
At ALL DRUG STORES: 25c and 60c
The Quickest relief for Gastric disorder

FULL BOX FREE

A regular 25c box, pocket size—ample to try thoroughly the benefits of Stuart's Tablets—will be sent you free, if you will mail this coupon to Stuart Co., Dept. 10-A, Marshall, Mich.

Name..

Address.......................................

Town..

King Carol II

© Keystone

King Carol welcomed by officers of his old wartime regiment

The Playboy of the Balkans

(Reading time: 21 min. 11 sec.)

By

DOROTHY M. RUSSELL

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

BRATIANU fortified the new order of sovereignty with every means at his command. Under King Ferdinand, his sway had been mighty, but with the reign of the boy king Michael, it became supreme. He was a dictator with power surpassing that of Mussolini, for with two of the triune regency his henchmen, the supremacy of the crown was only nominal.

Bucharest bristled with the force of arms. Martial law was declared. The censorship of the press was made more stringent. Even the private rooms of newsmen were searched. The secret service was active everywhere. At airplane landings and railroad stations, customs officials confiscated incoming newspapers so that Roumania should not know what the world was saying about her dictator, her boy king, and the royal family. Even the post office was under secret service supervision, and letters were opened and attached whenever and wherever the Liberals deemed it advisable or useful.

In Parliament, Bratianu met increasing difficulties from the opposition. The Nationalist and Peasant parties refused to help form a government without the immediate dissolution of Parliament and new elections, following Michael's accession to the throne. They demanded lifting of the censorship and martial law. Bratianu turned a deaf ear to their demands.

The infant cry of the opposition for Carol's return grew into a lusty and insistent roar. Jorga made a temperate demand that Carol should at least be allowed to take a place on the regency council governing for his son. But now the Peasant party, which had grown tremendously during the past two years, refused to recognize the regency at all. Julius Maniu and their other leaders revealed that they had been bribed by Bratianu to accept the regency in the first place in return for 120 seats in Parliament. When the returns of the last elections were announced, the Peasant party got only 52 seats out of 382. The prime minister had failed to keep his word, therefore they felt justified in repudiating theirs.

By the terms of King Ferdinand's will, drawn up in January, 1926, after the crown prince's abdication, Carol had been disinherited with $400,000 in cash and bonds, and the bulk of the regal fortune of about $70,000,000 was left to Michael as heir apparent. Calculating that with even so modest a fortune, Carol might start a tidy revolution, Bratianu took the precaution of tying a string to it. He advised the exiled legatee that many clauses and provisions of the will could not be immediately fulfilled owing to Michael's minority. At the same time, he intimated that the government might be willing to increase Carol's monthly stipend from 30,000 francs to 50,000 francs under certain guaranties. Should Carol

# of Roumania

Keystone photo

Carol and his wife, Helen, photographed on one of the few occasions they appeared together soon after his return.

Underwood & Underwood

Magda Lupescu, Carol's charmer of exile days, on a rustic bridge in England.

attempt to promulgate any political activities in Roumania, however, the will would be officially annulled in respect to his legacy.

Wide publicity was given to the sorrowful words accompanying Ferdinand's disinheritance of his heir.

"It was the Lord's will to impose this trial upon the country and myself and cause great sorrow to the queen by the crown prince's renunciation of the throne," he had written.

"Never until the end of my days will I forget the grief which overwhelmed me when I saw myself forced to take cognizance of that decision, while realizing that unfortunately the measure was necessary in the interests of state and crown, interests which have always guided me in all circumstances. . . .

"I pray to God to help my darling son Carol in the new life he has chosen against our will and to make the consequences of his choice the easiest possible."

Bratianu hoped this statement would have a salutary effect upon the Carolists in Roumania, but quite the opposite was the case. Carol's misdeeds had been forgotten in hatred against the Liberals and only his anti-Bratianu policy was remembered. No matter what his faults, Carol was preferred to the party of oppression.

The prime minister had also lost support in the royal family. Marie would never forgive him because he had not made her regent. The fullness of her chagrin was shown when, on the pretext of wanting to remain with her dead, she refused to attend the ceremonies which made Michael king. With her husband was buried her own importance. It was Princess Helen who drove about the capital with little King Michael and who shared the limelight when he appeared in public. Marie was expected to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

KING CAROL II OF ROUMANIA
Continued from page sixty-three

step into the background—to assume the inconspicuous rôle of dowager queen. The proud woman, still beautiful, with all her fifty years, still regal and clever, still an able diplomat, saw the brilliant future she had planned collapse like a structure of cards.

She tried to get to Paris to confer with Carol, intending to revolt, but Bratianu forbade her.

"Madame, I have had enough of your family troubles," he warned her. "If you continue this way, I will proclaim a republic."

In October, 1927, while Carol and Magda Lupescu were still at the Château de Coeme, at Bellême, Normandy, which the prince had bought on the strength of his inheritance, his villa in Neuilly was broken into and robbed of his private letters. The fact that nothing else was touched pointed to a political conspiracy.

A few days later, Mihail Manoilescu, former undersecretary of state, was arrested at the Roumanian border. On his person were found letters of a proclamatory nature signed by Carol in which the exile invited the heads of all parties, including the prime minister, to call a referendum of the people on the issue of his recall. In the government's announcement, this was declared unconstitutional, and Manoilescu's arrest necessary "to prevent any further attempt of a similar order." The prisoner was held for court-martial. A few hours later, the head of the air force and the prefect of police at Jassy also were arrested on the charge of being Carol's adherents and implicated in a huge Carolist plot.

The opposition in Parliament rose up in protest against trial by court-martial for Manoilescu. He had committed a civil, not a military offense, they argued, and should be tried by a civil court. The Peasant party leader, Maniu, hurled open defiance at the prime minister. In every part of the country, even in the capital, feeling ran high against Bratianu and the Liberals.

Sport & General photo

Carol when he was living in France, awaiting the summons to the throne.

MANOILESCU'S trial was set for early November. General Averescu, who had been prime minister, defended him. Before a court room crowded with witnesses the proceedings developed from a trial of a political prisoner to an accusation of tyranny and corruption against Bratianu. In a five-hour defense, Monoilescu laid abuse after abuse at the prime minister's feet: the deficit of about $21,000,000 in Roumania's treasury, "of which nobody speaks"; the responsibility for a fire which razed the old palace and in the course of which valuable documents, said to implicate Bratianu in a peasant massacre during the Moldavian revolt of 1907, were rifled from King Ferdinand's safe; the blame for Carol's abdication; his refusal of Ferdinand's plea, two weeks before he died, that Carol be allowed to return.

The sensation of the trial came, however, when Manoilescu produced a photographic copy of a deathbed letter from the late monarch to his prime minister. It read:

> My dear Premier:
>
> Feeling that an end of life is nearing, I am continually obsessed with the idea of what is going to happen to the country to which I have given my whole life.
>
> My spirit is filled with disquiet on thinking of the new legal order which has been put into force by the banishment of my dear son Carol, brought up and prepared for the functions of sovereignty.
>
> I think after a year and a half of deep reflection that this decision cannot facilitate the tranquillity and progress of our dear country. I trust your wisdom as adviser to the throne will lead you to return to the old order, which is alone capable of assuring to the country development and consolidation.
>
> I am writing this last wish with confidence in your love of the country and the nation and am praying that Heaven will bless my people and my son Carol for whom I wish a fruitful and glorious reign.

Prince Nicolas, who signaled Carol to return.

Bratianu denied the authenticity of the letter, but handwriting experts and the Peasant leader, Maniu, confirmed the writing as Ferdinand's own. At any rate, the voice conjured from the grave had its emotional effect. The tense court broke into murmurs of pity for the dead and sympathy for the defense.

On November 15, 1927, Mihail Manoilescu was acquitted. It was an overwhelming victory for the democratic elements in the country.

Rejoicing was great in Bucharest. In the friendly cafés wine flowed freely to celebrate the verdict. The tyrant power was broken.

ON Bratianu the blow fell heavily. He was too experienced a leader to underestimate its force. The tide had turned against him. Soon after the trial was concluded, he was taken suddenly ill. It was said he was suffering from mental disease.

No one thought very much about the rumor. Manoilescu's acquittal was still the hot news of the day. A few days later it was crowded off the front page of the newspapers by a heavy black headline: BRATIANU DEAD.

The prime minister succumbed to blood infection on November 24, 1927—nine days after Manoilescu's acquittal and four months after the death of Ferdinand. The end had come swiftly and unexpectedly after two operations on his throat glands.

When the doctors told Bratianu he had only about four hours to live, he sent for his colleagues and spent the time instructing them in their future policies. To his brother Vintila he bequeathed the leadership of the Liberal party—his most precious asset. He died a courageous warrior, fighting for his régime.

There are many who say that Jon Bratianu was poisoned. At any rate, he had a premonition of death. Hidden in the belfry of a little country church on his estate, his coffin—a plain pine box—lay ready to receive him. He had commissioned a peasant carpenter to make it and had himself furnished him with the correct dimensions. The man who had ruled the destiny of Roumania was buried in the peasant's crude box.

During two years of exile, Carol had acquired patience. He waited six months after Bratianu's death before he struck for the throne. In the spring of 1928, he left Paris for Brussels, ostensibly for a rest. His household gave out a report that he was tired and run down. A few days later, he crossed from Ostend to Dover to visit a friend in England—Mr. Barbu Jonescu, a son of Take Jonescu, who had once been premier of Roumania. Magda Lupescu was with him. It was at Oakhurst Court, the Jonescu country home in Godstone, Surrey, that the writer met Prince Carol and got the interview already referred to earlier. Carol was then supposed to be in England for a quiet holiday in the salubrious pine-laden atmosphere of Surrey.

In the six months which had intervened since Jon Bratianu died, the peasants in Roumania had been gathering their forces to end the Liberal rule. The day of liberation was set for May 6, when Julius Maniu had called for a monster mass meeting of the Peasant party at Alba Iulia, the ancient coronation seat of Roumanian kings. Two hundred thousand peasants picturesquely dressed in their national costumes wended a tedious way over the rugged mountains to attend the meeting. From a radius of 187 miles they came, some in oxcarts, others on foot, bearing packs of food and blankets to meet the emergencies of the long journey. Soldiers, posted at every road and mountain pass with orders to disband them, could not stem the endless tide of pilgrims of the soil. Probably their attempts were only half-hearted; the army was thick with Carolists.

Brawny sons of earth carried pickaxes, spades, and farm implements for arms. They were inspired with courage for whatever might occur. They only looked to their leaders to guide them, and they would follow.

Carol had planned a *coup d'état* for that day. He had hired a flock of British airplanes to fly over Alba Iulia during the meeting, scattering his manifestoes to the assembled peasants. If he received their answering call to return home, he intended to fly from England to Roumania and seize the throne. Whether the peasants were to proclaim him king at the traditional coronation spot and then march on Bucharest, with him at their head, or whether he was to await the results of their march in Vienna and appear at the psychological moment in the capital, has not been authentically determined. In either event, recent history has shown that he would have received little, if any, resistance from the army.

BUT Vintila Bratianu got wind of the plan and notified the British government. Sir William Joynson-Hicks, then home secretary, immediately asked Carol to leave England, on the grounds that he had abused British hospitality by promulgating political activities which might involve the government in difficulties with a friendly nation. Carol protested his ignorance of the scheme and begged to be allowed to stay, but the authorities made him understand that if he did not leave within a reasonable time he would be put out. On May 16, he beat an ignominious retreat from England, enlivened by a little joke on news reporters whom he decoyed to London in the wake of a curtained automobile in which they supposed he was riding, while he and his mistress departed to Dover en route for a meek retirement to the Château d'Ardennes in Belgium.

When the peasant leaders at Alba Iulia got word of the fiasco in England, they lost their nerve. They quickly disclaimed any connection between their meeting and Carol's plot. After a few dispirited speeches, the meeting broke up, and the peasants, bewildered, disheartened, and uncomprehending, wearily tramped the long

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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KING CAROL II OF ROUMANIA
Continued from page sixty-five

road home. Carol's chances for the throne were dimmed almost to extinction.

In June, Princess Helen divorced her errant husband. She had hoped for three years that he would give up Mme. Lupescu, but the red-haired charmer appeared to have found the secret of holding Carol's affections. When Helen was told that the decree had been granted, tears filled her eyes.

"I hope that now he will begin a new and better life and will find the happiness that apparently he failed to find with me," she said sadly. "I can forgive him, but I can never forget the wrong he did me and my child."

Little King Michael had soon discovered that the fairy tales about kings with golden crowns were not so amusing when they came true in real life. He liked the tiny jeweled crown that had been made for him, but he was never allowed to wear it when he wanted to, so what was the good of it? He was bored with interminable reviewing of troops and laying of cornerstones and with being continually on his good behavior. Why would the big liveried footman who had once been his pal now only bow stiffly and call him "Your Majesty" when "Micky" wanted a game?

"Micky" could not understand how he had become a king anyhow. Where was his adored grandfather who was supposed to be the king? When Michael had seen Ferdinand lying in death, he had asked Queen Marie:

"Grandma, has the clock inside grandpa stopped?"

Then, when he didn't see him again and asked for him, they had told him that his grandfather had gone away to heaven. Thereafter Michael lighted a candle in his bedroom window every night "so that grandpa up in the sky will know where I am."

The boy missed his father, too. They had told him he was away on a journey.

Wide World photo

M. Manoilescu, Carolist supporter, whose trial was a sensation, talking to a journalist after his arrest.

VINTILA BRATIANU tried to carry on his brother's traditions, but he had neither Jon's forceful personality nor his following. If any sentimental bonds had held Queen Marie to the Liberals, they had been strained to the breaking point when she was denied a place in the regency. Prince Stirbey had been watching the changing political balance for some time. Now, noting which way the wind blew, he veered to windward. He withdrew his support from the Bratianus and gave it to Dr. Julius Maniu.

The sinister partnership was at an end.

The fall of the Liberals was not long in following. Their power, once so formidable that it seemed as though nothing could fell it, had been slowly sapped of its strength by the ceaseless tapping of the peasant masses. In November, 1928, just one year after Jon Bratianu died, the regency asked his brother Vintila to resign in favor of a coalition government. Dr. Maniu, the Peasant party leader, was appointed prime minister in his stead. The long peasant struggle had reached its goal.

CAROL'S prospects immediately became brighter, but the English fiasco had taught him a lesson. He lay low until he was sure his time had come. The democratic parties, once in power, showed no immediate desire to place their champion on the throne. They were busy trying their own political wings. Very well, Carol would wait.

Another year passed before events began to shape themselves to his course. Then, in the autumn of 1929, Judge Buzdugan, chief justice of Roumania, and the only stable member of the regency, died. Queen Marie immediately decided to take his place on the regency council. But Maniu had a long memory. He chose an obscure partisan, Judge Saratzeanu, instead, and the disappointed woman withdrew in fury both her influence and her advice from the regency council. Let down by all political parties, she could do nothing else but make a graceful exit from the public scene. She retired with her daughter, Princess Ileana, to Cotroceni Palace, some miles outside Bucharest, where, in keeping with its walls of white stucco, she donned the becoming nunlike veils in which she has been pictured during recent years.

It was evident that the weak and ineffectual regency could promise neither security nor permanency to the country for the remaining nine years of King Michael's minority. With the people, it had quickly lost both prestige and esteem. Two of its members were indifferent old men, over seventy years of age. The third was a young man in his twenties who was following the fast pace set by his exiled brother, Carol, in the days before his abdication. "Nicky's" one desire was to be relieved of his responsibilities as regent so that he might pursue his own life and marry a beautiful divorcee with whom he had fallen in love. He became an ardent advocate of his brother's restoration to the throne.

Then, too, the Peasant party had excellent democratic ideas, but little practical experience in putting them into operation. They had an enormous deficit in the treasury to meet; there were ticklish foreign policies to be determined; and there was internal restlessness and uncertainty to be assuaged. The country was in a condition where anything might happen if there were not a popular leader, around whom all would unite, to save it from the morass of economic and moral disorganization into which it was fast slipping.

Otherwise, there was imminent danger that the hated Bratianu-controlled Liberals would again step in, overthrow the dynasty, and either establish a dictatorship or place a foreign dynasty on the throne. Already there were rumors that Vintila Bratianu had offered the Roumanian crown to the second son of the King of the Belgians.

There were two alternatives: to form a republic or to recall Carol. The republican idea had considerable support in Transylvania where lived so many former residents of the United States. But the Roumanians as a whole did not want a republic. They were still too thoroughly imbued with the traditions of paternalism as vested in a monarch. Even in the opinion of such a modern as Dr. Lupu, a peasant leader and a great admirer of America, in whose office a picture of Abraham Lincoln hangs, and on whose bookshelves lie the works of Eugene O'Neill, Walter Lippmann, and Sinclair Lewis, the country was still too immature for a republican form of government.

P. & A. photo

Princess Ileana and her mother after Dowager Queen Marie retired to the conventlike Cotroceni Palace.

Level-headed Roumanians were convinced that at this time their country needed a one-man régime. The masses longed for a "little father," as they call their king, to whom they could offer the incense of their loyalty and their love; the educated citizens wanted a well trained sovereign with modern ideas under whose guiding hand the conglomerate elements in Roumania would unite for future prosperity and peace. Above all, the Roumanians wanted to preserve their own dynasty, around which still clung that age-old superstition of the "divinity of kings." They wanted Carol.

At least, they knew the worst about Carol. If he was strong-headed and unstable, he had youthful enthusiasm and honesty. If he was vacillating and unwise, time and responsibility might give him steadfastness and wisdom. If he played fast and loose with women, even to the point of deserting his own wife and child—well, the Roumanians are indulgent with sex peccadillos. Their women have still to come into their own.

WITH all his faults, Carol had held the devotion and loyalty of the army during four years of exile. Under these circumstances, it was only a question of time before he should return to his country. The details of his arrival are now too well known to rehearse at length. Under the Peasant party régime, the Carolist movement gathered a momentum that nothing short of revolution could stop. The peasant politicians saw that Carol was the safeguard of their hard-won power. They would welcome him.

Prince Nicolas, head of the regency, with the help of the army, laid careful plans. Prime Minister Maniu was in the secret, almost an open one.

Queen Marie came out from her retirement for a series of lengthy conferences with the prime minister and the regents. She emerged in tears and took the train at once for Oberammergau. Everyone knew that attendance at the Passion Play was only a pretext for going to Sigmaringen to consult Prince William von Hohenzollern, head of the family. To this meeting, Carol himself was summoned. It was Marie's last stand.

No sooner had his mother left Bucharest, however, than Prince Nicolas sent the call for which Carol had waited four years: "Now is the moment!" In answer, he flew to the Roumanian border, where he was welcomed by waiting officials of the army, and entered Bucharest in triumph, to the mingled cheers and happy tears of his people.

THE curtain falls, thus, on the second act of the Ruritanian melodrama. For the hero, there is a prodigal's feast and a crown. For the villains, there is punishment in the approved manner. One has been claimed by death; now the other is routed. Prince Stirbey, we hear, has sold his lands in Roumania and has exchanged exiles with Carol. We can almost hear the hisses that send him on his way!

The faithful are rewarded. George Bratianu, son of King Carol's former enemy, has recanted from the Liberal heresy and has been received into the Carolinian fold. Prince Nicolas has been made supervisor of the army. Aside from that, he may pursue his lovemaking and his reckless driving to his heart's content.

Queen Marie embraces her two conspirator sons with the fervent love of a mother, but withholds her approval as a politician. She exits on the cryptic line that she "hopes all will be for the best." Little nine-year-old Michael is quite happy with dethronement and the consolation title of Grand Voivode.

The third act will open perhaps with a coronation scene at Alba Iulia. Time—early spring. But the hero has yet to win the lady. Will he lead the reluctant Helen to the throne? That is the "big surprise" of the third act, for, so far, she has been too modern to play the puppet.

King Carol has other weighty problems, of course. He must consolidate his heterogeneous people. He must free his country from her financial predicament and stabilize her industries. He must bring peace and harmony to the discordant factions within and without her borders, and by tact and judgment appease the rancors of his Balkan neighbors. Above all, he must give the nations of the world some tangible guaranties of Roumania's future security, if they are to succor his country with the financial and economic aid she needs.

To accomplish all this, he must work hard, steadily, incessantly, with a selflessness and consecration to duty which hitherto he has never shown.

Roumania's future rests in his hands. He may lead her into the comparatively safe channel of monarchial democracy, such as England possesses; he may, by disappointing the hopes Roumania has placed in him, destroy forever her childlike taste for the glamour of crowns and kings.

America, like Europe, is speculating on the finale with interest.

THE END

The Last Witness

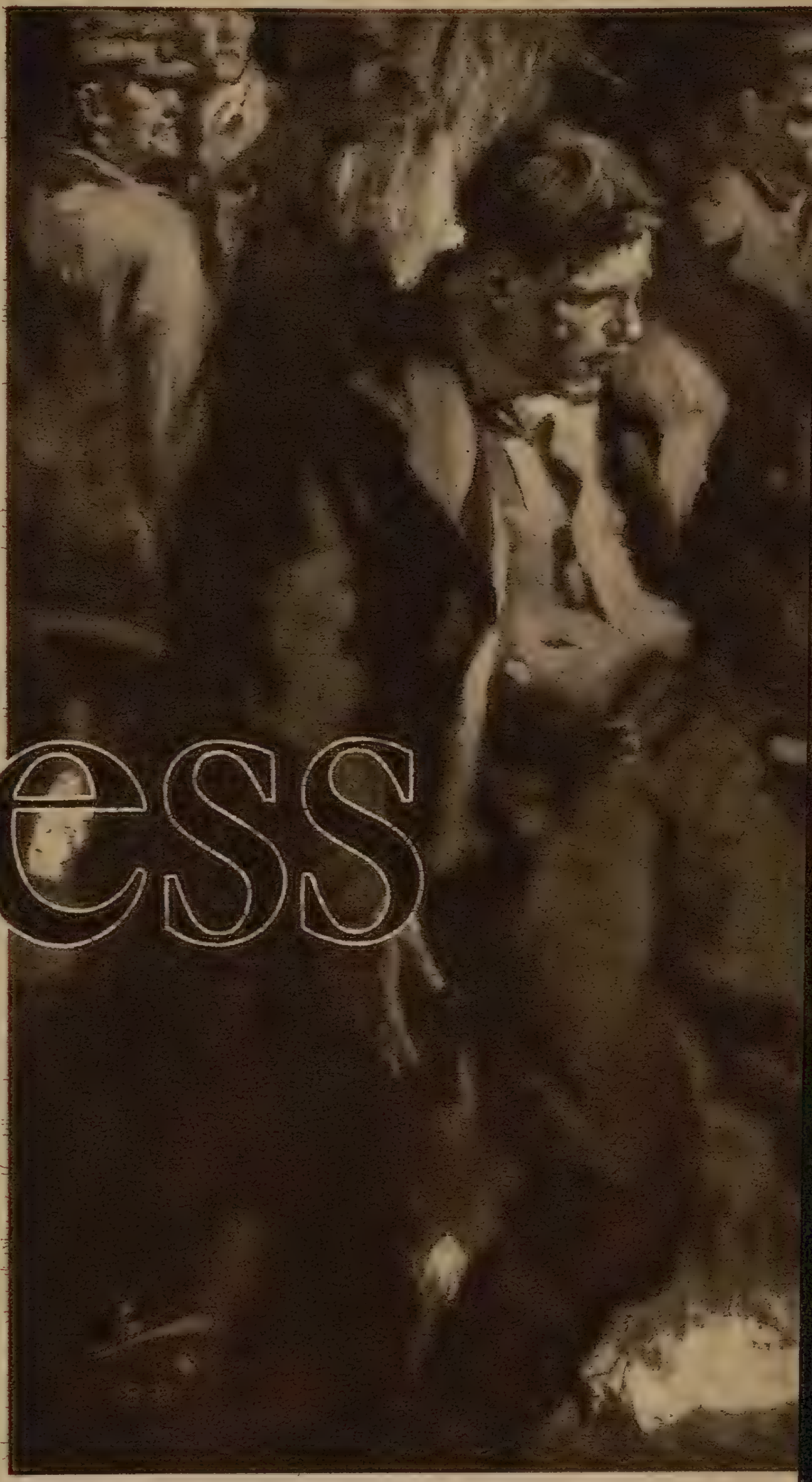
The Story of a Conundrum in Crime

By

EDITH ORR

Boston born and bred, a writer of short fiction, plays, and dramatic criticism. On her yearly visit to Maine she likes to attend the October term of court. A criminal trial, she says, is seldom on the calendar.

Pictures by H. T. FISK



Stone turned white and gre

(Reading time: 29 minutes 55 seconds.)

IT was just seventeen minutes to eleven by the clock when I heard the car turn in from the road and come bumping over the stubble into the shed. I noticed the time because 'twas earlier than I expected; it took full three-quarters of an hour to drive over from Sanborn.

He always come in, Jud did, through the kitchen, and he'd stop to get a drink of milk or something.

A minute or so after the engine was shut off I heard footsteps out there kind o' soft, like he thought I was in bed and didn't want to wake me. So I opened the door and sung out.

"That you, Jud?" I says.

There wa'n't no answer. It was still as death.

I thought maybe he'd took a lamp and gone back to do something to the car. So I lit one myself and went through the door into the shed. It was all part o' the kitchen ell, the shed was, and there wa'n't no other way you could get in or out; the other door was bolted and growed up with bushes outside.

But Jud wa'n't in the shed either; till I come in with a light 'twas black as pitch.

But the car was there, the old open Ford Jud was drivin'. Mine full as much as his it was, but I never got much chance to use it.

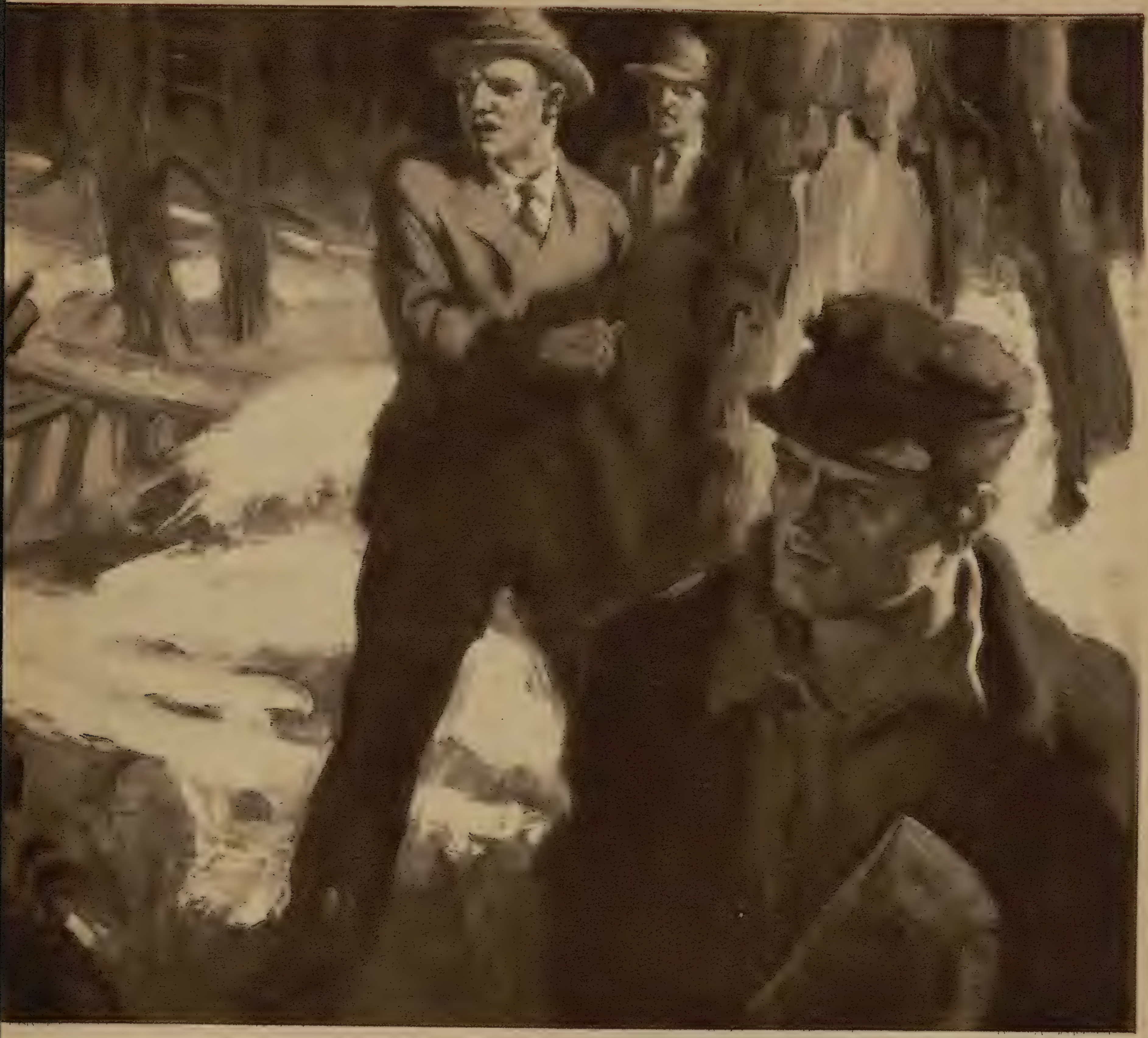
I held the lamp up over the side, and the driver's seat was empty. But the light caught something in the back seat that looked like a bundle of rags. I opened the door and felt of 'em and they was hard and solid. It was a man with a rug thrown over him.

He was all crumpled up and his head sagging forward. There was a great blue welt on his right cheek, the one that was towards me. I didn't look on the other side—I didn't dare to. I spoke to him and he didn't answer back. I put my hand on his heart and it wa'n't beating. I listened and couldn't hear him breathe.

It was Chet Farrell, and he was dead.

I went back into the house, closing all the doors behind me. There wouldn't anyone be along till seven the next morning—unless Jud showed up—and I had till then to think out what I'd ought to do. I built up a good fire in the stove and put out the lamp. I guess I didn't want anyone drivin' by to tell afterwards they see a light burnin' so late.

We was part of a lumberin' crew, Jud and me was, and the old house we was campin' in was right on the edge of



e was struck all of a heap. He all but fell down on his knees.

the patch of woods we'd started in to clean up. The other men was married mostly and drove over every morning from the Harbor or the Cove.

Jud he never liked it there. It was me persuaded him to come; we hadn't been together since mother died, and he needed a little lookin' after sometimes, Jud did. He never was overly fond of work, and sometimes he'd get to drinkin'. He was a great hand to be with folks, and he'd go off every night to a show or a dance; claimed it was the only thing kept him going at all. You couldn't blame him; it was pretty still and lonesome there at night after the others had gone.

BUT it suited me; I liked the thrushes singin' over by the lake and the trees swishin' against the windows after you'd gone to bed.

It came over me all of a sudden I'd never take comfort in that place again.

I wished I'd been blind, so I couldn't have seen what I saw, and deaf, so I couldn't have heard Jud walkin' around out there. I see the only way to help him was to pretend this was so and all his actions dark to me. And in a way this was true; I couldn't understand it. Bringin' Chet home dead, and leavin' him there in the shed for someone to find—it was like a crazy man.

We'd had words that day, Jud and me had. That was one reason I was waiting up till he come in, because I couldn't never bear to quarrel with him and not make it up again. It was about the woman Jud was hangin' around. I warned him her husband was hot-headed and he'd better leave her alone.

Yes, I warned him he'd better keep away from Kate Farrell. . . .

It was somewhere around six, I guess, when I heard the front door bang. I opened my eyes and there he was.

"My God!" I says. "Jud, I hoped you was a hundred miles from here!"

"What's the matter with you, Elmer?" says Jud. "Why ain't you in bed? Your eyes are all bloodshot. What you doing here?"

"Waiting for you, Jud."

"I don't know what call you've got to wait up for me," he says, turning kind o' red.

"Six in the morning is pretty late to come in. Where'd you go last night?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-NINE]

"You know where I went. To Sanborn."

"I mean after that . . . after—"

"After what?" He looked at me like he was innocent as a child.

"Where'd you spend the night?" I couldn't say what I'd meant to say.

He didn't answer, makin' out he hadn't heard me. And I see what I was in for. He was goin' to keep his own counsel even with me.

"How about some breakfast?" he says. "I'm hungry."

We went out into the kitchen and I got the breakfast, but I couldn't eat none of it myself. Jud his appetite was all right.

It was near seven by the time he was through. He pushed back his chair and started for the shed. It was there he kept his tools.

"Jud!" I called after him. I'd remembered that Abe Conary and Burnham Stone kept their tools out there, too; I thought it would be easier for Jud if the others got there first.

Sure enough, when he opened the door into the shed I heard voices.

Before Jud could get out the door two men came through it into the kitchen. I didn't know who they was; I'd never seen either of them before. Jud and me we'd never lived thereabouts till this year. We came from over the other side of Sanborn.

"You Judson Carter?" says the big one to me. I says no: I was Elmer Wilkes, and that was Judson Carter. I was his brother—his half brother.

"I'm County Attorney Crockett," he says. "This is Dr. Veazie." They both sat down, and we sat down too.

"I want to know something about what you were doing last night," he says to Jud.

Jud he looked funny, but answered straight off he'd been at the picture show in Sanborn.

"What time was the show over?"

"I don't know."

"Why don't you know?"

"I left before it was through."

"And why did you do that, Carter?"

"The party that was with me had a headache."

"And who was with you?"

"Mrs. Farrell."

Crockett's sleepy eyes blinked at that like a cat's.

"And then you drove Mrs. Farrell home in your car."

Jud says no. He didn't drive home in his own car. When they came out it was gone; he'd left it in front of the theater. He'd took out the key, but someone must have had one that fitted. A neighbor of Mrs. Farrell's had driven them as far as the Farrells' house in Birch Hill.

"Was Mrs. Farrell's husband in the house when you entered it with her?"

"No, sir."

"And what time did you enter the house, Carter?"

"I never noticed the time."

"And when did Farrell come in and find you there?"

"He never come in at all."

"Never came in at all?"

JUD said no. He didn't know where Chet was. Kate was frightened about her husband not being back, so he stayed there with her, waiting. Chet hadn't come back when he left the house. Jud claimed he left there about twelve. He spent the rest of the night at a friend's house, and was only just back.

"Oh, a friend's house—yes, yes," says Crockett. He was a big, fleshy man, red-faced and hard-looking, but he had a soft, smooth voice; purred when he spoke, like a cat.

Then Crockett turned to me. "You were here alone in the house all night, were you, Wilkes?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what happened while you were here alone?"

"Nothing happened."

"Till Carter came in."

"Yes, sir."

"See here, Wilkes," says Crockett, wagging his finger at me, "don't tell me you didn't hear that car when it drove in!"

"What car?"

"Your brother's car."

I said no—I never heard it.

"Come on out!" he says to me kind o' rough. "Come out into the shed, both of you."

And there was the car, and it was real, and Chet Farrell's dead body humped up there real and awful in the daylight.

I felt I ought to act horrified, but honestly I didn't know how to do it. I ain't much of an actor. I could feel them looking at me.

But Jud was struck all of a heap. He turned white and he turned red. Then he looked as if he was goin' to cry.

"Come, Carter!" says Crockett. "Don't waste my time like this. Tell us the truth. You and Kate Farrell drove back to her house in your car. You got into a row with Farrell—"

But Jud swore he'd told the truth. Lije Tracy would tell him it was the truth—it was Lije drove them back. He hadn't laid eyes on Chet that night. Kate would tell him the same story.

"Of course she would," says Crockett. "Carter, what were your relations with this Farrell woman?"

Jud looked red and ugly. He wouldn't speak.

"Come on now," says Crockett.

But for all he was so simple, Jud wouldn't answer him. He knew enough to know he could keep quiet if he wanted to.

THE others was on the lot by now, all five of 'em. They was standin' in a knot in the clearin' all close together. I see they knew what had happened.

I went out and joined 'em. Crockett he'd told me he was through with me. He had somethin' to say to Jud private.

The men looked kind o' funny when they saw me.

"Here's the boss," says Burnham Stone, and he takes up his ax like he was going to get to work.

I says, "What's this I heard you say, Abe? Something about telephoning . . . Crockett telephoning . . ."

Abe Conary hems and haws. "It was about someone telephonin' to Crockett, Elmer. I heard someone called him up and got him out o' bed about five. Told him he'd better get up to the shed here and look inside."

"You hear who it was?"

"No, I didn't hear. Crockett don't know either, I guess."

Crockett he comes strollin' out, whistlin' a little to himself. I wondered what he'd been sayin' to poor Jud; I was sorry to have to leave Jud alone with him.

"You have no telephone here, Wilkes," he says to me.

"No, sir."

"You're a friend of Farrell's, aren't you?" he says, turning quick to Burnham Stone.

"I guess I'm about the best friend Chet ever had."

"He have a telephone?"

"Yes, sir."

"You'd talk to him pretty often, I suppose."

"No," says Burnham. "I don't know's I ever did. I ain't got a house of my own; I board. There's too many folks around listenin' where I live."

Burnham he turned red after he realized what he'd said, and the others they smiled a little on the quiet. They knew if Burnham called up the Farrells it wouldn't be to talk to Chet, poor fellow.

Crockett he asked us a few more questions. Finally he said that would do for now.

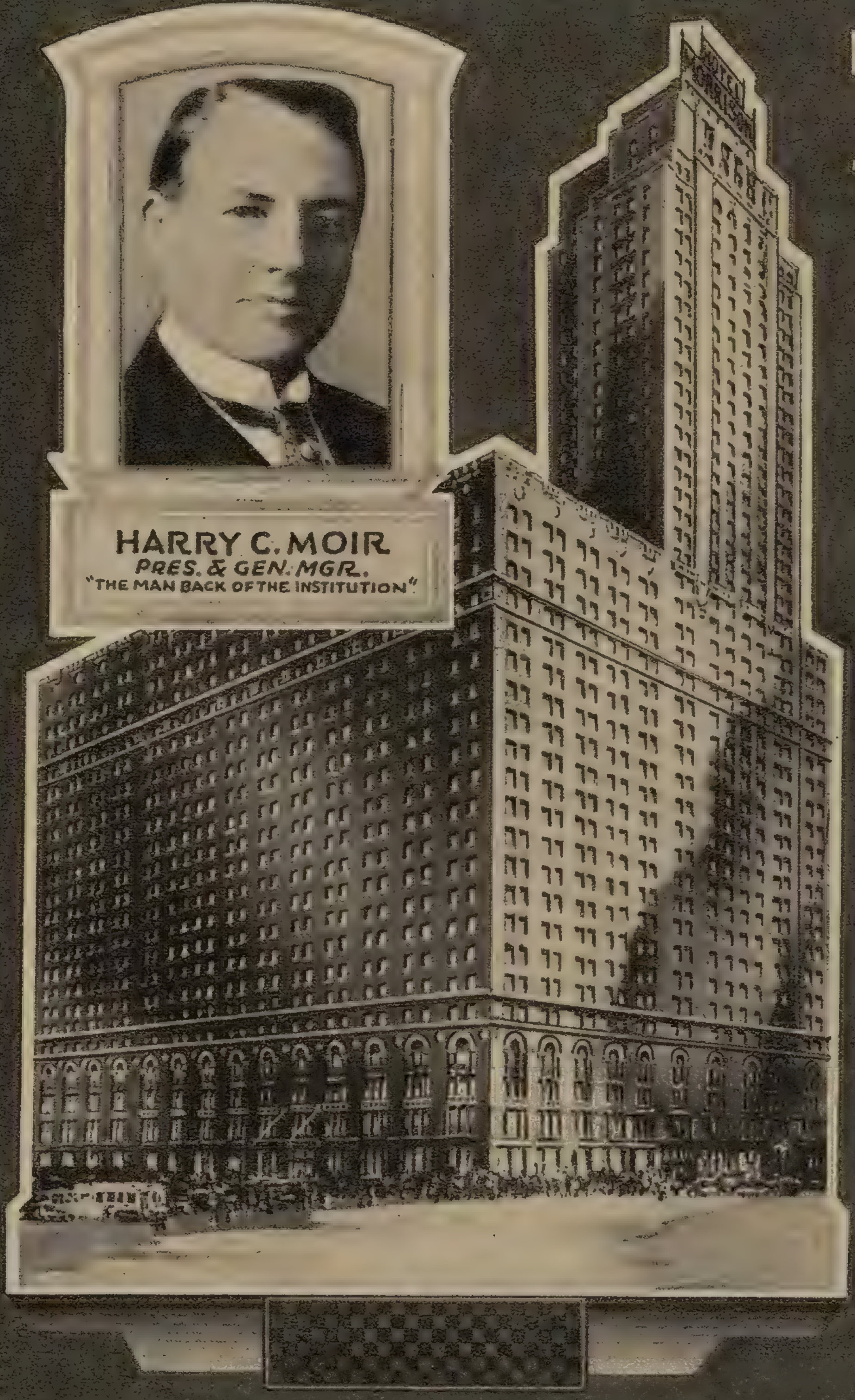
"I won't put any of you under bonds," he says. "But you understand I expect to find you here if I want you. Keep an eye on 'em," he says to me.

Crockett got into his car and drove off. Behind him went Jud's car, a deputy driving. You couldn't make out anything in the back seat but a rug all humped up, but it made me sick to my stomach just the same. I closed my eyes till there was nothing to see any more.

Jud he was sitting there in the kitchen all huddled up. I could see his feet toein' in under the table like they used to when he was a little shaver. He had both his

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-TWO]

The Central Location of CHICAGO'S MORRISON HOTEL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"THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION"

The New Morrison, the world's tallest hotel, 46 stories high, will be, when completed, the largest and tallest, with 3,450 rooms.

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IF THERE is one factor more than any other which is responsible for the huge patronage enjoyed by the Morrison it is unquestionably the fact that this hotel is more centrally located than any other in Chicago.

At the intersection of Madison and Clark Streets — *in the very heart of the Loop* — the Morrison Hotel is closest to the retail, wholesale and financial districts and closest to offices, theatres and railroad stations.

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Moir Hotel Company

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241 Rooms, $3.00	245 Rooms, $4.50	35 Rooms, $7.00
480 Rooms, $3.50	189 Rooms, $5.00	21 Rooms, $8.00
	16 Corner Suites, $12.00	
16 Suites, $15.00		6 Suites, $20.00

Sample Rooms from $6.00 to $12.00

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CLARK AND MADISON STREETS
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

THE LAST WITNESS
Continued from page seventy

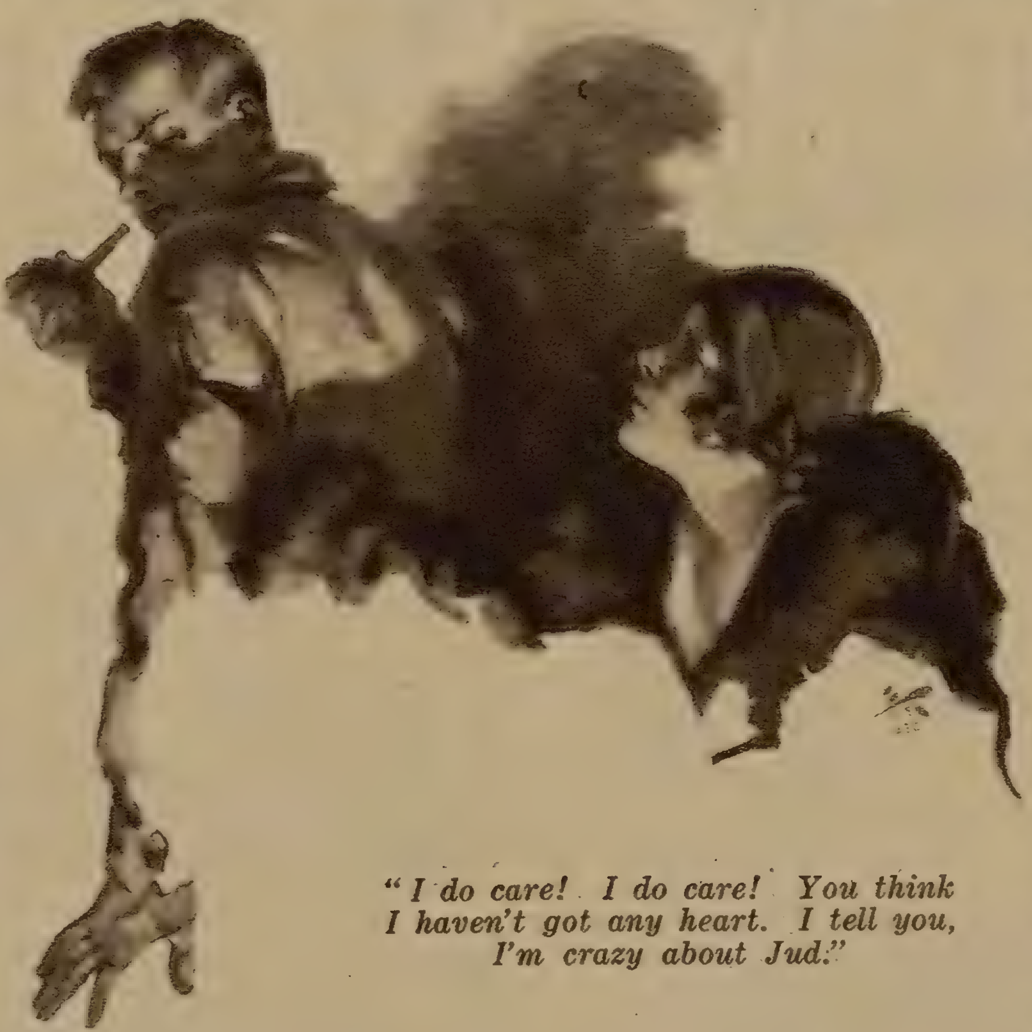
hands on his face so he couldn't see me. But he heard me.

"Don't give in like this, Jud," I says. "Change your clo'es and get to work. Act like a man."

"I don't care nothin' about myself," says Jud. "I'm thinkin' about her—about Kate."

"You should thought o' that before, Jud," I says.

"Crockett's gone straight to the poor little thing now. He'll frighten her to death. He'll drag everything out of her."



"I do care! I do care! You think I haven't got any heart. I tell you, I'm crazy about Jud."

"What you mean by everything?"

"You know well enough," he says, thick and muffled, not lookin' at me, "where I was last night."

"The damn' little —" I stopped. I'd known it all along. Oh, yes, I knew. But I hadn't known how 'twould make me feel to hear it from his own lips.

"A woman that's carryin' on with half the men—"

"You lay off o' that, Elmer," he says, pretty ugly. "I won't stand that. Even from you I won't stand it."

"It's her brought you where you are now, Jud."

He got up and put his hands on my shoulders. "I never did it, Elmer," he says. "I swear to God it wa'n't me. You know I wouldn't do a thing like that, Elmer."

"I know you wouldn't mean to hurt a fly, Jud."

"Ain't you goin' to stand by me, Elmer?"

"Of course I'm goin' to stand by you, Jud. But listen to me," I says. "The time's come for you and me to go over this; I got to know whatever you know. I can't be no help to you otherwise. Abe Conary and Burnham Stone was at the show and see you go out; they just told Crockett so. Burnham says it couldn't have been more than nine, because the feature picture hadn't begun yet."

"What difference does it make when we left?"

"Jud," I says, "you got to realize that every word you spoke and every move you made somebody's goin' to remember. If you left at nine you must 'a' got to Chet's at half past, and 'twas around ten 'twas done."

"Who says so?"

"The doctor says so."

"WELL, then, I did leave at nine. Anyway it was before the feature picture come on."

"Did Lije drive you straight back?"

"Yes, he did. But we didn't go into the house right away."

"You never told Crockett that."

"He never asked me."

I shook my head. It didn't sound good.

"We didn't go in because we figured Chet would be there. We wanted to talk by ourselves."

"What made you think he's there?"

"The lights. There was lights in the kitchen and sittin' room."

"There wasn't any car outside, was there?"

"No."

"Did you hear anything or see anything before you went in?"

"Not a thing."

I thought it all over a long time. Then I says: "Jud, wa'n't there anything out of the way inside the house? Anything broken—any sign of a scuffle—blood?"

"No, Elmer, not one thing!"

"Somebody did it," I says. "And somebody must 'a' left traces . . ."

"Why, 'tain't sure 'twas done *there*, Elmer."

I hadn't thought of that. No, not once.

"Jud," I says, and puts my hand on his shoulder, "I hope to God we can prove that."

. . . . . .

IT was pretty quiet that day on the lot. We was all working in different parts o' the woods and we didn't make no effort to get together. The only thing that happened out of the ordinary was that Jud and Burnham Stone had a quarrel. Burnham come out of the woods with a black eye and Jud admitted he give it to him.

"Jud," I says, "this is a bad time for you to pick a fight with Burnham. He didn't tell nothing but the truth about the time you left—"

"It hadn't nothing to do with that," says Jud, with one of his ugly looks.

"You'd better not notice what they say about you."

"It wa'n't about me."

But he wouldn't tell me no more. And after that he turned close and surly even with me. And I see if I was goin' to help Jud it would have to be in spite of himself.

It was a week after that, of a Sunday afternoon that was dark and dreary the way only Sunday can be late in the day; I was sittin' all alone by the sittin'-room stove when there come a knock at the door.

When I went out, there she stood on the steps.

"Who you want to see?" I asked kind o' rough. "Jud ain't here."

"I want to see you, Elmer."

She was so pretty standin' there it made me kind o' sick and dizzy to look at her. She was the prettiest thing I ever saw! Nothing but a slip of a girl yet, though she'd been married five years to Chet, and he'd used her bad all that time.

"Come in, Kate," I says.

She followed me in and took a seat like she was settlin' down to stay. She kept jerkin' around this way and that, and her eyes never looked straight at me. All of a sudden she began to laugh.

"This is funny!" she says.

"Stop that, Kate," I says. It shocked me, honestly it shocked me to hear her.

"This is funny. You and me sittin' here like this. . . . Elmer, you know something? I never told Jud."

"Never told him what?"

"About you and me. How you knew me before he did, and before Chet did. I never told a living soul but Chet. You did use to be sweet on me, didn't you, Elmer?"

"That's all over now, Kate."

She hadn't changed—no, not an atom. Vain, frivolous little jade. Jud in danger on her account and all she could think of was twittin' me with being as big a fool as the rest of 'em. I could 'a' choked her.

"Elmer," she says, droppin' her voice to a whisper, "do they think Jud . . ."

"What do you care what they think?"

"I do care! I do care! You think I haven't got any heart. I have got a heart. . . . I tell you, I'm crazy about Jud. I'm—"

"That what you come here to tell me?"

"No," she says. "Elmer, I can trust you, can't I?"

"You ought to know by now whether you can or not."

"Because Jud means as much to you as he does to me."

"Yes," I says.

"Elmer . . . when Crockett asked me where Jud was that night I told him straight out. I told him because I thought it would save Jud. But now I wish to heaven I hadn't. I never mistrusted him when I told him; they thought it had happened right there in the house. Crockett he'd gone over the whole place and he couldn't find a thing out of the way."

"You sure o' that, Kate?"

"Sure *he* didn't find anything—yes. But I found something—afterwards."

"What was it, Kate? What did you find?"

"You know I'm not a good housekeeper, Elmer. The kitchen was a mess when I left it that night: I was in a hurry getting ready to go out. I'd spilled gravy right in front of the sink. And Chet had tracked in mud. . . . But when we come in the floor was all scrubbed clean."

"What was it you found, Kate?"

"Crockett wouldn't never noticed because he'd never been in the house before. But there was something gone. It was a chair—a chair that always stood pushed up to the table. I looked and looked till I found it. 'Twas out in the woodshed with a lot of wood thrown down on top of it. One of the legs was broken . . . and it had something on it . . ."

I KNEW what she meant. "Did you wash it off?" I asked.

"I couldn't touch it. I was afraid to. That's what I came to ask you about, Elmer," she says, looking at me kind o' pleading. "They'll be back again. If I found it Crockett can find it. . . . What you think I'd better do, Elmer?"

I thought a long time.

"If they found it you'd be implicated, too. Kate, you've got to burn that chair."

"I don't dare to. . . . Somebody'd see me. . . . I couldn't touch it."

"Kate," I says, "will you promise never to speak of this to a living soul?"

"Oh, yes, Elmer, I promise."

"You go back. You go back alone. Don't step foot out o' this house till you're sure no one's in sight. You have a good fire burning in the stove. When it's dark I'll be over."

"What you mean, Elmer?"

"I'll do it for you," I says.

. . . . .

The next week, before they got around to makin' the arrest, there

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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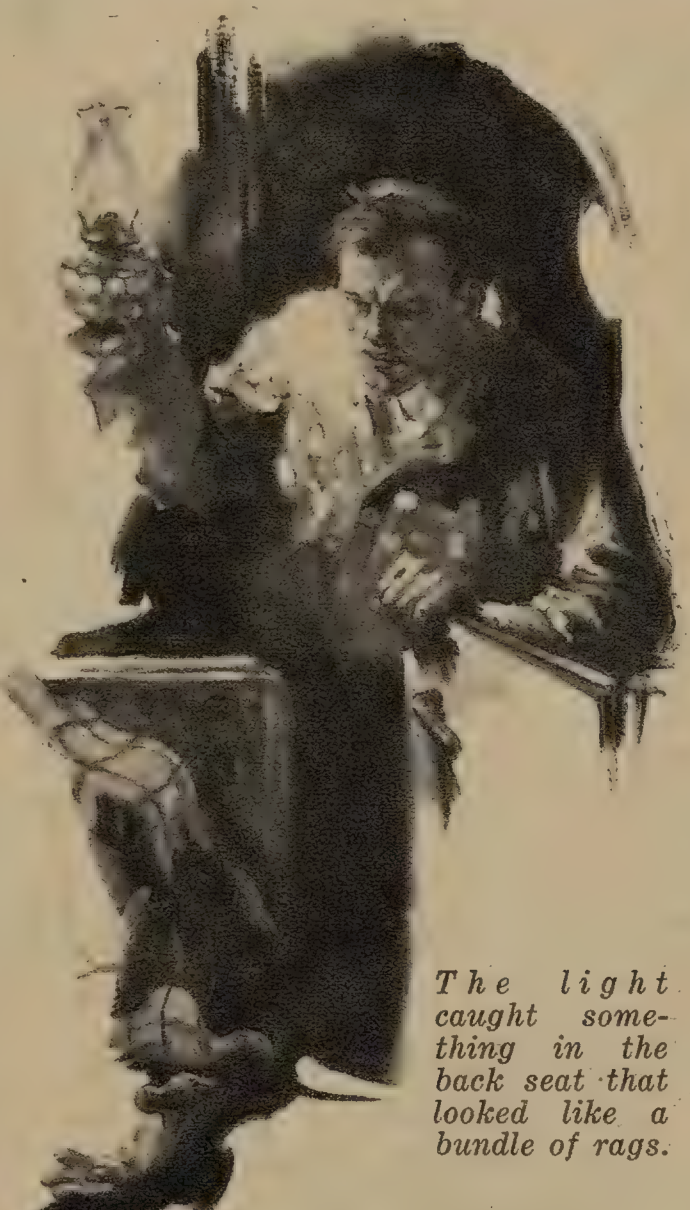
THE LAST WITNESS
Continued from page seventy-three

was all kinds of rumors flying around. 'Twas said, for one thing, that two or three people goin' by Chet's house that night had seen a Ford standin' in the yard, and one of 'em was ready to swear he recognized it for Jud's. On the other hand, Lije Tracy swore Jud had told a straight story. He'd drove him and Kate back, leavin' Sanborn at nine and gettin' to Chet's around half past. Jud and Kate got out, but they didn't go in. They walked up the road away from Chet's, past the Tracys'; his wife peeked out the front window and saw them; she waited up past her own bedtime and saw 'em come back and go in the house, and it was half past ten then. She was mad they'd kept her up so late.



The light caught something in the back seat that looked like a bundle of rags.

There was feelin' against Jud just the same, and the men avoided him. There was considerable feelin' against Kate, too, especially among the women, and she finally shut up her house and went to stay with her sister in the Harbor.

Jud got the idea, I guess, it was just as well for them not to be seen together and he kept away from her.

Jud spent most of his time mopin' around the house. At the table he'd just sit there starin', his head on his hands.

"Jud," I says, "I wish you'd talk. It drives me crazy to see you sufferin' like this."

"I ain't the only one that's sufferin', I guess. By what I've gone through that's innocent I know what they're sufferin' that's guilty."

"Maybe they ain't sufferin'," I says. "Maybe they ain't that kind."

"I don't want to spend the rest o' my days in jail," says Jud. "And I don't want anyone else to."

"Nobody won't, Jud," I says, soothing him. "'Tain't first degree. 'Twa'n't premeditated."

He laughs kind o' wild and crazy. "Tryin' to cheer me up, Elmer? What's the use? You know I didn't do it."

"Jud," I says, "you got any idea who did?"

"I wish I hadn't," he says.

The next day they made the arrest. Come right out in the lot where all of us was workin' together. I knew what was comin' when I looked up and see the little sheriff and Crockett's fat face over his shoulder, sleek and kind o' purrin' to himself, and my blood run cold. You knew by the way the sheriff's mouth was set he had the writ in his pocket.

"Well," says Crockett—playin' with us—"I guess there's one of you got to go to magistrate's court with me this morning."

JUD he turned white and I could feel my hands shakin' on the handle of my ax.

"Conary," says Crockett, "you know something about this."

"Yes, sir," mumbles Conary, lookin' down at the ground.

"You testified last week that you saw Judson Carter leave the Star Theater on the night of May twenty-first just before you did at forty-five minutes past ten. Burnham Stone said and has stuck to it that Carter left at nine or thereabouts. He told the truth: you lied. Why I don't know, unless to help Carter establish an alibi. Stone said he had a date at home, and you drove back together to Birch Hill. You drove fast and got there about ten. Stone went into the house where he boarded and left you to walk home, two miles further on."

"Yes, sir," says Conary.

"About forty minutes later, just before you reached your house, a car passed you. You recognized this car. The driver saw you and turned away his face, but you recognized him."

"Yes, sir."

"About five o'clock that morning I got a telephone call. I didn't know the voice, but the operator knew it. She knew the man because he'd been paying some attention to her and she had a grudge against him because he'd dropped her and begun hanging around Mrs. Farrell. . . . She told me his name last night. The man that telephoned me was the man that drove in the car, and it's the man that's goin' along with me to Sanborn."

HE nods to the sheriff, and the sheriff walks up to where Jud was standin' beside Burnham Stone. I closed my eyes and when I opened 'em he was layin' his hand on Burnham's shoulder.

Stone turned white and green. His teeth was chatterin'. He was struck all of a heap. He all but fell down on his knees.

"Before God—" he says.

"Be careful, Stone," says Crockett. "It was you telephoned me, wasn't it?"

"Yes," says Stone.

"And it was you drove Judson Carter's Ford into his shed with Farrell inside. Didn't you?"

Stone looked around him wild and despairin'.

"Listen, Mr. Crockett," he says. "Listen!"

"You can say what you've got to say later," says Crockett. "You come along with me. . . . And, Conary, I'll want you for a witness . . . and you, Carter . . . and you, Tracy . . . and you, Wilkes."

We all went along with him. Jud and me was in separate cars. I couldn't see how he looked or acted.

Conary and Tracy and me was in the same car with Crockett's driver. Conary and me sat together on the back seat.

Conary kept edgin' toward me and tryin' to talk. "I didn't want to tell how he drove past me and I reco'nized him. Crockett got it out of me. I done a mean thing telling on Burnham. Burnham and me was always friends. I don't believe even now he did it. It don't seem like him. You think he did it, Elmer?"

"It looks bad," I says.

I didn't want to talk to him and I didn't want to think. I was glad he couldn't see inside my mind. There was one thing I couldn't keep out—Kate. I wondered if she'd be there in the courtroom. I didn't want to have to look at her.

But it turned out I didn't have to. She wa'n't there.

I didn't listen to Crockett, purrin' away to the judge like he was describin' a horse trot or a ball game. I didn't hear anything really till they called Dr. Veazie.

He told about the cuts and bruises I'd seen myself on Chet's face.

What killed him, he said, was a blow directly over the heart with an instrument heavy enough to make a considerable wound but not sharp enough to cut clean through the clothing. He didn't say just what the instrument was. You couldn't tell by the way he talked whether they'd found it or 'twas just guesswork.

Then Conary he testified, and Jud, and Tracy, and I did; but nothing come out I hadn't heard before, and I listened to it all like a dream. I heard myself testifyin' like it was a dream. Waitin' and waitin' to hear Stone.

Everybody was waitin' to hear Stone—leanin' forward on the edges of their chairs like they was in the theater:

"No, sir, I never had a thing against Chet Farrell. We'd quarreled some, especially when he was drunk. He was a quarrelsome man. I was crazy about Kate—yes, sir, I admit it. Chet knew it—he knew I came there to hang about her; he knew I couldn't help it. She never gave me no encouragement, not serious encouragement; just foolin' and coquettin' enough to keep me goin', and Chet knew that, too.

"I left the Star Theater that night because I see Kate goin' off with Judson Carter. I didn't have no date. After I got home I couldn't stand it to stay in the house either. I wa'n't there more'n two or three minutes after I put my car up.

"I went out and walked down the road towards Chet's. I wa'n't lookin' for Chet; I wa'n't thinking anything about Chet.

"I went into the house because I see Carter's Ford standin' there outside. I expected to find Judson Carter there with Kate.

"I went right into the kitchen, yes, sir. It was the only part of the house that was lighted. No, the door wa'n't locked. I went right in just as usual.

"Chet was layin' there on the floor, all sprawled out. He was layin' on his face. I thought he was drunk and yelled at him. I got scared when he didn't answer me. I took a-holt of him and turned him over. There was a little blood on the floor but not much. I shook him and threw water on his face.

"I lit a lamp and went upstairs to Kate's room. I went all over the house. There wa'n't anybody there—there wa'n't a sign anybody had been there.

"I went out and took a blanket out the back seat the car, rolled him up in it, and put him in the car. I come back and took a mop that was standin' in the corner and mopped up the floor."

"Why did you do that, Mr. Stone?" purred Crockett.

"I was afraid someone would come in and think I did it."

"But if you didn't do it, Mr. Stone, why should you remove all traces that might have led to the discovery of the man who did?"

"I don't know. . . . I'm telling you about it just as it happened."

"What did you do next?"

"I drove the car home to where it belonged."

"Wait a minute. I am not sure that I understand you. Do you mean simply that the car belonged in the shed at the lumber camps, or that the responsibility for Farrell's death belonged there? Were you not making a deliberate attempt to fasten the crime on Carter?"

"No, sir."

CROCKETT he shrugs his shoulders like he was dealing with someone that hadn't ordinary good sense. His voice got softer than ever. He talked gentle to Stone like he was dealing with a child.

"Was there bad blood between you and Judson, Stone?"

"No, sir, not particular."

"Yet you were jealous of him because of the favor shown him by Mrs. Farrell?"

"Yes, sir."

"And after the murder you quarreled with him. On one occasion you came to blows with him."

"Yes, sir."

"Had you made any accusation against him or did he make any against you?"

"No, sir."

"What was the cause of your quarrel?"

"Ask him."

"Thank you, Stone; I will. But first I will ask you to look at something."

Crockett showed him a knife, a heavy, horn-handled jackknife that had a pointed bolster that was heavier than common.

"Is this your knife, Stone?"

"No, sir."

Crockett switched around quick to the front bench where Jud and me was sitting together.

"Do you know this knife, Carter?"

"Yes, sir," says Jud.

"Whose is it?"

Jud turned pale and for a minute he didn't answer. I tried to signal him, pushing my foot against his, but he didn't pay no attention to me.

"It's my knife," he says.

"Sit down, Stone," says Crockett, trying to look like this was just what he'd expected. But I knew by the look in his eye it wa'n't.

"Can you explain, Carter?" he begins, soft and silky.

"I can't explain nothing," says Jud. "It's mine and that's all I'll say. I ain't seen that knife for a month. I lost it."

"TAKE the stand, Carter," says Crockett, "and let me ask you a few questions."

And Jud got up, tremblin' and stammerin'. He was all braced to lie about the knife, but he wa'n't ready for Crockett when he started in on another line.

Crockett began by askin' what him and Stone had quarreled about, and Jud, poor fool, told him . . . told him like he thought Crockett would sympathize with him because he'd got mad at Stone. Stone had told him who he thought took his car that night, and how Farrell one time when he was drunk had told him the name of the man he had it in for.

I see how things was goin' and I had to think quick and speak quick.

"Mr. Crockett," I says, "Judson lent me that knife. I've carried it the last month. I lost it myself a day or two ago."

"Supposing I were to tell you, Mr. Wilkes," he says, "that this knife was found in Chester Farrell's woodshed,

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE LAST WITNESS
Continued from page seventy-five

and that it corresponds in every particular with the blunt-ended instrument which, as you heard Dr. Veazie testify, was the immediate cause of Farrell's death? What then, Mr. Wilkes? Will you, in the natural desire to shield your brother, stick to the extraordinary story which you have told us?"

"Yes, sir," I says. "I could 'a' dropped it there myself. I could 'a' dropped it there last Sunday."

And then I looked up and saw Kate looking at me horrified from the back of the room. I hadn't seen her come in. If I didn't tell the truth about what we'd done that Sunday afternoon I knew she would. And I saw Jud looking at me frightened, and Stone staring at me like he'd look at a snake. And Crockett, the old buzzard, waiting to pounce.

And something seemed to burst inside my head and I heard myself shouting and screaming out the truth I'd tried to hide.

"DAMN you!" I says. "You're a smart man, Crockett, but you don't know everything. I've fooled you, I've fooled you good, and I could keep it up if I wanted to. But I'm sick of it. . . .

"I don't care where you found the knife. I don't care if it was laying on the floor beside him. I don't care who it was Stone warned Jud against and who it was he said drove the damned car back from Sanborn.

"I took it. I took it and drove to Farrell's. I found Farrell alone there. Farrell hated me because I come into these parts to be near Kate and when he misused her she'd threaten to leave him for me. And she'd 'a' done it if my own brother hadn't stepped in between us.

"I went there that night to warn Chet. I was crazy with jealousy and he was crazy drunk. I didn't want to fight him—I didn't mean to kill him. What good would it do me?

"Don't ask me any more of those fool questions. Don't bother me. I'm telling you. I've got nothing left to live for—why would I lie? It was me killed Chet Farrell."

THE END

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Simple, Isn't It?

Little Eleanor Ann, my niece, listened gravely to each morning's discussion of the two babies exchanged in the hospital, and the consequent attempt to prove the rightful parents.

At the breakfast table the third morning, she sagely remarked:

"One of those mamas ought to have been a Negro mama, then their babies wouldn't have got all mixed up."—Miss Adelina N. Smith, 521 Strand St., Santa Monica, Calif.

* * *

Bill's Kind Acts

Bill's grandmother asked him to do some small errand.

"I've been doing things all morning for you!" he said in an injured voice.

"Why, Bill!" remonstrated his surprised grandmother. "Just what have you done for me this morning?"

"Well—" Bill looked doubtful, then triumphantly said, "I tied my shoes and buttoned my pants for you!"—Mrs. Dorothy Meadows, 1007 W. 36th St., Austin, Tex.

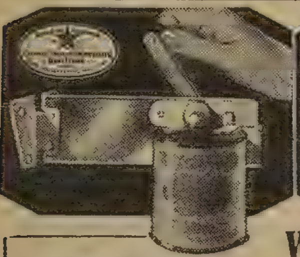
---

30 Christmas Greeting Cards
$1.00 POST PAID

Supervalue in quality and design. Better than ever. Each card represents the most careful workmanship. All in brilliant color harmonies and have that decorative charm and beauty so much to be desired. All are in envelopes with colored linings to match. *If you can duplicate for less than $2.00 elsewhere, money cheerfully refunded.* Our Special Price—Box of 30 for $1.00.
No. 82935

FREE GIFT BOOK *Our 60th Anniversary Catalog* —Over 200 Pages of Jewelry, Watches, Silver, and charming moderately priced Gifts for every occasion. Do your Christmas shopping in the comfort of your easy chair—*direct by mail*—and save both time and money. Write today for this Free Book.

JASON WEILER-BAIRD NORTH CO.
58 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.



New Kind Of Can Opener
Works Like Magic!

AGENTS
Men and Women have made up to $6 and $8 in an hour, full or spare time. Big, worthwhile commissions on every sale. Exclusive Territories. Send quick for FREE TEST OFFER.

At last! An automatic, simple little can opening machine for the home! This revolutionary invention in only a few short months has banished old can openers from over 100,000 kitchens. And no wonder! Imagine an amazing, lifetime device that holds the can and cuts out the top leaving can rim slick, smooth and clean. Just turn a crank, that's all. Approved by Good Housekeeping Inst., Modern Priscilla, etc. Write today for special introductory advertising offer.

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO., Dept. P-994
4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Itching Torture Ended

Don't suffer night and day with itching, burning skin. Get cooling, soothing, antiseptic Zemo. Thousands find relief in first application. Safe, dependable, invisible. Zemo helps restore skin to healthy smoothness. Use any time for Itching, Dandruff, Pimples, Blemishes. 35¢, 60¢, $1.00. All Druggists.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Quick Relief For Cuts and Bruises

Millions prefer Oil of Salt as a first aid because of its easy application, quick action and soothing relief. Just pour it on. Bandages and dressings never adhere. A marvelous dressing for scalds and burns; also sprains, sores, sore muscles, sunburn, poison ivy; and for sore, itching, burning feet. Be prepared. Keep a bottle on hand. Some loved one may need it soon.

Used by thousands of physicians, surgeons, fire departments—and by over 50,000 factories for first aid and by millions everywhere.

A Liquid SOOTHING *Is Better*
Oil of Salt
First Aid In Accidents
All Druggists Sell and Recommend It

HEADACHE?

Instead of dangerous heart depressants take safe, mild and purely vegetable NATURE'S REMEDY and get rid of the bowel poisons that cause the trouble. Nothing like NR for biliousness, sick headache and constipation. Acts pleasantly. Never gripes.

At Druggists—only 25c.
Make the test tonight.

FREE Write for sample of NR and beautifully colored 1931 calendar.

A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. 68 H, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Feel like a million, take
NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Absorb all blemishes and discoloration by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin fleck off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly reduce wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce Powdered Saxolite and 1 half pint witch-hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home oil painting photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process, and supply you with working outfit and employment service. Write for particulars and Free Book today.

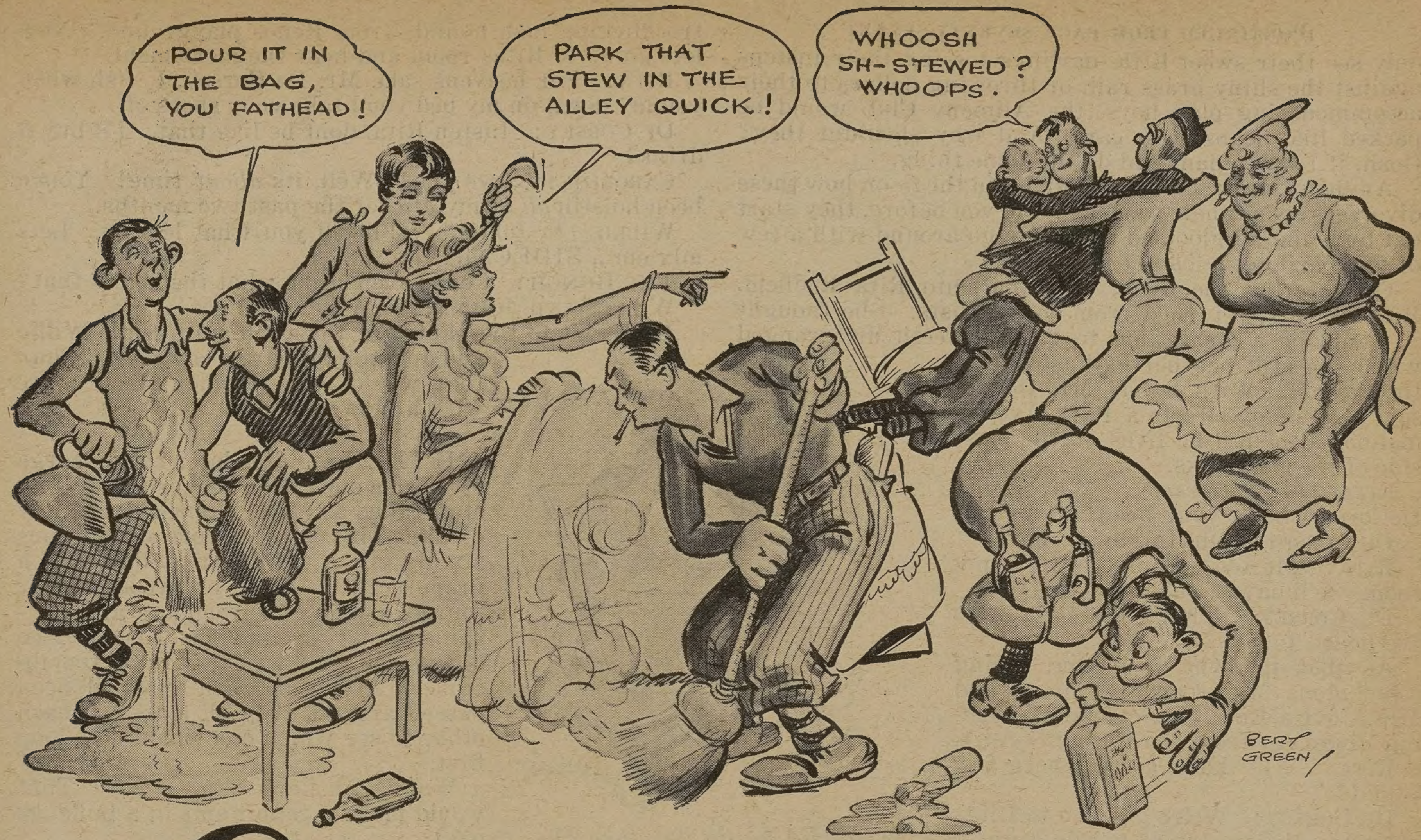
THE IRVING-VANCE COMPANY, Limited
142 Hart Building, Toronto, Canada

LUCKY TIGER

A Proven Germicide!

For a clean, healthy scalp use Lucky Tiger. Destroys germs—gives to thin, falling hair a new life and lustre. Delicately perfumed and world's largest seller at Druggists, Barber Shops and Beauty Parlors.

TRY IT TODAY!


POUR IT IN THE BAG, YOU FATHEAD!
PARK THAT STEW IN THE ALLEY QUICK!
WHOOSH SH-STEWED? WHOOPS.
BERT GREEN

If you could have seen those dames putting Caroline to bed youd a folded up.

Love Letters of an Interior DECORATOR

Breaking Home Ties

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 7 minutes.)

Reno, Nev.

DEAR MARG,

Listen Kid, guess whose comin out here to Reno for a divorce?—You never can guess!—your girl friend with the crockery eye! No foolin! You remember her and that dizzy dope, Max Katz she married? She says her husbands table manners are gettin so fierce that even the janitor dont come to supper no more. She says, when they go into the groceries she has to pull the blinds down to stop the landlord from bustin the lease. Heres what she writes—

Honest to gawd Mike, I cant stand this heel no longer. The other night I had a coupla fresh herrings for supper, and what did he do but take the fish by the two ends, nip off the fins with his teeth, then play the thing like a harmonica and get all the meat in his lap. Now I ask you, you couldnt take a gent like that to the Ritz, could you? Gosh, I may be broadminded, but that gink withers my form.

Listen Marg, I cant wait till your girl friend arrives, because I know a cock eyed guy whats diein to get married and Im going to introduce him to her.

Oh this is a grand town Marg. Its a laugh a minute. If the husband in New York or points east thinks his poor little sad wife is havin a miserable time in Reno, hes goofy, and I dont mean maybe!

The reason for all this is easy. These wimen get all gloomed up breakin up the old ties,—they try to forget the panik they drew during their married life on the Western Front. But the old gloom doesnt last long once they bounce off the Overland Limited at Reno. A few shots of Mr. Gordons safe blowing solution and the sad world takes on a snappy and heavinly glow. A laugh, what? And if you think that Mrs. Social Register is any different in her actions from her less doughed sister that bathes the dishes, your wet and I dont mean possibly! They may try to effect a different manner on the surface, but a coupla high votage highballs throws them into a lovly gigling disturbance thats a yell to watch.

The fact is, its the first time in her married life that shes been foot loose and free for all. If you dont think she loves it, ask the man who owns one!

If some of these X husbands, or husbands-to-be could

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SEVEN]

only see their sweet little darlings tossing their insteps against the shiny brass rail, or throwing dollars to their accommodating play boys, the Alimony Club would be packed like beans in a can. And why shouldnt they? Gosh, if I was a dame, Id do the same thing.

Anyhow, Marg, I'll have to give you the *in* on how these divorcees spend their time, as I told you before, they start out by being all gloomed up. Lets go around with a few of them and get a load of the lingo.

On entering the hotel, we bump into Rita Redfield. Rita has just returned from the dentists. She thought it would be a good time to get her teeth disarranged while she still has her ex-husband on the payroll. With her is Mr. DeCorsey. DeCorsey effects a Park Avenue manner although he lives on the East side of the gas works.

RITA *(to DeCorsey):* Why hello, DeCorsey, hows your head?

DE CORSEY: Oh, Im dieing hard!

RITA: Me too. Come on up to my room, we'll have a ball!

DE CORSEY: That's the best news Ive heard today.

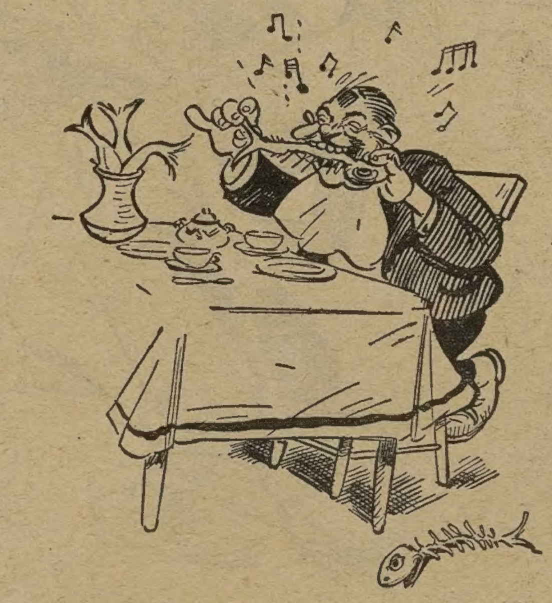
At that moment from the dining room steps Mrs. Caroline Moore and Mrs. Jovita Revell (a couple of dashing divorcees from the Sunny South).

RITA: Why hello girls, where you bound?

DE CORSEY: We're goin up to Ritas room to inhale a bit of giggle soup,—you better come along!

CAROLINE: We'll be right up as soon as I send this wire.

CAROLINE *(to day clerk):* Listen Mr. Davis. Please send this wire and mums the word!!!



What did he do but take the fish by the two ends and play the thing like a harmonica.

FRANK C MOORE
THE YALE CLUB N Y
HAVE BEEN DANGEROUSLY ILL FOR TWO WEEKS PLEASE WIRE FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR EXPENSES IMMEDIATELY
CAROLINE MOORE

THE CLERK *(to Caroline):* Why, *you* havent been sick have you?

CAROLINE: No, but *he'll* be when he gets this wire!

JOVITA *(to Caroline):* Thats a laugh!

They both leave for elevator when Caroline pauses, and says to clerk—Send that *collect!*

Caroline, by the way, has seen in Renos Fashionable Feminine Jip Shop the smartest black velvet ensemble she ever laid her eyes on. The cape is trimmed with white vermin collar and cuffs and the red beaded gardenias rivited on the front make it too dear and lovely for words. This Adrienne-designed creation Caroline is going to have at all costs because her local lover and boy friend is just mad about it. If *he* likes it, thats all that matters.

As Caroline and Jovita get into the elevator they are surprised by their two boy friends, Willy Turned and Johnny Wells. Willie has on a red berret, golf pants, a dizzy sweater and a pair of sport shoes that are very doggy to say the least. The other guy, Johnnie Wells, is quite a *he* man. Oh yeh! He wears a *blue* berret instead of a red one, a polo shirt, a trick mustache, a red tie and plays a sax just heavenly. Oh my yes!

Now lets see, we have the makings of a swell party. Theres Mr. De Corsey, the heavy lover with the 1000 day shirt, Caroline Moore whose supposed to be dangerously ill, her friend, Jovita Revell, the little dark beauty from the South whose divorcing her husband because he doesnt drink, Rita Redfield who takes her love where she finds it, and Willie and Johnnie, the two frocklicking lush hounds from Renos playground. Now lets go up to Ritas room and hear the merriment.

RITA: For heavens sake Mr. De Corsey, I wish when you lay down on my bed youd take your shoes off.

DE CORSEY: Listen Rita, dont be like that. I'll buy a drink!

CAROLINE: Says you! Well, its *about* time! Youve been hoistin *all* of my *gin* for the past two months.

WILLIE *(to Johnnie):* I'll tell you what lets do. Lets mix em a SIDECAR!

THE BUNCH: For heavens sake what the hell is that?

WILLIE AND JOHNNIE: Wait, youll see!

Both exit to the pantry of the swell suite while Willie and Johnnie prepare a coy concockshun that would make Trader Horn shave with a blow-torch.

FIFTEEN minutes later they emerge with a one gallon shaker full of pink stuff called a *sidecar*, Renos ultra Ritzy drink. This is a mixture of Gordons six ply gin, a cup of grenadine, half a grapefruit, a dash of woostershear source, a pair of suspenders and anything handy around the room. Two drinks and youd write your own toombstone. After the cocktails had been passed around, they all looked at each other to see which one would do a loop first.

Wow!! (hollered De Corsey) That would make a rabbit spit in a bulldogs eye!

Well, for four full hours the gallon of *sidecars* got an awful workout. The bunch went waa-waa and boop-boopey-do. Ritas apartment was a bedlam of daring dancing, whiskey tennors, alcoholic soopranos and naughty nonsense.

Tin Pan Alley was a morgue compared to it.

Enter Charlie the bell hop with telegram.

CHARLIE: A wire, Mrs. Moore!

MRS. MOORE *(staggers over to Charlie, tears telegram open and reads)*

NB 846 NEW YORK
CAROLINE MOORE—RENO NEV
SORRY YOU ARE ILL STOP LEAVING FOR RENO BY AIRWAYS TONIGHT
FRANK C MOORE

MRS. MOORE *(swoons):* My gawd my husband *is flyin out here!!* He thinks I'm sick! . . . What the hell will I do now? . . . Gee I got to get that dress and that fifteen hundred bucks. . . . Listen Rits, call up the Western Airways and find out when that crate gets in. . . . Listen Rovita—help me out! Borrow a nurses uniform will you? Listen you guys, get the hell out of here!! *(Grabs phone)* Hello—give me the hotel manager. *(Pause)* Hello, is this you Mr. Blank—well listen old dear—I told my husband I was sick and now hes flyin out here. . . . Please say Ive been ill wont you? . . . Yes, Im goin to bed now . . . fix it up with a doctor will you? Goo bye!!

Well Marg, if you could have seen those dames putting Caroline to bed youd a folded up.

They had flowers in her room, her hair down, hot water bottles all over her and medicine bottles enough around the room to stock a hospital for a month. And if youd ever seen the over night bags they had painted under her eyes youd a died.

Well wishing you the same,
Your husband,
MIKE SHEA.

P. S.—You aint hurd nothin about Reno yet.

There probably will be another letter from Mike very soon.

	F	O	R	T		P	A	R	I	S		B	A	R	S	
S	O	B	E	R		A	L	O	N	E		A	G	A	T	E
T	R	I	T	E		L	A	T	E	R		N	O	V	E	L
A	C	T	■	E	R	A	■	E	R	I	A	S	■	E	E	L
B	E	S	T	■	E	T	A	■	T	E	D	■	A	L	P	S
			A	L	L	E	G	E	■	S	O	A	P			
C	A	R	R	I	E	■	A	S	P	■	S	P	A	D	E	S
A	L	E	■	E	N	T	I	T	L	E	■	T	R	A	D	E
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T	E	N	N	I	S	■	T	O	T	■	R	E	A	D	E	R
			G	N	A	R	■	D	E	M	I	T	S			
M	E	T	E	■	R	E	P	■	D	O	N	■	H	E	L	M
A	V	E	■	S	A	M	A	R	■	D	O	T	■	R	U	E
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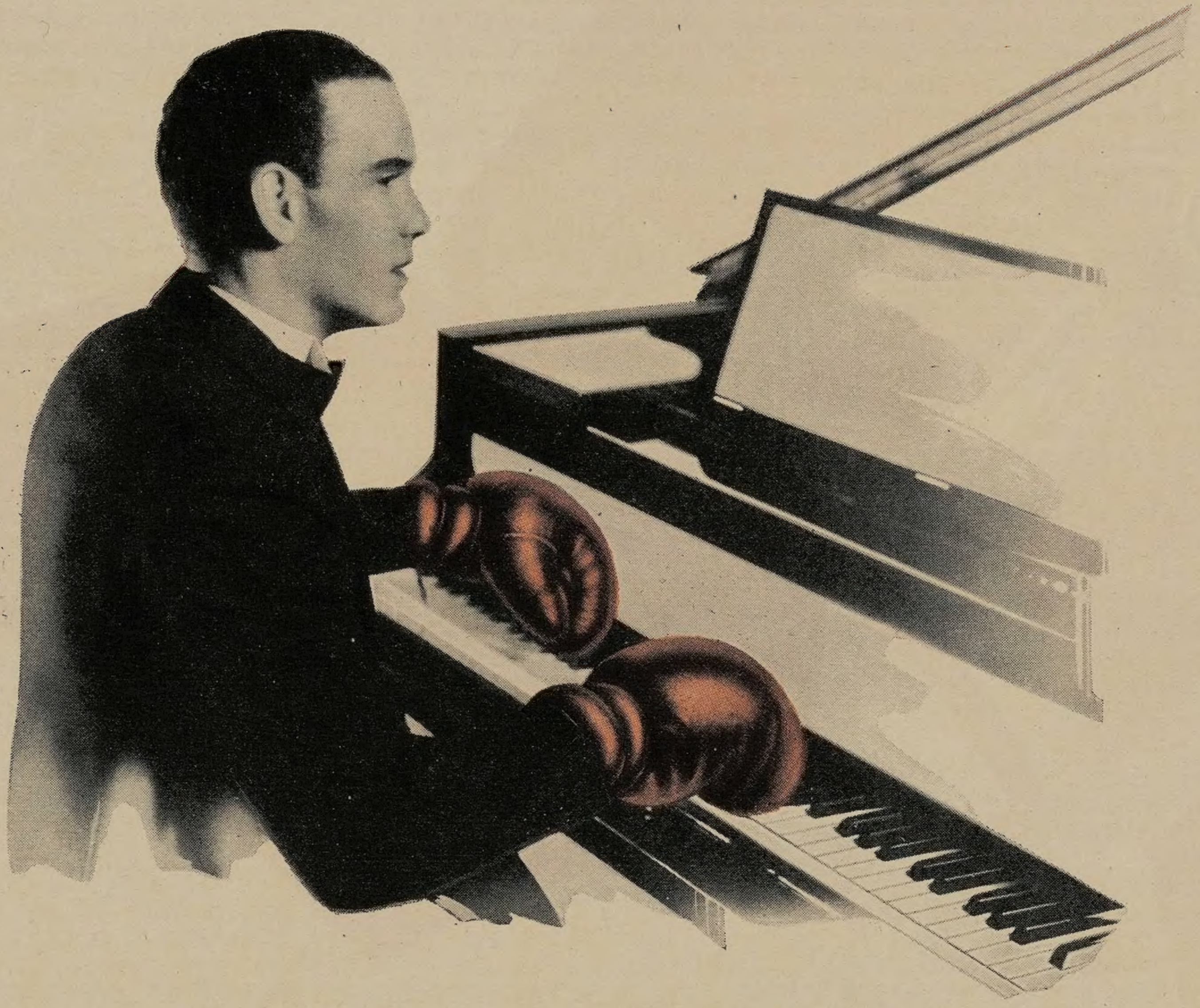
	T	R	O	D		S	L	A	N	T		E	W	E	S	

Answer to the puzzle on page 60

B	U	L	B		C	A	R	E	T		C	A	S	T
A	S	I	A		A	R	I	S	E		E	R	S	E
H	E	E	L	E	R	S	■	S	P	O	R	T	E	D
			A	W	E	■	S	E	I	N	E			
C	A	S	T	E	■	L	A	N	D	■	M	O	S	T
A	S	E	A	■	P	A	C	E	■	N	O	N	C	E
R	I	N	■	P	A	I	R	■	M	I	N	E	R	S
A	N	■	P	A	T	R	I	M	O	N	Y	■	A	T
C	I	G	A	R	S	■	F	A	R	E	■	A	P	E
A	N	I	L	E	■	R	I	S	E	■	P	I	E	R
L	E	N	A	■	D	I	C	K	■	B	A	R	D	S
			T	R	I	B	E	■	F	A	R			
M	A	R	I	A	N	A	■	O	A	R	S	M	A	N
A	R	E	A		G	L	O	R	Y		E	A	S	E
P	E	E	L		E	D	G	E	S		E	Y	E	D

Answer to the puzzle on page 61

The Music is *there* . . .



. . *But it takes* Unhampered Hands *to bring it out*

HIGH-PRICED TALENT in the greatest variety the world has ever known is today being sent into every home by *radio.*

Inspiring bands; great orchestras; famous explorers like *Byrd, Stefansson and Eckener;* great dramatists; famous humorists; the big games, sports, national events—just an inkling of what now goes "on the air," to amuse, instruct and entertain.

The music is *there.* And to hear it from a free seat in your home, all you need is a radio receiver. But remember! No pianist ever played in a set of boxing gloves! His fingers must be free and unhampered, to bring from the instrument its melodies. And likewise must your radio receiver be free from usual limitations to reproduce faithfully those melodies put on the air.

This is why you'll want a *Stewart-Warner* Radio. For the vivid and lifelike tone characterizing these splendid sets is not limited to just a few stations. So precisely are these sets balanced, so complete is their equipment, that they give Championship Performance clear across the dial.

Stewart-Warner Radios incorporate every advanced, proved worthwhile feature known to the radio industry. Behind them is an institution whose 25 years of pre-eminence in the manufacture of fine electrical precision instruments, is in itself an assurance of quality.

Any authorized dealer will gladly demonstrate these sets, without obligation. Offered in four exquisite Period design models, with hardwood fronts set off with genuine wood carving, each a jewel of furniture craftsmanship. Yet they are moderately priced. Easy terms, too.

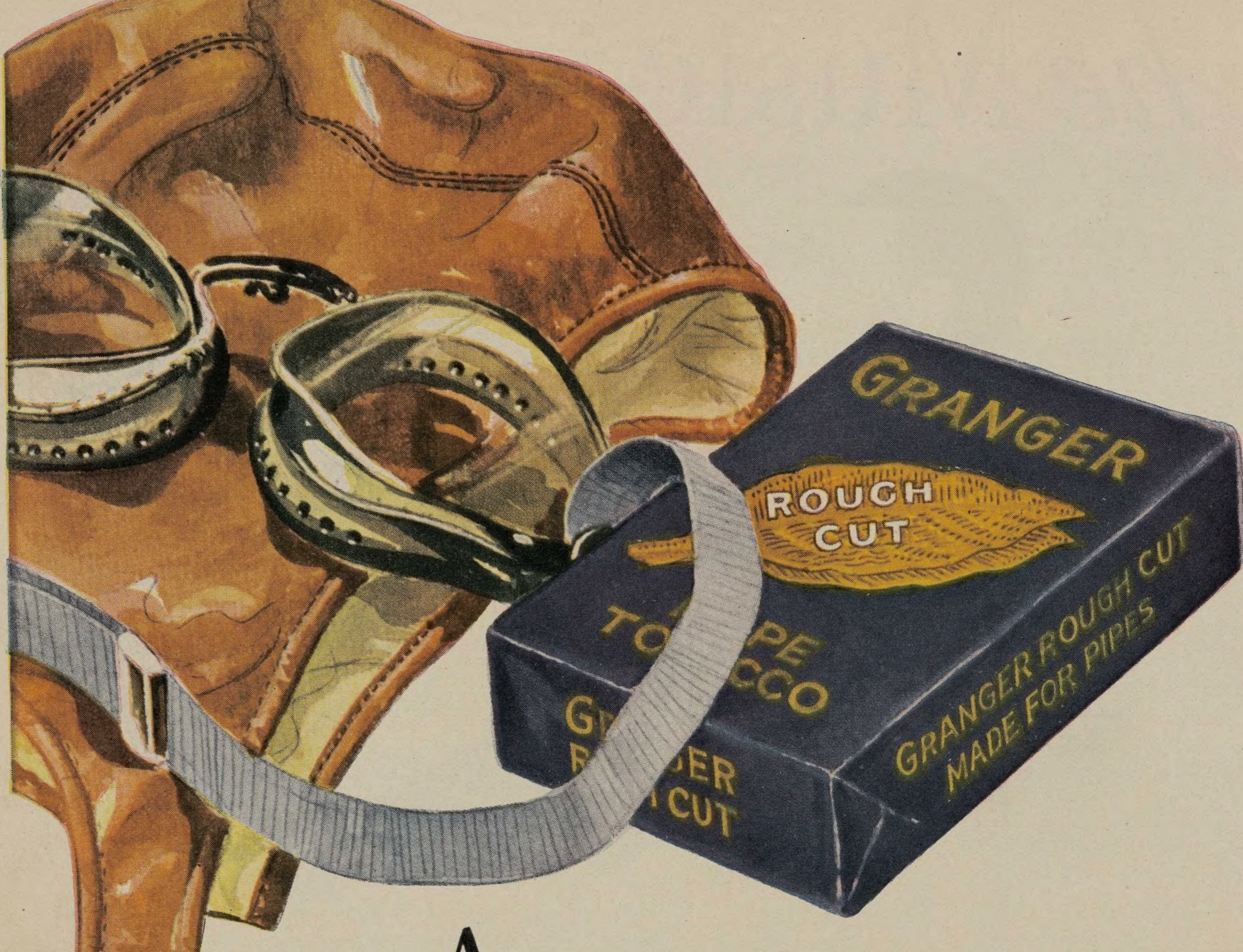
The music is *there.* But to bring it in *right,* bring it in with a *Stewart-Warner.* Hear one—and be convinced. Stewart-Warner Corporation, Chicago, Illinois, and Belleville, Ont., Canada.

The St. James Model

Elizabethan design. Top, sides and front of American walnut, the front embellished with real wood carving. One of four Period models from $99.75 to $197.50 (less tubes). Prices slightly higher west of 100th meridian.

STEWART-WARNER *Radio*

A Great Radio Backed By A Great Name


GRANGER
ROUGH CUT
PIPE TOBACCO
GRANGER ROUGH CUT
GRANGER ROUGH CUT MADE FOR PIPES

A *new non-stop record for* COOL *smoking*

Big shaggy flakes that burn cool and dry—rich, "fruity" flavor with fragrant aroma—no wonder Granger *keeps on* making new records day after day. Made *especially* for pipes, it's cut *rough* to smoke cooler, cleaner and sweeter; made by our own Wellman's Method (1870 tobacco secret) it's only in Granger that you get such prime mellow goodness. Smokers found just what they wanted in Granger—and 400,000 *can't* be wrong!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

GRANGER
GRANGER
PIPE TOBACCO

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT

A COOLER SMOKE AND A DRIER PIPE